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THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND ITS LEADER SINCE MARCH 4, 1913

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THE present presidential campaign is remarkable in several respects. It is conducted with great reasonableness and propriety and without any of the too common vituperation and bluster. The candidates are both men of but little political experience, who came into statesmanship out of other highly intellectual callings. Neither of them possesses that ready sympathy and cordial expressiveness sometimes supposed to be indispensable to a successful political career. Both are reserved men, who do their own thinking and select their own counselors. The fate of idolized men, like Frémont, Blaine, Bryan, and Roosevelt suggests, however, that with American voters this 'personal magnetism' quality is not so engaging as has been supposed. President Wilson is capable of rhetorical warmth and high color in written compositions, and in unprepared speech before an exciting audience his emotions sometimes seem to get — for the moment — the better of his judgment. Mr. Hughes has not exhibited thus far so much warmth in his writings as President Wilson is capable of; but in the first Taft campaign he proved himself a vigorous stump speaker, though without charm.

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The American voter who desires to cast his vote in a conscientious way in support of the best interests of the country will have to be guided in his choice between these two candidates by his reason and not by his emotions, or by any enthusiasm for an attractive personality. Gregarious shouting, marching to the music of brass bands, and torch-light processions will have little influence in the present campaign. There are, of course, many Republicans and many Democrats who invariably follow their respective party standards; but it seems as if this election were to be decided by the votes of men who hold themselves free in presidential elections to vote for that candidate whose previous career indicates that he can best lead the country into the ways of stable prosperity, peace, progress, and honor. Such men in small number can probably tip the scales in the important states which will determine the result of the election, because in them the confirmed partisan voters are fairly evenly divided.

The voter is going to have the choice, not only between two candidates, but between two parties; and every reasoning voter will therefore turn for guidance to the declarations which each of

the two parties made at its nominating convention. Fortunately or unfortunately — only the issue can decide which of these two words applies — the platforms of the two parties furnish no guidance whatever to the inquiring voter. They are much alike in general sentiment, try to stir the same patriotic emotions, and promise satisfaction to the same popular hopes or expectations. It was to have been expected that the Republican platform would provide some clear issue to which that party — now in opposition — could be rallied; but the Republican party platform will be searched in vain for such an issue. To be sure, it denounces vigorously certain policies and acts of the existing Democratic administration; but it makes no specific statements as to what a Republican administration, had it been in power, would have done otherwise. Thus, in regard to American rights and foreign relations it affirms belief in 'American policies at home and abroad.' Is there anybody in the country who does not? It declares that the party will 'enforce the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the Constitution, by treaties, and the Law of Nations'; but every Democrat, in or out of office, would promise as much. It says, 'We promise to our citizens on and near our border, and to those in Mexico . . . absolute and adequate protection in their lives, liberty, and property'; but omits to say that they propose to give this protection by force of arms, which is the only alternative to the measures adopted by the present Democratic administration.

From the Republican Convention, which was controlled by experienced party managers, one would have expected some clear specific declaration about tariff policy; but on examination one finds only reduced forms of the delusive promises long made by the Re-

publican party, ending in a recommendation of a tariff commission 'to gather and compile information for the use of Congress.' A scientific tariff commission is advocated by the Democratic party also. In spite, however, of the vague and general nature of the terms used throughout the Republican declaration concerning the tariff, the persistent inquirer can perhaps deduce from it one tolerably clear issue, as follows: if the Republican party should be put in control of the Government, it would repeal the Underwood Tariff, or modify it so profoundly that several important American industries would have to readjust themselves to new conditions, and would subsequently set up a tariff commission with powers to collect 'information for the use of Congress.' It is altogether probable, if the Democratic party be continued in possession of the government, that the Underwood Tariff, to which American industries have already adjusted themselves, will be essentially maintained, and that a permanent non-partisan commission of experts will be intrusted with the function of suggesting the expedient changes in it. Whether the orators of the campaign are to make use on the stump of this possible issue still (August 13) remains to be seen. The business men ought to consider carefully which of these two policies is best for the country. They have doubtless learnt from the war and its antecedents, that 'protection' of national industries tends toward national selfishness and international war, and that tariffs 'for revenue only' tend toward openness of mind and heart and international good-will.

It is customary for the candidate of the party out of power to state in his letter or speech of acceptance his objections to the conduct of the party in power, his remedies for the evil it

has done, and his proposals for different action by his party if it should be placed in power; and this speech or essay is supposed to give the inquiring voter reasons for acting at the coming election with the party out of power. In the long, carefully written essay in which Mr. Hughes accepts the nomination of the Republican Convention the most thorough search will fail to find a specific recommendation on any controversial matter. The paper is chiefly filled with universally accepted statements concerning the proper national policies, and general descriptions of what ought to be done and ought not to be done by a national administration. To most of these descriptions nearly all American voters would subscribe. This is especially true of the passages about Americanism, Foreign Relations, Mexico, Preparedness, the Military Obligations of Freemen, and the Organization of Peace — passages which occupy three-quarters of the entire essay. Apart from the denunciations of what Mr. Hughes thinks have been the Democratic policies and methods, almost all Americans would agree with the sentiments and opinions expressed by him. From the comparatively short passage on the principle of 'protection' and the proper regulation of industries, it is impossible to derive any exact information as to what measures Mr. Hughes would support if he were elected president. He would naturally endeavor to avoid extremes, and to favor wise adjustments in accordance with sound principles. All judicious Americans without distinction of party would hope to do likewise.

The most distinct announcement of a policy contained in Mr. Hughes's paper of acceptance relates to woman suffrage. Believing that woman suffrage is inevitable, he declares in favor of it now, but assigns as his reasons the bitterness of the women's struggle for

the suffrage and his apprehension that a long-continued feminist agitation will subvert 'normal political issues.' For a brave man this seems a strange submission to what he thinks destiny and an intemperate agitation.

Finally, Mr. Hughes's 'vision of America prepared and secure; strong and just; equal to her tasks; an exemplar of the capacity and efficiency of a free people' is the vision of all American patriots. No election issue can possibly be made out of that vision.

In view of this lack of guidance for voters in the official declarations of the two parties, and in the acceptance essay of the opposition candidate, the intelligent and conscientious voter may most wisely seek guidance for his vote next November in a comparison of the acts or deeds of the Democratic Congress and the Democratic President with the Republican acts or deeds in the four preceding administrations, — that is, since the close of the second Cleveland administration.

1. The Democratic administration accomplished within a few months of its accession a revision of the tariff downward. This revision was moderate and conservative; but it reversed the general tendency of the four preceding Republican administrations. It seems to have commended itself to a great majority of the American people; because they realize that the home market cannot support the vast machinery industries in which American workmen excel, and the livelihood of a considerable fraction of the people is earned. In regard to many industries employers and employees alike have learnt that foreign trade is essential to their support and development.

This indispensable tariff reform was made promptly by the Democratic Congress and administration, and in a wise and successful way. The reform took

effect at a fortunate moment; because it promoted that great development of several American industries which the war brought about. It is to be hoped that the war will bring about a reduction of protectionist activities throughout the civilized world; because they tend to develop hostile feelings and acts among nations, and therefore to delay the coming of lasting international peace. For these reasons the continuation of the Democratic party in power is much to be desired.

2. The repeal of the act concerning the Panama Canal tolls, an act to which all the foreign nations interested in the use of the Canal took exception, was an important contribution by the Democratic administration to the civilized practice of observing scrupulously all treaty obligations. It was possible for honest men to defend the exemption of American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls; but foreign nations presented sincere objections to this construction of the treaties and agreements concerning the management of the Canal, and it was not for the United States to insist on the interpretation most favorable to itself. In Congress the division on the question of repeal was not on party lines. Some Democrats were opposed to the repeal; some Republicans were in favor of it. It was the urgency of the administration, however, which carried the repeal. President Wilson therein did his country and all democracies a great service, which the independent voter would now do well to remember. Some political philosophers have prophesied that democracies would lack the finer honorable instincts. It turns out now that it is empires which break their promises, and take treacherous advantages.

3. When the Democrats came into power in 1913, the Republican administrations and Congress had been dis-

cussing for several years measures for reforming the national system of banking and currency; but they had failed to bring any effective legislation to pass. The Democratic administration and Congress carried the Federal Reserve law within a few months after coming into power, and promptly organized with admirable discretion the first Federal Reserve Board. This Board got to work just in time to prevent a financial panic and to preserve the credit of the nation at the outbreak of a world-wide war which suddenly destroyed the existing system of financial and commercial exchanges all over the world. No American administration has ever before accomplished so great a contribution to the stability and efficiency of American business credit and financial enterprise. Business men of all sorts — financial, manufacturing, and commercial — recognize the high value of this remarkable achievement; and to many of them it seems fair, and also good for the country, that the same party which procured the enactment of the Federal Reserve law should continue to administer it.

4. One of the admirable results of the incoming of the Democratic party to power was the prompt enactment of a national Income Tax law. An income tax, properly laid, is the justest and most expedient of all taxes in a democracy; but the Republican party was wholly unable to get an income tax enacted in times of peace, and indeed never seriously advocated it except in war times. It is not surprising that in so difficult a piece of work the Democratic Congress made some mistakes in the structure of the act, and that the Democratic administration was not altogether successful in organizing the working staff for so novel and large an undertaking; but it is certainly fair that the party which put the in-

come tax on the statute book should be intrusted with the continuous improvement of the act. A much-needed improvement is a reduction in the limit of exemption; so that a much larger part of the population may pay the tax. The Democratic party is quite as likely to make this reduction as the Republican party. All parties in a democracy are likely to seek the votes of the poorer classes by proposing to make the rich and well-to-do alone provide the public revenues. Democracies surely have the power to demoralize themselves in this mean way; but patriots hope that democracies will not use this power.

5. To President Wilson's administration the country owes its thorough committal to two policies which nearly concern its righteousness and its dignity. The first of these policies is — no war with Mexico. The second is — no intervention by force of arms to protect on foreign soil American commercial and manufacturing adventurers who of their own free will have invested their money, or risked their lives, in foreign parts under alien jurisdictions. It is almost inconceivable that an American should approve any assault by the powerful United States on feeble Mexico, and yet armed intervention in Mexico, and, worse than that, the seizing of northern Mexico by American troops have been shamelessly advocated since 1912 by some journalists, manufacturers, and merchants, who live in the United States. Intervention by force of arms to protect and maintain in Mexico American investors and workmen by the ordinary European mode of dealing with backward peoples — that is, by punitive expeditions and compelled agreements — has been persistently advocated. The Democratic administration has never yielded at all to these malign suggestions; although it has not pursued with entire

consistency the policy of non-intervention, or succeeded as yet in composing the internal troubles of Mexico without armed intervention. It has, however, saved this country from the deep disgrace of a war with weak and harassed Mexico, and it has gone far to establish non-intervention by force of arms for the protection of miners and commercial adventurers in foreign parts as the American policy. These are great contributions to the peace of the world, and to the promotion of humane and just dealings between nations. Of course, the Democratic administration was active and urgent in using diplomatic and consular representations on behalf of Americans whose lives or properties were endangered in Mexico, and in aiding such persons to withdraw temporarily from the country. America has now turned its back on the familiar policy of Rome and Great Britain of protecting or avenging their wandering citizens by force of arms, and has set up a quite different policy of her own.

6. In support of his policy of non-intervention in Mexico, and with the intention of relieving all apprehension on the part of the South American nations lest the United States assume an aggressive or selfish attitude toward Mexico or any other American republic, President Wilson secured the co-operation of Brazil, Argentina, and Chile in endeavoring to compose the constitutional dissensions and factional war in Mexico. This coöperation in friendly endeavors on behalf of Mexico has borne good fruit, and gives much promise of valuable Pan-American action in the future. The two preceding Republican administrations made repeatedly sincere attempts to improve the political and commercial relations between the United States and South American countries, but neither had anything like the success which has

attended President Wilson's efforts. This success foretells the moral unity of all the American republics.

7. The Republican party and the dissolving Progressive party each tried to make a campaign issue for itself out of that indefinable project called 'Preparedness.' Each alleged that President Wilson and his administration and the Democratic Congress were opposed to putting the United States in a position to defend its territory and to take an adequate part, if necessary, in the settlement of the war in Europe. The orators of each party said that President Wilson's assertion of American rights on the oceans, and his foreign policy in general, were weak, vacillating, and ineffectual, and that the Democratic Congress was not in favor of either an effective navy or an adequate army. This is a case in which the facts may be left to speak for themselves.

The first obvious fact is that President Wilson, without going to war with Germany, has forced from her a recognition of neutral rights; and he accomplished this result alone, without visible support from any other neutral state.

The second unquestionable fact is that the Democratic administration and Congress have made far the largest appropriations for the increase and improvement of the American navy that have ever been made, and have undertaken to provide heavy additional taxation in order that the present generation may pay a reasonable share of the great cost.

The third fact to be mentioned is not so simple as the two preceding, but is equally convincing. The Democratic administration proposed to Congress a considerable increase in the American regular army, the creation of a large federal force in support of that army, and a doubling of the number of cadets

at West Point and of midshipmen at Annapolis. A considerable opposition to the second part of these proposals having developed both inside and outside of Congress, the administration and Congress adopted, on urgent representations from militia officers, a federalizing of the state militias in place of the creation of a secondary federal army, and enacted a law which provides for very much higher expenditures for military purposes than had ever before been enacted except during the Civil War. The administration and Congress thus made a sincere effort to make out of the state militias national troops competent for quick mobilization and prompt service in the field.

The wisdom of yielding to the views of the militia officers may well be questioned; but it was not to any partisan arguments that the administration yielded, but rather to a sense of the urgency of new military preparation. When more troops were suddenly needed on the Mexican border, the administration called on the state militias for national service before they were really federalized, and now (August 13) has in service there the militias of the few states that really possessed an organized and partially equipped militia. To be sure, these recent acts on the part of the administration have had negative results, so far as the development of an adequate military force for the United States is concerned. It turned out that only a minority of the states had any competent militia organizations; and that even in those states, the militia was on a peace footing, and contained many untrained officers, and many privates who on account of their age and occupations ought not to be called upon for service at a distance from their homes.

From the point of view of those Americans who desire that their coun-

try should have always at command an army competent to resist any possible invasion, and so visibly formidable that it will prevent even the strongest military nation from attacking the United States, the present administration has done a great service to the country by demonstrating on the Mexican border that the federalization of the militia is not the right way to procure a competent national force.

Since acts speak much louder than words, those voters who wish to have the United States fully armed and equipped for modern war ought to support President Wilson in the coming election. He has gone further in this direction than any other American president, doubtless because the great war has opened his eyes to the risks which American ideals will encounter, if it ends with European militarism in the ascendant. In regard to the provision of adequate protective military and naval forces at whatever cost, President Wilson is far in advance of the average American voter, as he has repeatedly shown in public speech and responsible official acts. It is interesting in retrospect to compare what President Roosevelt accomplished with his Congresses, which contained many members of long service, in regard to the enlargement and improvement of the army and navy with what President Wilson has accomplished with his inexperienced Congress in three years and a half. President Roosevelt's martial temperament and emphatic language brought little to pass. President Wilson, favored by extraordinary circumstances which he thoroughly understood, brought much to pass.

8. The Democratic administration and Congress have adopted a considerable number of measures which directly promote in wise ways American industries. The Department of Agriculture, in accordance with new enactments by

Congress, has undertaken to improve rural organization and the marketing of crops, including the establishment of grain standards and cotton standards, improved methods of handling and packing, better market news-service, and the development of coöperation among producers both for production and marketing. These are all matters concerning which the national government has a legitimate function; because they cannot be successfully managed by either the states or the municipalities.

The present administration has made valuable beginnings in all these matters; but much still remains to be accomplished, especially in regard to national regulation of grading and warehousing, and federal inspection. It is for the interest of the country that the administration which started these valuable improvements should have time to develop them.

An important achievement of the Democratic Congress has been the passage of a good-roads law giving federal aid in the construction of roads, provided that the states invest dollar for dollar in their construction, and make satisfactory arrangements for their maintenance. Good roads not only facilitate the marketing of all sorts of products, but promote profitable and pleasant school-life in rural districts, and contribute to make comfortable and attractive the wholesome country life which produces a healthy and vigorous population.

The Coöperative Agricultural Extension Act which provided, in coöperation with the land-grant colleges, for the demonstration before actual farmers and their families of modern agricultural methods in regard to selecting seed, working the soil, and using fertilizers, and of modern household and dietary economics, is another excellent achievement of the present

administration. No nation, not even the German, ever enacted a more directly productive educational measure.

Other interesting acts of the Democratic Congress in aid of American business are the Mercantile Marine Insurance Act, the Cotton Futures Act, the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Land Mortgage Banking Act, and the Rural Credits Act. The first two of these acts have already proved their value, and the last three are well on their way to do so.

9. The attention paid by the present administration to such humanitarian action as the federal government may properly take has been unprecedented. It has promoted in many ways a just conservation of the nation's material resources for the benefit of posterity, without unduly impeding their utilization by the present generation. It has secured the passage of the Child-Labor Act. It has accepted on proper terms several National Monuments for the recreation and delight of future generations; it has created a National Park Service; through the Department of the interior it has tried, for the first time, to tell the American people what treasuries of landscape beauty, health, and out-of-door delights they possess in the national parks and monuments; and it has tried to make service in the army or navy contribute to the subsequent industrial value of the enlisted young men on their leaving the service.

Any one who surveys the extraordinary series of legislative and executive acts accomplished by the Democratic party in three years and a half will realize two things: first, that President Wilson has proved himself a party leader of unusual power; and secondly,

that the party thus led has done much more for the country than the Republican party accomplished in five times as many years.

President Wilson in these terrible times has had ample opportunity to make mistakes and to hurt the country and its cause. He has made mistakes; but has usually changed his mind and his course of conduct in season to prevent much mischief from those mistakes. He has not been uniformly true to his own convictions with regard to the merit system in the civil service; for he has allowed Senators and Representatives and some members of his Cabinet to apply the spoils system in the public service — probably under some invisible compulsion or supposed necessity. He disappointed most Americans when he did not protest against the invasion of Belgium; and some Americans now wish that the President would publicly abandon the neutral state of mind which he recommended to the American people at the outset of the war. But these are errors resulting from too great reticence and caution; and they have been far less injurious than those which would have resulted from impetuosity and impatience.

On the whole, the independent voters are likely to act next November on two simple, well-grounded convictions: first, that the Democratic party has done such an extraordinary amount of good work during the present administration that the period from 1912 to 1916 will be memorable in the history of the United States; and secondly, that the man chiefly responsible for this consummate service to the American people should be again made their chief servant.

THE DEVIL BABY AT HULL-HOUSE

BY JANE ADDAMS

I

THE knowledge of the existence of the Devil Baby burst upon the residents of Hull-House one day when three Italian women, with an excited rush through the door, demanded that he be shown to them. No amount of denial convinced them that he was not there, for they knew exactly what he was like, with his cloven hoofs, his pointed ears and diminutive tail; moreover, the Devil Baby had been able to speak as soon as he was born and was most shockingly profane.

The three women were but the fore-runners of a veritable multitude; for six weeks the streams of visitors from every part of the city and suburbs to this mythical baby poured in all day long, and so far into the night that the regular activities of the settlement were almost swamped.

The Italian version, with a hundred variations, dealt with a pious Italian girl married to an atheist. Her husband vehemently tore a holy picture from the bedroom wall, saying that he would quite as soon have a devil in the house as that; whereupon the devil incarnated himself in her coming child. As soon as the Devil Baby was born, he ran about the table shaking his finger in deep reproach at his father, who finally caught him and in fear and trembling brought him to Hull-House. When the residents there, in spite of the baby's shocking appearance, wishing to save his soul, took him to church for baptism, they found that the shawl

was empty and the Devil Baby, fleeing from the holy water, ran lightly over the backs of the pews.

The Jewish version, again with variations, was to the effect that the father of six daughters had said before the birth of a seventh child that he would rather have a devil in the house than another girl, whereupon the Devil Baby promptly appeared.

Save for a red automobile which occasionally figured in the story, and a stray cigar which, in some versions, the newborn child snatched from his father's lips, the tale might have been fashioned a thousand years ago.

Although the visitors to the Devil Baby included people of every degree of prosperity and education, even physicians and trained nurses who assured us of their scientific interest, the story constantly demonstrated the power of an old wives' tale among thousands of people in modern society who are living in a corner of their own, their vision fixed, their intelligence held by some iron chain of silent habit. To such primitive people the metaphor apparently is still the very 'stuff of life'; or, rather, no other form of statement reaches them, and the tremendous tonnage of current writing for them has no existence. It was in keeping with their simple habits that the reputed presence of the Devil Baby at Hull-House did not reach the newspapers until the fifth week of his sojourn — after thousands of people had already been informed of his whereabouts by the old method of passing news from mouth to mouth.

During the weeks of excitement it was the old women who really seemed to have come into their own, and perhaps the most significant result of the incident was the reaction of the story upon them. It stirred their minds and memories as with a magic touch; it loosened their tongues and revealed the inner life and thoughts of those who are so often inarticulate. These old women enjoyed a moment of triumph, as if they had made good at last and had come into a region of sanctions and punishments which they understood.

Throughout six weeks, as I went about Hull-House, I would hear a voice at the telephone repeating for the hundredth time that day, 'No, there is no such baby'; 'No, we never had it here'; 'No, he could n't have seen it for fifty cents'; 'We did n't send it anywhere because we never had it'; 'I don't mean to say that your sister-in-law lied, but there must be some mistake'; 'There is no use getting up an excursion from Milwaukee, for there is n't any Devil Baby at Hull-House'; 'We can't give reduced rates because we are not exhibiting anything'; and so on and on. As I came near the front door, I would catch snatches of arguments that were often acrimonious: 'Why do you let so many people believe it, if it is n't here?' 'We have taken three lines of cars to come, and we have as much right to see it as anybody else'; 'This is a pretty big place, of course you could hide it easy enough'; 'What you saying that for—are you going to raise the price of admission?' We had doubtless struck a case of what the psychologists call the 'contagion of emotion,' added to that 'æsthetic sociability' which impels any one of us to drag the entire household to the window when a procession comes into the street or a rainbow appears in the sky.

But the Devil Baby of course was

worth many processions and rainbows, and I will confess that, as the empty show went on day after day, I quite revolted against such a vapid manifestation of an admirable human trait. There was always one exception, however: whenever I heard the high eager voices of old women, I was irresistibly interested and left anything I might be doing in order to listen to them.

II

Perhaps my many talks with these aged visitors crystallized thoughts and impressions that I had been receiving through years; or the tale itself may have ignited a fire, as it were, whose light illumined some of my darkest memories of neglected and uncomfortable old age, of old peasant women who had ruthlessly probed into the ugly depths of human nature in themselves and others. Many of them who came to see the Devil Baby had been forced to face tragic human experiences; the powers of brutality and horror had had full scope in their lives, and for years they had had acquaintance with disaster and death. Such old women do not shirk life's misery by feeble idealism, for they are long past the stage of make-believe. They relate without flinching the most hideous experiences. 'My face has had this queer twist for now nearly sixty years; I was ten when it got that way, the night after I saw my father do my mother to death with his knife.' 'Yes, I had fourteen children; only two grew to be men and both of them were killed in the same explosion. I was never sure they brought home the right bodies.' But even the most hideous sorrows which the old women related had apparently subsided into the paler emotion of ineffectual regret, after Memory had long done her work upon them; the old people seemed, in some unaccountable

way, to lose all bitterness and resentment against life, or rather they were so completely without it that they must have lost it long since.

Perhaps those women, because they had come to expect nothing more from life and had perforce ceased from grasping and striving, had obtained, if not renunciation, at least that quiet endurance which allows the wounds of the spirit to heal. Through their stored-up habit of acquiescence, they vouchsafed a fleeting glimpse of that translucent wisdom so often embodied in old women, but so difficult to portray. I recall a conversation with one of them, a woman whose fine mind and indomitable spirit I had long admired; I had known her for years, and yet the recital of her sufferings, added to those the Devil Baby had already induced other women to tell me, pierced me afresh.

'I had eleven children, some born in Bohemia and some born here; nine of them boys; all of the children died when they were little, but my dear Liboucha, you know all about her. She died last winter in the insane asylum. She was only twelve years old when her father, in a fit of delirium tremens, killed himself after he had chased us around the room trying to kill us first. She saw it all; the blood splashed on the wall stayed in her mind the worst; she shivered and shook all that night through, and the next morning she had lost her voice, could n't speak out loud for terror. After a while her voice came back, although it was never very natural, and she went to school again. She seemed to do as well as ever and was awful pleased when she got into High School. All the money we had, I earned scrubbing in a public dispensary, although sometimes I got a little more by interpreting for the patients, for I know three languages, one as well as the other. But I was determined that, whatever happened to me, Liboucha was to

be educated. My husband's father was a doctor in the old country, and Liboucha was always a clever child. I would n't have her live the kind of life I had, with no use for my mind except to make me restless and bitter. I was pretty old and worn out for such hard work, but when I used to see Liboucha on a Sunday morning, ready for church in her white dress with her long yellow hair braided round her beautiful pale face, lying there in bed as I was, — being brought up a freethinker and needing to rest my aching bones for the next week's work, — I'd feel almost happy, in spite of everything.

'But of course no such peace could last in my life; the second year at High School, Liboucha began to seem different and to do strange things. You know the time she wandered away for three days and we were all wild with fright, although a kind woman had taken her in and no harm came to her. I could never be easy after that; she was always gentle, but she was awfully about running away, and at last I had to send her to the asylum. She stayed there off and on for five years, but I saw her every week of my life and she was always company for me, what with sewing for her, washing and ironing her clothes, cooking little things to take out to her and saving a bit of money to buy fruit for her. At any rate, I had stopped feeling so bitter, and got some comfort out of seeing the one thing that belonged to me on this side of the water, when all of a sudden she died of heart failure, and they never took the trouble to send for me until the next day.'

She stopped as if wondering afresh that the Fates could have been so casual, but with a sudden illumination, as if she had been awakened out of the burden and intensity of her restricted personal interests into a consciousness of those larger relations that are, for

the most part, so strangely invisible. It was as if the young mother of the grotesque Devil Baby, that victim of wrong-doing on the part of others, had revealed to this tragic woman, much more clearly than soft words had ever done, that the return of a deed of violence upon the head of the innocent is inevitable; as if she had realized that, although she was destined to walk all the days of her life with that piteous multitude who bear the undeserved wrongs of the world, she would walk henceforth with a sense of companionship.

Among the visitors were pitiful old women who, although they had already reconciled themselves to much misery, were still enduring more. 'You might say it's a disgrace to have your son beat you up for the sake of a bit of money you've earned by scrubbing, — your own man is different, — but I have n't the heart to blame the boy for doing what he's seen all his life; his father forever went wild when the drink was in him and struck me to the very day of his death. The ugliness was born in the boy as the marks of the devil was born in the poor child upstairs.'

This more primitive type embodies the eternal patience of those humble toiling women who through the generations have been held of little value, save as their drudgery ministered to their men. One of them related her habit of going through the pockets of her drunken son every pay-day, and complained that she had never got so little as the night before, only twenty-five cents out of fifteen dollars he had promised for the rent long overdue. 'I had to get that as he lay in the alley before the door; I could n't pull him in, and the copper who helped him home left as soon as he heard me coming and pretended he did n't see me. I have no food in the house nor

coffee to sober him up with. I know perfectly well that you will ask me to eat something here, but if I can't carry it home, I won't take a bite nor a sup. I have never told you so much before. Since one of the nurses said he could be arrested for my non-support, I have been awfully close-mouthed. It's the foolish way all the women in our street are talking about the Devil Baby that's loosened my tongue — more shame to me.'

There are those, if possible more piteous still, who have become absolutely helpless and can therefore no longer perform the household services exacted from them. One last wish has been denied them. 'I hoped to go before I became a burden, but it was not to be'; and the long days of unwonted idleness are darkened by the haunting fear that 'they' will come to think the burden too heavy and decide that the poor-house is 'the best.' Even then there is no word of blame for undutiful children or heedless grandchildren, for apparently all that is petty and transitory falls away from austere old age; the fires are burnt out, resentments, hatreds, and even cherished sorrows have become actually unintelligible. It is as if the horrors through which these old people had passed had never existed for them, and, facing death as they are, they seem anxious to speak only such words of groping wisdom as they are able.

This aspect of memory has never been more clearly stated than by Gilbert Murray in his *Life of Euripides*. He tells us that the aged poet, when he was officially declared to be one of 'the old men of Athens,' said, 'Even yet the age-worn minstrel can turn Memory into song'; and the memory of which he spoke was that of history and tradition, rather than his own. The aged poet turned into song even the hideous story of Medea, transmuting it into 'a

beautiful remote song about far-off children who have been slain in legend, children who are now at peace and whose ancient pain has become part mystery and part music. Memory — that Memory who is the mother of the Muses — having done her work upon them.'

The vivid interest of so many old women in the story of the Devil Baby may have been an unconscious, although powerful testimony that tragic experiences gradually become dressed in such trappings in order that their spent agony may prove of some use to a world which learns at the hardest; and that the strivings and sufferings of men and women long since dead, their emotions no longer connected with flesh and blood, are thus transmuted into legendary wisdom. The young are forced to heed the warning in such a tale, although for the most part it is so easy for them to disregard the words of the aged. That the old women who came to visit the Devil Baby believed that the story would secure them a hearing at home, was evident, and as they prepared themselves with every detail of it, their old faces shone with a timid satisfaction. Their features, worn and scarred by harsh living, even as effigies built into the floor of an old church become dim and defaced by rough-shod feet, grew poignant and solemn. In the midst of their double bewilderment, both that the younger generation were walking in such strange paths and that no one would listen to them, for one moment there flickered up that last hope of a disappointed life, that it may at least serve as a warning while affording material for exciting narrations.

Sometimes in talking to one of them, who was 'but a hair's breadth this side of the darkness,' one realized that old age has its own expression for the mystic renunciation of the world. The im-

patience with all non-essentials, the craving to be free from hampering bonds and soft conditions, was perhaps typified in our own generation by Tolstoi's last impetuous journey, the light of his genius for a moment making comprehensible to us that unintelligible impulse of the aged.

Often, in the midst of a conversation, one of these touching old women would quietly express a longing for death, as if it were a natural fulfillment of an inmost desire. Her sincerity and anticipation were so genuine that I would feel abashed in her presence, ashamed to 'cling to this strange thing that shines in the sunlight, and to be sick with love for it.' Such impressions were in their essence transitory, but one result from the hypothetical visit of the Devil Baby to Hull-House will, I think, remain: a realization of the sifting and reconciling power inherent in Memory itself. The old women, with much to aggravate and little to soften the habitual bodily discomforts of old age, exhibited an emotional serenity so vast and reassuring that I found myself perpetually speculating as to how soon the fleeting and petty emotions which seem so unduly important to us now might be thus transmuted; at what moment we might expect the inconsistencies and perplexities of life to be brought under this appeasing Memory, with its ultimate power to increase the elements of Beauty and Significance and to reduce, if not to eliminate, stupidity and resentment.

III

As our visitors to the Devil Baby came day by day, it was gradually evident that the simpler women were moved not wholly by curiosity, but that many of them prized the story as a valuable instrument in the business of living.

The legend exhibited all the persistence of one of those tales which have doubtless been preserved through the centuries because of their taming effects upon recalcitrant husbands and fathers. Shamefaced men brought by their women-folk to see the baby but ill-concealed their triumph when there proved to be no such visible sign of retribution for domestic derelictions. On the other hand, numbers of men came by themselves. One group from a neighboring factory, on their 'own time,' offered to pay twenty-five cents, a half dollar, two dollars apiece to see the child, insisting that it must be at Hull-House because 'the women folks had seen it.' To my query as to whether they supposed we would exhibit for money a poor little deformed baby, if one had been born in the neighborhood, they replied, 'Sure, why not?' and, 'It teaches a good lesson, too,' they added as an afterthought, or perhaps as a concession to the strange moral standards of a place like Hull-House. All the members in this group of hard-working men, in spite of a certain swagger toward one another and a tendency to bully the derelict showman, wore that hang-dog look betraying the sense of unfair treatment which a man is so apt to feel when his woman-kind makes an appeal to the supernatural. In their determination to see the child, the men recklessly divulged much more concerning their motives than they had meant to do, and their talk confirmed my impression that such a story may still act as a restraining influence in that sphere of marital conduct which, next to primitive religion itself, we are told, has always afforded the most fertile field for irrational tabus and savage punishments.

What story more than this could be calculated to secure sympathy for the mother of too many daughters, and contumely for the irritated father? The

touch of mysticism, the supernatural sphere in which it was placed, would render a man perfectly helpless.

The story of the Devil Baby, evolved to-day as it might have been centuries before in response to the imperative needs of anxious wives and mothers, recalled the theory that woman first fashioned the fairy-story, that combination of wisdom and romance, in an effort to tame her mate and to make him a better father to her children, until such stories finally became a rude creed for domestic conduct, softening the treatment that men accorded to women.

These first pitiful efforts of women, so widespread and powerful that we have not yet escaped their influence, still cast vague shadows upon the vast spaces of life, shadows that are dim and distorted because of their distant origin. They remind us that for thousands of years women had nothing to oppose against unthinkable brutality save 'the charm of words,' no other implement with which to subdue the fiercenesses of the world about them.

During the weeks that the Devil Baby drew multitudes of visitors to Hull-House, my mind was opened to the fact that new knowledge derived from concrete experience is continually being made available for the guidance of human life; that humble women are still establishing rules of conduct as best they may, to counteract the base temptations of a man's world. Thousands of women, for instance, make it a standard of domestic virtue that a man must not touch his pay envelope, but bring it home unopened to his wife. High praise is contained in the phrase, 'We have been married twenty years and he never once opened his own envelope'; or covert blame in the statement, 'Of course he got to gambling; what can you expect from a man who always opens his own pay?'

The women are so fatalistically certain of this relation of punishment to domestic sin, of reward to domestic virtue, that when they talk about it, as they so constantly did in connection with the Devil Baby, it often sounds as if they were using the words of a widely known ritual. Even the young girls seized upon it as a palpable punishment, to be held over the heads of reckless friends. That the tale was useful was evidenced by many letters similar to the anonymous epistle here given.

'me and my friends we work in talor shop and when we are going home on the roby street car where we get off that car at blue island ave. we will meet some fellows sitting at that street where they drink some beer from pail. they keep look in cars all time and they will wait and see if we will come sometimes we will have to work, but they will wait so long they are tired and they dont care they get rest so long but a girl what works in twine mill saw them talk with us we know her good and she say what youse talk with old drunk man for we shall come to thier dance when it will be they will tell us and we should know all about where to see them that girl she say oh if you will go with them you will get devils baby like some other girls did who we knows. she say Jane Addams she will show one like that in Hull House if you will go down there we shall come sometime and we will see if that is trouth we do not believe her for she is friendly with them old men herself when she go out from her work they will wink to her and say something else to. We will go down and see you and make a lie from what she say.'

IV

The story evidently held some special comfort for hundreds of forlorn women, representatives of that vast

horde of the denied and proscribed, who had long found themselves confronted by those mysterious and impersonal wrongs which are apparently nobody's fault but seem to be inherent in the very nature of things.

Because the Devil Baby embodied an undeserved wrong to a poor mother, whose tender child had been claimed by the forces of evil, his merely reputed presence had power to attract to Hull-House hundreds of women who had been humbled and disgraced by their children; mothers of the feeble-minded, of the vicious, of the criminal, of the prostitute. In their talk it was as if their long rôle of maternal apology and protective reticence had at last broken down; as if they could speak out freely because for once a man responsible for an ill-begotten child had been 'met up with' and had received his deserts. Their sinister version of the story was that the father of the Devil Baby had married without confessing a hideous crime committed years before, thus basely deceiving both his innocent young bride and the good priest who performed the solemn ceremony; that the sin had become incarnate in his child which, to the horror of the young and trusting mother, had been born with all the outward aspects of the devil himself.

As if drawn by a magnet, week after week, a procession of forlorn women in search of the Devil Baby came to Hull-House from every part of the city, issuing forth from the many homes in which dwelt 'the two unprofitable goddesses, Poverty and Impossibility.' With an understanding quickened perhaps through my own acquaintance with the mysterious child, I listened to many tragic tales from the visiting women: of premature births, 'because he kicked me in the side'; of children maimed and burned because 'I had no one to leave them with when I went to

work.' These women had seen the tender flesh of growing little bodies given over to death because 'he would n't let me send for the doctor,' or because 'there was no money to pay for the medicine.' But even these mothers, rendered childless through insensate brutality, were less pitiful than some of the others, who might well have cried aloud of their children as did a distracted mother of her child centuries ago, —

That God should send this one thing more
Of hunger and of dread, a door
Set wide to every wind of pain!

Such was the mother of a feeble-minded boy who said, 'I did n't have a devil baby myself, but I bore a poor "innocent," who made me fight devils for twenty-three years.' She told of her son's experiences from the time the other little boys had put him up to stealing that they might hide in safety and leave him to be found with 'the goods' on him, until, grown into a huge man, he fell into the hands of professional burglars; he was evidently the dupe and stool-pigeon of the vicious and criminal until the very day he was locked into the State Penitentiary. 'If people played with him a little, he went right off and did anything they told him to, and now he's been sent up for life. We call such innocents "God's Fools" in the old country, but over here the Devil himself gets them. I've fought off bad men and boys from the poor lamb with my very fists; nobody ever came near the house except such like and the police officers who were always arresting him.'

There were a goodly number of visitors, of the type of those to be found in every large city, who are on the verge of nervous collapse or who exhibit many symptoms of mental aberration and yet are sufficiently normal to be at large most of the time and to support themselves by drudgery which requires

little mental effort, although the exhaustion resulting from the work they are able to do is the one thing from which they should be most carefully protected. One such woman, evidently obtaining inscrutable comfort from the story of the Devil Baby even after she had become convinced that we harbored no such creature, came many times to tell of her longing for her son who had joined the army some eighteen months before and was stationed in Alaska. She always began with the same words. 'When spring comes and the snow melts so that I know he could get out, I can hardly stand it. You know I was once in the Insane Asylum for three years at a stretch, and since then I have n't had much use of my mind except to worry with. Of course I know that it is dangerous for me, but what can I do? I think something like this: "The snow is melting, now he could get out, but his officers won't let him off, and if he runs away he'll be shot for a deserter — either way I'll never see him again; I'll die without seeing him" — and then I begin all over again with the snow.' After a pause, she said, 'The recruiting officer ought not to have taken him; he's my only son and I'm a widow; it's against the rules, but he was so crazy to go that I guess he lied a little. At any rate, the government has him now and I can't get him back. Without this worry about him, my mind would be all right; if he was here he would be earning money and keeping me and we would be happy all day long.'

Recalling the vagabondish lad who had never earned much money and had certainly never 'kept' his hard-working mother, I ventured to suggest that, even if he were at home, he might not have work these hard times, that he might get into trouble and be arrested, — I did not need to remind her that he had already been arrested twice, — that

he was now fed and sheltered and under discipline, and I added hopefully something about seeing the world. She looked at me out of her withdrawn harried eyes, as if I were speaking a foreign tongue. 'That would n't make any real difference to me — the work, the money, his behaving well and all that, if I could cook and wash for him; I don't need all the money I earn scrubbing that factory; I only take bread and tea for supper, and I choke over that, thinking of him.'

v

A sorrowful woman clad in heavy black, who came one day, exhibited such a capacity for prolonged weeping that it was evidence in itself of the truth of at least half her statement, that she had cried herself to sleep every night of her life for fourteen years in fulfillment of a 'curse' laid upon her by an angry man that 'her pillow would be wet with tears as long as she lived.' Her respectable husband had kept a shop in the Red Light district, because he found it profitable to sell to the men and women who lived there. She had kept house in the rooms 'over the store,' from the time she was a bride newly come from Russia, and her five daughters had been born there, but never a son to gladden her husband's heart.

She took such a feverish interest in the Devil Baby that when I was obliged to disillusion her, I found it hard to take away her comfort in the belief that the Powers that Be are on the side of the woman, when her husband resents too many daughters. But, after all, the birth of daughters was but an incident in her tale of unmitigated woe, for the scoldings of a disappointed husband were as nothing to the curse of a strange enemy, although she doubtless had a confused impression

that if there was retribution for one in the general scheme of things, there might be for the other.

When the weeping woman finally put the events of her disordered life in some sort of sequence, it was clear that about fifteen years ago she had reported to the police a vicious house whose back door opened into her own yard. Her husband had forbidden her to do anything about it and had said that it would only get them into trouble, but she had been made desperate one day when she saw her little girl, then twelve years old, come out of the door, gleefully showing her younger sister a present of money. Because the poor woman had tried for ten years, without success, to induce her husband to move from the vicinity of such houses, she was certain that she could save her child only by forcing out 'the bad people' from her own door-yard. She therefore made her one frantic effort, found her way to the city hall, and there reported the house to the chief himself. Of course, 'the bad people' 'stood in with the police,' and nothing happened to them except, perhaps, a fresh levy of blackmail; but the keeper of the house, beside himself with rage, made the dire threat and laid the curse upon her. In less than a year from that time he had enticed her daughter into a disreputable house in another part of the district. The poor woman, ringing one doorbell after another, had never been able to find her, but the girl's sisters, who in time came to know where she was, had been dazzled by her mode of life. The weeping mother was quite sure that two of her daughters, while still outwardly respectable and 'working downtown,' earned money in the devious ways which they had learned all about when they were little children, although for the past five years the now prosperous husband had allowed the family to live in a suburb

where the two younger daughters were 'growing up respectable.'

At moments it seemed possible that these simple women, representing an earlier development, eagerly seized upon the story simply because it was primitive in form and substance. Certainly one evening a long-forgotten ballad made an unceasing effort to come to the surface of my mind, as I talked to a feeble woman who, in the last stages of an incurable disease from which she soon afterwards died, had been helped off the street-car in front of Hull-House.

The ballad tells that the lover of a proud and jealous mistress, who demanded as a final test of devotion that he bring her the heart of his mother, had quickly cut the heart from his mother's breast and impetuously returned to his lady bearing it upon a salver; but that, when stumbling in his gallant haste, he stooped to replace upon the silver plate his mother's heart which had rolled upon the ground, the heart, still beating with tender solicitude, whispered the hope that her child was not hurt.

The ballad itself was scarcely more exaggerated than the story of our visitor that evening, who had made the desperate effort of a journey from home in order to see the Devil Baby. I was familiar with her vicissitudes: the shiftless drinking husband and the large family of children, all of whom had brought her sorrow and disgrace; and I knew that her heart's desire was to see again before she died her youngest son, who was a life prisoner in the penitentiary. She was confident that the last piteous stage of her disease would secure him a week's parole, founding this forlorn hope upon the fact that 'they sometimes let them out to attend a mother's funeral, and perhaps they'd let Joe come a few days ahead; he could pay his fare afterwards from the

insurance money. It would n't take much to bury me.'

Again we went over the hideous story. Joe had violently quarreled with a woman, the proprietor of the house in which his disreputable wife lived, because she withheld from him a part of his wife's 'earnings,' and in the altercation had killed her — a situation, one would say, which it would be difficult for even a mother to condone. But not at all: her thin gray face worked with emotion, her trembling hands restlessly pulled at her shabby skirt as the hands of the dying pluck at the sheets, but she put all the vitality she could muster into his defense. She told us he had legally married the girl who supported him, 'although Lily had been so long in that life that few men would have done it. Of course such a girl must have a protector or everybody would fleece her; poor Lily said to the day of her death that he was the kindest man she ever knew, and treated her the whitest; that she herself was to blame for the murder because she told on the old miser, and Joe was so hot-headed she might have known that he would draw a gun for her.' The gasping mother concluded, 'He was always that handsome and had such a way. One winter when I was scrubbing in an office-building, I'd never get home much before twelve o'clock; but Joe would open the door for me just as pleasant as if he had n't been waked out of a sound sleep.'

She was so triumphantly unconscious of the incongruity of a sturdy son in bed while his mother earned his food, that her auditors said never a word, and in silence we saw a hero evolved before our eyes: a defender of the oppressed, the best beloved of his mother, who was losing his high spirits and eating his heart out behind prison bars. He could well defy the world even there, surrounded as he was by that

invincible affection which assures both the fortunate and unfortunate alike that we are loved, not according to our deserts, but in response to some profounder law.

This imposing revelation of maternal solicitude was an instance of what continually happened in connection with the Devil Baby. In the midst of the most tragic recitals there remained that something in the souls of these mothers which has been called the great revelation of tragedy, or sometimes the great illusion of tragedy — that which has power in its own right to make life acceptable and at rare moments even beautiful.

At least, during the weeks when the Devil Baby seemed to occupy every room in Hull-House, one was conscious

that all human vicissitudes are in the end melted down into reminiscence, and that a metaphorical statement of those profound experiences which are implicit in human nature itself, however crude in form the story may be, has a singular power of healing the distracted spirit.

If it has always been the mission of literature to translate the particular act into something of the universal, to reduce the element of crude pain in the isolated experience by bringing to the sufferer a realization that his is but the common lot, this mission may have been performed through such stories as this for simple hard-working women, who, after all, at any given moment compose the bulk of the women in the world.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

I

IN some eighteenth-century diplomatic correspondence, I once found a letter from an ambassador at a small court, in which he explained to his sovereign that the treaty he had been instructed to arrange was being opposed by the King's mistress. He had hopes, however, of ousting this lady from the monarch's affection, and installing in her place one of his friends.

No nation is a single-minded unit. None has a precise and unalterable policy. This is as true in modern Britain as it was in the petty courts of the *ancien régime*. As 'personal govern-

ment' gives place to democracy, the subject matter of diplomacy becomes the changing combinations of political parties rather than the scarcely less erratic caprices of a sovereign. To-day ambassadors are less interested in the king's mistress, and more in his ministers.

The Foreign Office of a country is a political prize for which opposition parties are always striving. Most of the diplomatic correspondence which has come out of Germany in the last decade has been full of speculation on the chances of the 'War Party' winning control of the office on Wilhelmstrasse. Some months ago I discussed

Pan-Americanism with a diplomat from Argentina. He cherished the idea of a League of American Republics, but was pessimistic over the outlook. Again and again he met my arguments with the retort, 'Root, Knox, Bryan! Who's next?' 'Continuity of foreign policy' is an ideal which all nations desire and none attain.

So it happens that nations which ardently desire to live in friendship sometimes find their governments at odds. This general truth of diplomacy has been often illustrated in the history of Anglo-American relations.

Most of our historians are agreed that if George III had enjoyed enlightened, forward-looking ministers, we might never have seceded. But our forefathers found the policy of Lord North's ministry unbearable. However, as soon as the Liberal, Fox, won control of the British Foreign Office, it became easy — in spite of the wounds of the war — to settle our outstanding controversies.

Since those days the governance of Britain has been controlled, now by the spiritual descendants of Lord North, now by the liberal progeny of Fox. The two great political parties of England have been inspired by these two political philosophies. The issue between them has rarely been clean-cut. Some Members of Parliament who call themselves 'Liberals' would seem to us 'Standpatters,' and some whom we would call 'Progressives' have sat on the Unionist benches. But in general a Tory Ministry has meant the dominance of the policies of Lord North. A Liberal majority has meant the triumph of the ideals of Fox. The political upheavals in Great Britain have always been speedily felt by our State Department. At times, the 'tie of blood' which binds us to the mother country has been thinner than air; at times, thicker than water.

A recent example of this oscillation in British policy was furnished by the crushing of the Boer Republics. The war was the work of those who had inherited Lord North's ideas. We were overwhelmingly pro-Boer in sympathy. But the Tories' mismanagement of the campaign was so flagrant that they were driven from office. Our relations with the mother country — which had been as bad as well might be — rapidly became better as soon as it was evident that the new ministry was inspired by the ideals of Fox.

There was little in the war itself of which Britain could be proud, but there is no page in her history more praiseworthy than the settlement which eventually followed it. The creation of the South African Union, and the granting of self-government to the defeated Boers, will always rank as one of the finest achievements of political history. It is little less than amazing when we recall our own clumsy, brutal Reconstruction policy after the Civil War.

If we should plot a graphic chart of Anglo-American relations — the curve sweeping up when our intercourse was cordial, sliding down when our friendship cooled — it would be almost identical with a curve which recorded the rise and fall in British politics of the influence of Liberalism.

There never has been, and probably never will be, friendship between our Democracy and the Tories of England. They are the 'Die-hards' — as bitter in their hostility to popular rule as any aristocrats of the world. Fighting desperately at home to preserve their special privileges against such as we, they do not desire our friendship.

We, as a nation, are too hybrid to be swayed by considerations of race. Such 'Anglo-Saxonism' as Homer Lea — an English-speaking Bernhardt — preached is meaningless to a large part

of our citizens. We are not pro-English, we are pro-Liberal.

England was the first of the modern nations to experiment in democracy, and in the legislative side of government she has surpassed us all. She deserves the proud title of 'The Mother of Parliaments.' But she has made no successful efforts to democratize her navy, her army, or her diplomatic service. The caste system is still supreme in these administrative branches of government, which become dominant when war is declared. Parliament, by accepting the 'Coalition,' has abdicated — for the duration of the war — before the officials of the Admiralty, the Army, and the Foreign Office. Most of those who govern Britain to-day are drawn from the social caste which is most outspokenly hostile to us, and to our ideals of democracy.

II

The difference of opinion between the United States and Great Britain over the rights of peaceful commerce on the seas had been growing steadily less since the War of 1812. We have not objected so much to Britain ruling the waves, — she has generally been just, — as to her claim that she alone has the privilege to enact the laws by which the seas should be ruled. Gradually British opinion has come to accept the theory — held by all maritime nations as well as by us — that those who are to be policed should have some voice in framing the police code. At the Naval Congress of Paris in 1856, the British listened to the opinions of others, took their advice in certain matters, and gave up some of their claims to a one-party dictatorship. By summoning the Naval Conference of London in 1909, they went much further — almost all the way — toward accepting the modern thesis, that Inter-

national Law rests on the general consent of those interested and not simply on the will of the mightiest.

Insistence on this principle, that International, as well as Municipal, Law rests on the consent of the governed, has been the key-note of our foreign policy. Once the divine right of kings is abandoned, there is no other basis for International Law. The evolution of British naval policy, as witnessed by the Paris Convention and the Declaration of London, has brought them constantly nearer to accord in these matters with us and the rest of the world.

The controversy between neutrals and belligerents over their respective 'rights' in naval war is not unlike the conflict between labor and capital. As both parties in this latter dispute would like to enjoy all the profits of industry, there can be no definite and permanent agreement. Labor will not be satisfied till capitalism is abolished. So neutrals will not be able to realize all their aspirations till war is abolished.

However, temporary truces are frequently arranged between labor and capital. The 'bosses' have abandoned their 'right' to work children more than eighteen hours in the mines. As soon as Labor had won this concession, it launched new demands. In a similar way, neutrals and belligerents have at times reached accord. It was a victory for the neutrals when the 'Right of Search' was defined. They at once expanded their claims. Just as labor legislation shows a continual clipping of the prerogatives of the employers, so, in the gradual evolution of a sea code, there has been a steady increase in the 'rights' accorded to neutrals by 'usage' and general consent.

The claim most earnestly pressed by neutrals, of late, has been the right to know what to expect. The greatest

injuries to legitimate commerce in war times have been caused by the uncertainties arising from the changing and arbitrary decrees of the belligerents. Neutrals have tried to secure general acceptance of a 'law' which would make it 'illegal' for a belligerent to change the rules of war during a war. American diplomacy has been active in this direction for many years. Generally at peace ourselves, we have sought to protect and expand neutral rights. But the two principal planks of our international platform have been: (1) Law rests on general consent; (2) Law, like the life it governs, must evolve, but its codification and amendment require calm thought and discussion, which should be the work of peace. The laws of war should not be altered under the influence of the hatreds engendered by hostilities. Almost any code which meets these two requirements would seem better to us than the chaos of individual caprices.

In maintaining such doctrines we have had the best of company. With the exception of the Crimean campaign, Britain has never been a belligerent in a European conflict since the Napoleonic epoch. So, for ninety-seven out of the last hundred years, Britain has been a neutral. Her people had acquired the habit of neutrality and its point of view. They have not only the largest navy in the world, but also the largest merchant marine. The protection of their stupendous cargoes, when their neighbors went to war, became their supreme interest.

When, in the Chinese War, the French put rice on their contraband list, Britain led the world in protest against this interference with legitimate neutral trade. The Russo-Japanese War brought up the same question. Japan was a large importer of cereals from India. This trade was an appreciable element in the prosperity of the colony.

Russia, hoping to shorten the war by economic pressure, announced her intention to treat grain as contraband. The British Foreign Office asked us to coöperate with them in a protest against this illegal innovation of putting a ban on food stuff. The Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry, writing on the lessons in International Law to be drawn from that war ('The Rights of Neutrals as illustrated by Recent Events'), came to this conclusion: 'If we are to weigh the convenience of belligerents against the convenience of neutrals, it would seem that the interests of the latter ought to prevail.'

This became the official doctrine of the Liberal Asquith ministry. The 'rights' of neutrals have had few more eloquent defenders than His Majesty's present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir Edward Grey has gone further in trying to limit the rights of belligerents than any of our own Secretaries of State. He summoned the principal maritime nations to a Naval Conference at London in 1909. The task before the delegates was carefully defined in the invitation. They were not to legislate, but to codify. They were not to create new law, but to harmonize the existing customs of the different nations and to edit them in a unified code. General agreement on a precise code which, accepted in peace, should not be changed during a war, was the object desired. Sir Edward's ideas on the subject, presumably approved by the ministry, are expressed in his instructions to Lord Desart, the chief of the British delegation. They are to be found in the Blue Book, Miscellaneous No. 4, 1909. These few quotations indicate their tone. In section 4 he writes that the object of the conference is:—

'The coöperation of the Powers . . . in formulating in precise terms a set of rules relative to the law of prize, which

should be recognized as embodying doctrines held to be generally binding as part of the existing law of nations.'

In the next section: 'The end in view being certainty and uniformity.'

In section 13: '... It appears to be generally agreed that no such additions [i.e. additions to the list of Contraband drawn up at The Hague] ought in any case to be admissible, except in the case of articles which cannot be utilized for other than warlike purposes. A rule to this effect, or preferably, a rule preventing any additions whatever at the outbreak or after the commencement of war, might well form part of the proposed convention.'

In section 18: '... His Majesty's Government are now desirous of limiting as much as possible the right to seize for contraband, if not eliminating it altogether.'

The Conference lasted less than three months and agreed on the 'Declaration of London.' Lord Desart's report of his labors is published in the same Blue Book.

'... The view in favour of accepting the list [of Contraband] as it stands finally prevailed, it being agreed on all hands that the establishment of a strictly defined and generally recognized list, even if slightly defective, would be infinitely preferable to the continuance of the uncertainty which had resulted from the conflicting claims and practices of different nations. ... We ... have secured the adoption of a free list which will place it beyond the power of belligerents in future to treat as contraband the raw materials of some of the most important of our national industries. ... We obtained recognition of the fact — which was not seriously disputed — that, as a body, these rules do amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

The Declaration of London did not

entirely satisfy any one. The questions raised were too complex to be definitely settled in so short a conference. But the delegates, although pointing out faults in detail, agreed that this code was 'infinitely preferable' to the former chaos.

However, the Declaration met with successful opposition in the British Parliament—at a time when the Budget, the Education Bill and everything else proposed by the Liberal Ministry was being killed by the Lords. A reading of the Parliamentary record shows that almost every one who spoke against the measure belonged to the permanent opposition. When the strongest naval power refused to accept this code, it was of course reduced to the mere statement of 'a pious wish.' Having failed of ratification in Parliament, the Declaration of London was not in any sense British law. It was, however, in the opinion of Lord Desart, and the eminent jurists, admirals and diplomats who had sat with him at the Conference, 'a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

From our point of view the Declaration was a new step forward toward the acceptance of our contention, that International Law rests, not on the force of one nation, but on the consent of all. The general ratification of the Declaration, amended where it was faulty, became the objective of all who wished to extend the domain of law.

The adverse vote in Parliament did not produce a change of heart on the part of the Liberals, with whom we had so cordially coöperated at the Conference and whose ultimate victory at Westminster we expected. The Declaration of London, in its spirit, if not in all its wording, remains the expression of opinion of those in Britain with whom we have so often been friends in the past — whose friendship we desire in the future. Although its ratification

was defeated by the party of Lord North, we have every reason to believe that an entire accord in naval matters is possible between the United States and the Liberals of Great Britain.

III

Simultaneously with his Proclamation of Neutrality President Wilson sent a circular note to all the belligerents, recalling the confusion which has always resulted from the lack of a generally accepted code of sea law, the injury to neutral commerce incident to such chaos, and emphasizing the possibility of grave diplomatic friction likely to arise from this uncertainty. He then suggested that, at least for the duration of this war, all should accept the Declaration of London.

This placed a sharp dilemma before the British Government. Sea power was the main weapon — almost the only immediate weapon — which they could bring to the aid of their allies. Should they limit the effectiveness of the navy by submitting to the generally accepted ideas of International Law, or should they, borrowing their enemy's motto, *Might makes Right*, exercise this sea power to the utmost?

We may be sure that the Cabinet meeting which discussed Mr. Wilson's suggestion was stormy. The Liberal ministers, whose theories of International Law were so well known, favored the acceptance of the Declaration of London. The Sea Lords demanded a free hand. The arguments *pro* and *con* must have been much the same as those which later divided the Kaiser's ministers on the submarine issue.

The answer at last decided upon was a verbal compromise by which the Lord Norths of the sea got what they wanted. The Foreign Office edited a reply which said that Britain accepted the Declaration of London in principle,

subject to certain 'additions and modifications.' But, of course, the basic principle of the Declaration was that no nation should alter it in the heat of war. It was on this point that Sir Edward Grey had especially insisted. If Britain was determined to amend the code to suit her convenience, other belligerents would do likewise. Our State Department, not waiting for further replies, withdrew the suggestion. The British Cabinet had decided that there was to be no sea law. Whichever nation won naval supremacy would enforce its own will. *Might* was to replace *Right*.

The *realpolitik* verdict on Britain's decision must depend on the balance between the gains of illegality and the loss of support and respect among the friends of law. It is an exceedingly difficult calculation. There has been some gain to the Entente Powers from the policy adopted by Britain; how much gain is uncertain. It is a matter of statistics, which have been elaborately hidden or elaborately falsified by the interested parties. Not more than a dozen high German officials know the actual effect on their country of the illegalities of the British blockade.

According to the Declaration of London, it was obviously impossible for a maritime power to reduce by hunger an enemy nation which enjoyed a neutral land frontier; but after two years of war it is still uncertain whether this object can be obtained even by a wholesale repudiation of legal restraints. By scrupulous observance of the generally accepted concepts of International Law, the British fleets could have exercised great economic pressure on the Central Empires. By the régime of Orders in Council they have undoubtedly exercised greater pressure. This uncertain degree of added pressure is the credit side of the balance, the gain.

The loss resulting from this policy is even harder to estimate. Germany began this war by an assault on International Law which shocked all the world. The moral position of the Entente, as the champions and protectors of the rights of nations, was exceptionally strong. This advantage was largely thrown away by the claim that the doctrine of *Might makes Right*, which they called immoral when their enemies applied it on land, somehow became justifiable for them at sea. With the exception of Italy, no one of the original European neutrals has yet joined the Entente. Germany has done better in this matter. In general, the Germans have made great progress in regaining the sympathy of the European neutrals, which they had lost by the crime of Belgium. More gradually, but more surely, the British naval policy has alienated neutral sympathy.

'Legality' is of course a changing, evolving concept. The British offense against the modern standard of law consists not so much in any particular acts — although some of them have been flagrant — as in the brusque denial that nations with smaller navies have any voice in defining the law. The Sea Lords have decided on what they would like to do, and His Majesty's Privy Council has announced that this *is* the law. It is primarily against this attitude — the old familiar attitude of Lord North — that we have protested. The wisdom, expediency, or equity of these Orders in Council does not offer so vital a question as the claim that a British Council can create the Law of Nations. This is the heart of the controversy. Can His Britannic Majesty's advisers legislate for all the world?

Our administration was doubtlessly gratified when, in the case of the steamship *Zamora* (7 April, 1916), the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided in our favor. The highest tri-

bunal in the Empire decided that prize courts must administer International, not Municipal, Law; that the Orders of the Crown were therefore not binding on the prize courts except in so far as they accorded with the generally accepted doctrines of the Law of Nations. However, the gratification was short lived. This adverse ruling by their supreme judicial authority has not visibly influenced the British policy. The Privy Council has ignored this decision and continues to issue new Orders quite as objectionable as the old.

We can only speculate as to what Sir Edward Grey thinks of the situation. Has he suddenly come to believe that acts which were held to be wrong if committed against British commerce are now right when committed by the British against others? Or has he been effaced by the British Junkers and, no longer directing British policy, is he now reduced to the rôle of registering it and trying — not very successfully — to justify it? Whether he approves of it or not, he must realize that the notes he now signs in reply to the protests of his former friends are in absolute contradiction to all the ideas of right and justice he advocated before the war. Neither the Liberal ministers who still hold on in the Coalition Cabinet, nor the highest judicial authorities of the Empire, are able to control the party of Lord North which has installed itself in the Foreign Office.

IV

The naval policy decided upon by the British Cabinet has not been so onerous for us as for the neutrals of Europe. In times of peace our export trade scarcely reached ten per cent of our production of wealth. Even if it were all held up, it would not ruin us. The maritime nations of Europe are in a more serious plight. It was a rather

ghastly joke that, when the Belgian Commission came to America to lay their grievances before the President, they crossed at Washington delegations from other neutral countries of Europe who had come to ask our protection against Great Britain.

The situation of Holland is typical of the problems which, with slight variations, face the other neutrals of Europe. Sixty years ago, at the Naval Congress of Paris, all the powers agreed that the blockading of a neutral coast is illegal. Great Britain is not at war with Holland, but no ships can trade in Dutch ports to-day without British consent; and this consent cannot be had unless the owners sign an unneutral agreement to boycott Germany. Reluctance to submit to this agreement, or the bare suspicion that the submission is half-hearted, is punished by long detentions in British ports. It does not take many weeks of such idleness to wipe out the year's profit of a great ship.

The Dutch government has been forced to sanction the 'Overseas Trust.' This arrangement is not only the denial of neutrality, but also a humiliating surrender of sovereignty. It means that government officials must assist the British Navy in suppressing Dutch commercial rights. Even if the British cannot starve their enemies into submission, they could easily famish the Dutch. So the ministers of Queen Wilhelmina have had to bow to *force majeure* and, like the Greeks, accept the bizarre British doctrine that it is moral for neutrals to help the English but a deadly sin to trade with Germany.

One means used by the British to force 'benevolent neutrality' on the Netherlands was the refusal to sell coal to neutral ship-owners unless they signed the agreement not to be neutral. However, some of the neutral ship-owners did not like to sign away their

independence and decided to run their ships on the inferior and cheaper German coal. To this symptom of rebellion against British sea-rule, the Admiralty replied by an announcement that 'bunker coal of enemy origin' would be confiscated as contraband. To-day no ship can trade in the North Atlantic unless she buys her coal from British collieries. This is perhaps the most flagrant violation of International Law on the British record. It is not merely a case of denying the obligations of the Declaration of London or the Paris Convention. All British precedents in the Law of Prize — long back before the Napoleonic era — are explicit that only cargo merchandise is seizable. The British courts have always held that 'things needful to the working of the ship or the comfort of the crew' are above suspicion of contraband. But — Might makes Right, in the practice, if not in the professions, of the present government of Britain. It is not only the legal opinions of other nations they scorn, but also the decisions of their own jurists.

This matter of the bunker coal is typical of another phase of the question. The injury done to the enemy is indirect and small. The harm done to all the North Sea neutrals is immediate and great. The profit to the British coal-dealers from such a forced monopoly is obvious.

The closing of the Suez Canal to all but British and Allied ships is a measure for which no military necessity has been shown. But it forces the Dutch colonial mailships to take the route around the Cape. Every one in a hurry to go or send goods to the East now chooses the competing British lines. In the same way the English shippers have captured much of the Dutch transatlantic trade. The amazing prosperity of British shipping is well known and bitterly discussed by the Dutch.

The interference with neutral mails — whatever the military advantage — inevitably works to the profit of British commerce.

It is hard for the Dutch to believe that such measures — so vexatious to them, and so profitable to their rivals — are decided upon for the defense of the realm. In suspecting the members of the British government of commercial dishonesty, the Dutch are probably unjust. The officials who decide on these measures are lordly gentlemen, far removed from knowledge of, or interest in, 'mere trade'; too often they are equally removed from consideration for the rights of others. But even if the British government can prove that none of their Sea Lords hold shares in the shipping lines or coal companies which have profited from their naval policy, or have sold 'short' on the stocks they have ruined, it will take many years to reestablish the tradition of British 'fair play' in the commercial world. This is part of the loss which must be balanced against the immediate gain of the British policy.

Why the people of England — the Liberals whose friendship we have always valued — have permitted their government to throw away the valuable asset of 'good will' is a mystery to all who have not watched the working of the 'Defence of the Realm Act.' The Censor has not allowed the people of England to know anything about it. Censorship of the newspapers and enlightened public opinion are mutually exclusive. And the British Censors are rigorous. The Press Bureau not only hides from the people the hostility and distrust which is growing in all neutral countries, and even among their allies: it fosters fables. Last May, in London I found every one indignant that the heartless Germans were preventing us from sending relief to Poland. No one dreamed that we and every one else

felt that the obstruction came primarily from London.

The Press Bureau fosters the belief that the neutrals — and the neutrals alone — are waxing fat off the war. The facts, of course, are that everywhere the war furnishers are growing rich. The American shell-manufacturer is paying higher wages and underselling his European competitors. Great as are some of our 'new fortunes,' they are not to be compared with those which are piling up in belligerent countries. Few of our industries can rival the profits of the Anglo-Malay Rubber Company or the Creusots of France. But the greatest prizes are going to the shipping companies, the coal-owners, the bankers and food speculators in Britain. The Censor does not encourage publicity on such matters. And whoever dares to speak in defense of the rights of neutrals is met by the crushing retort, 'Oh! The neutrals. They have no reason to complain. They are getting rich.'

The effect of the British naval policy on us has been similar to that on Holland, although it has not been so ruinous. While we have had many specific material grievances, the force of our protests has come from outrage at a policy which has seemed to us rankly illegal — a policy hostile to all idea of legality. During her long years of neutrality, Britain has always been quick to use her sea power to enforce her trading rights. As soon as she finds herself a belligerent she denies all her old theories. Sir Edward Grey asked the world to agree not to alter the contraband list during hostilities. Now that his own country is at war, he signs note after note announcing new alterations. The 'Free List' which, Lord Desart said, 'will place it beyond the power of belligerents in the future to treat as contraband the raw materials of some of our national industries' is

abolished, now that it is a question of the industries of other nations.

Great Britain, when neutral, has led the fight to secure inviolability of neutral mails. Now, with the shoe on the other foot and the might of her navy behind her, she denies that there are any rights in the matter. Modern history records no such rank violation of the mails as we now witness.

Another example — if one is needed — of this British 'double standard' of international morality is furnished by the excitement caused by the arrival in our waters of the submarine Deutschland and the British announcement that certain firms, domiciled in America, are to be blacklisted.

When the Austrian government appealed to us to take a moral rather than a narrowly technical attitude toward neutrality and to refrain from helping one belligerent against the other, we were fairly overwhelmed by the volume of British argument to prove that it was the essence of righteousness for a neutral to sell munitions to any belligerent who could carry away the goods. We were threatened with all sorts of calamities if we passed an embargo against the export of munitions to the Entente. Now, when a German ship evades their blockade, we are to be punished unless we refuse to sell raw materials to their enemy.

An effort to enforce by might rules which do not work both ways is the essence of arbitrary tyranny. Our indignation against the British naval policy is the greater, because, during the years of Liberal government, we had formed the habit of expecting them to champion justice and equity.

V

The Germans are, of course, pleased that British policy has given them so sound an argument in their correspond-

ence with us. They are quite right in calling our neutrality hypocritical, if, after having forced them to limit their naval action in accordance with our interpretation of International Law, we do not, with equal vigor, protect our rights from British aggression.

German lawlessness has differed from that of Britain in that it has also been murderous. But, however much the horrors of the Belgian invasion, the tragedies of the Lusitania and the Sussex may have enraged us, the present policy of the British government makes intervention on their side impossible. Those of us who are most inclined to take active measures to stop German 'frightfulness' find ourselves equally disinclined to fight on behalf of the thesis that British convenience is the law of the seas. Dislike for German theory or practice, or our very special fondness for France, cannot alter the fact that His Britannic Majesty's Cabinet, although more suave, has been just as quick as the Kaiser's to act on the doctrine that 'Might makes Right.'

It has been easier for us to remain neutral than it would have been if the English had kept their heads level and refrained from 'hitting below the belt.'

So long as the British government maintains its present attitude there is little that our diplomacy can do at London beyond 'watchful waiting.' It takes two to reach an accord, just as much as to make a quarrel. There is no use in working for such a community of nations as we desire so long as Britain insists that whatever suits her convenience is right. However, there is great hope for a *rapprochement* in the future. The maintenance of the Lord North position will be difficult after the war. The Tory policy implies isolation.

All nations which have ships upon the seas must desire that law, not the

whims of one nation, shall rule the waves. They will not willingly submit to a sea code dictated by a distrusted commercial rival, and the scrap of paper on which Britain had promised fair play at sea has been torn up. It is not only the present neutrals who dispute Britain's arrogant claims. Two of her allies, France and Italy, are maritime nations. Russia hopes to become one. The British, to retain their single-handed naval supremacy, will have to outbuild all the world. And real money, even in England, will be scarce after the war. The only alternative to this impractical Tory policy is one of making friends. And friends can only be won by a liberal policy, which admits that others besides the strongest have rights.

After this war, Britain — unless she suffers utter defeat — will have the strongest navy in the world and one of the greatest armies. Inevitably the Tories will be tempted to use these tools for the realization of the age-old dream of Imperial world-domination. The modern, forward-looking men of Britain will hold true to their ideals and will seek the means to remove from us this scourge of war. No event of our day will be more important in determining the kind of world our children will live in, than the outcome of the political struggle to win control of

the British government and Foreign Office, the struggle between the policies of Lord North and the ideals of Fox.

We of America have every reason to desire cordial coöperation with the British Empire. It is hard to see what they can gain by driving us into hostility. Unfortunately, *rapprochement* is at present impossible, for the spirit of Lord North presides over the councils of Downing Street. So it is the business of our diplomacy to watch with the closest attention the internal politics of Britain and to be quick to welcome any change in the government which means that our offers of friendship have a better chance of acceptance.

The Irish controversy offers a test case to those of us who have no better means of appraisal. At no time since the outbreak of the war has the issue between progress and reaction been so sharply drawn. If Lord Lansdowne and his friends succeed in their project of suppressing Irish unrest with bayonets, it will mean that our Liberal friends have suffered a new defeat. If Ireland is pacified by a tardy grant of justice, it will indicate that our friends are regaining power.

But until there is some visible change in the British ministry there is small hope of cordiality between Washington and London.

THE GREGARIOUSNESS OF THE MINOR POETS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

By natural disposition and by habit of life a poet is the least gregarious of human creatures. He flourishes in what Milton describes as 'a pleasing solitariness.' Novelists and historians must be, in some sort, men of the world. They must frequent courts and drawing-rooms and all sorts of public gatherings in order to collect material for their work. They are traffickers in other men's ideas, and they must be good mixers.

But when the poet is 'hidden in the light of thought,' it is his own thought. If it is different from other men's thought, all the better. It adds to the fascinating mystery of his personality. The highest praise we can give him is the acknowledgment that he has had some gift that was all his own. 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' It is possible for him to do his best work while dwelling apart, for his business is not to interpret other men's moods, but his own.

Clergymen are inclined, when they have opportunity, to flock together in presbyteries and conferences, associations and convocations. After preaching to their congregations on Sunday they frequent ministers' meetings on Monday, where they address one another. Theodore Parker used to lament this habit, to which he ascribed some of the faults of his brethren. Ministers, he declared, are like cabbages: they do not head well when they are planted too close together. But though clerical gregariousness may be carried to an excess, a certain amount of it is necessary

to the successful carrying on of the profession. Among the higher clergy the solitary habit would be obviously impracticable. When Lord Westbury was asked what were the duties of an archdeacon he answered, 'The duties of an archdeacon consist in the performance of arch-diaconal functions.' Now it is evident that these arch-diaconal functions cannot be performed except in connection with an ecclesiastical body. No one, however gifted, could be an archdeacon on his own hook.

So a lawyer must be a member of the bar in order to practice his profession. The physician must be in good standing in the Medical Society. A plumber cannot act as a mere individual. He does not appear like the solitary horseman in the romances. He is a recognized duality. When we send for a plumber we expect to see two. A pleasing solitariness is not allowed in his working hours.

But a poet does not need other poets to bear him company or to complete his work. He does not need a congregation to inspire him. He comes alone to his chosen reader. It is a case where two is company and three is a crowd.

The transitory nature of his inspiration adds to this tendency to solitariness on the part of the poet. It is not easy for him to keep business hours, or make contracts for work to be finished at a given time. His productive energy is inconstant. The product of industry can be counted upon and can be delivered when promised. But the poetry which is the product of industry is

worthless. All the value is that which comes from some unpredictable felicity of mood. Now and then a poetical thought comes, and under the impulse of the moment he puts it into words that are really much better than he could have contrived if he had labored for them. There is a sudden snatch of real song, a phrase or two that are unforgettable. No one seems able to do these things every day. It is a great good fortune to be able to do them sometimes. A person who is subject to such accidents we call a poet.

Sometimes the poet attempts to meet the man of affairs on his own ground, and do business according to the accepted rules. He is usually mortified by his inability to 'deliver the goods.' In the Book of Numbers there is an illuminating story of such an attempt to control poetic inspiration. The poet Balaam had gained a considerable reputation among the Moabitish tribes for his fine flow of maledictory verse. When Balak had become alarmed over the progress of the invading Israelites he bethought him of Balaam and his gifts. 'And Balak offered oxen and sheep and sent to Balaam.'

But when Balak waited for the outburst of rhythmical invective which he had paid for, he was disappointed. Instead of curses Balaam's words turned out to be blessings of no value whatever to his employer. Instead of living up to his contract, Balaam 'went not as at the other times to seek for enchantments, but he set his face toward the wilderness.' It was the wild nature of the poet asserting itself.

Balaam sang his song in his own way without regard to his contract, and no wonder Balak was indignant. 'Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam and he smote his hands together; and Balak said unto Balaam: I called thee to curse mine enemies and behold thou hast altogether blessed them these

three times. Therefore now flee thou to thy place. I thought to promote thee unto great honor, but lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honor.'

The story of the parting of the man of affairs and the poet has been repeated many times. 'And Balaam rose up and went and returned to his place; and Balak also went his way.'

In his natural state the poet accepts the situation cheerfully. He sets his face toward the wilderness which he loves, and is content with the inspiration which may come. But now and then among the minor poets there comes a change of temper that is most remarkable. The minor poet forgets his individuality and becomes gregarious. He is no longer content with casual inspiration and intermittent illuminations. He must be up and doing. He must coöperate. He must find those whose spiritual impulses synchronize with his own. He must choose a name which shall designate those who belong to his school. Above all he must educate the general public to appreciate the product of coöperative genius.

In indicating that this sudden gregarious tendency is most observable among minor poets, no disparagement is intended. The term minor poet, like that of minor prophet, refers to the quantity rather than the quality of the work done. Amos was not less a prophet than Ezekiel. His book is not so large, that is all. This in a literary man may sometimes be an added claim to our regard. Gold is gold, whether found in the mother lode or in a slender vein. Some of the best poetry is the work of minor poets who left no complete poetical works. They have not created much, but they have given some words which are priceless. Who does not know the slender little volume that comes unheralded? It is so modest that it makes little demands upon time or shelf-room. And yet many a bulky vol-

ume has less worth. It is the individual offering of the minor poet in his unsophisticated days. Later on, a bit of his work might slip into a place in the anthologies. That is a post-mortem honor.

But when the minor poet becomes class-conscious he is ambitious to make his first appearance in an anthology. He will not go alone up a footpath to Parnassus, if he can climb into an omnibus with his mates. The more the merrier. When the gregarious instinct is in control we no longer are conscious of the appeal of a single person. A company of new poets appear in a body and insist on the right of collective bargaining for our admiration. We must accept the New Poetry that bears the Union label, or face the consequences.

Now in joining the union, and merging himself with a group, however excellent, the new poet is, I think, ill-advised. There are some things which cannot be done coöperatively, and poetry is one of them. It cannot be standardized or promoted. In fact, there is very little that can be done about it except enjoy it when it comes.

There is nothing more delightful than the discovery of a new poet, unless it is the recovery of an old one. We are eager to hear a fresh, unspoiled voice and to be cheered by a variation on familiar themes. That in which he distinctly differs from those who preceded him is his peculiar merit. He comes with the dew of the morning upon him.

If it should happen that at about the same time another new poet should turn up, that would be a happy coincidence. There is always room in the upper story for such rare visitants. Half a dozen new poets appearing simultaneously would awaken surprise. Still it would not be miraculous. Such things have happened. But the point is that each newcomer must stand on his own feet and do his work in his own

way. His welcome must be all his own. The fact that he appears at the same time with others is only an accident.

The new poet is at his best before he has been sophisticated by too much intercourse with men of his own craft. We love to watch him going his care-free way, unmindful of the Duties of the Hour or the Idols of the Tribe. He is like the shepherd in Lycidas who, when he had sung his song,

twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

It was the quick gesture of one conscious of the need neither of audience nor of collaborators.

It is a sad day for the new poet when he hears the call of his kind and becomes conscious that he has a duty to perform for his fellow poets in explaining and defending their innovations. In dedicating his talents to the service of the group he is guilty of futile self-sacrifice. He loses his first sense of irresponsible freedom, and after a few years he becomes a conscientious copyist of his own early manner, and an apologist for the manner of his coevals. The murderer who revisits the scene of his crime has at least the salutary experience of remorse. But the poet who continually revisits the scene of his early success has no spiritual gain; and he is kept away from fresh woods.

The gang spirit has its uses, but there are spheres in which it does not make for the highest excellency. A single saint is admirable, but who would not flee from a gang of saints, eager to impose their peculiar type of piety upon the community? I read of a mediæval saint who, when he was invited to a rich man's table, united courtesy and asceticism by partaking of the food set before him, but at the same time unostentatiously sprinkling the rich viands with ashes. This was admirable. But if I were a rich man I should not like to

entertain a dozen saints who should bring their ash-shakers to my table. I should find their mannerism offensive.

The Hebrew prophets whose words have come down to us were thorough individualists. They were solitary in their habit and spoke their words whether men heard or whether they forbore. But there were bands who were called 'the sons of the prophets.' These men made a profession of prophetism and wandered about prophesying collectively. We do not, however, hear of any great utterance coming from these organizations. It is the same with the sons of the poets who form schools and coteries, and who are dependent on mutual support. The coöperative effort seems to do little for the production of the kind of poetry which the world does 'not willingly let die.' It however produces a vast amount of the other kind.

Some individual breaks away from the conventions. Immediately he has a score of followers, who, by using his formula, produce what appear to be the same results. The fashion grows by a process of accretion till it becomes an old fashion and is suddenly dropped. There was a period when poetry was conceived of as the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices.' Poets vied with each other in the invention of quaint conceits. Words never ventured into print in their obvious meanings. They appeared in elaborate masquerade. Even religion hid behind a mask and claimed attention by pretending to be something else. This make-believe was considered the very essence of poetry. It was the criterion by which it could be distinguished from prose.

But these Dainty Devices would not have pleased the poet who a century ago from the American backwoods voiced his aspirations.

O for a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamant lungs!

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To the members of the school of the brazen-throated and adamant-lunged all refinements were contemptible. They were all for strength.

Sometimes the bond of union between minor poets is educational. They feel that it is their duty to improve the mind, and they proceed to do it. I take up a volume entitled *Fugitive Poems connected with Natural History and the Physical Sciences*. It is unnecessary that this anthology should be dated: it obviously belongs to the middle of the nineteenth century. How pathetically these poetical fugitives flock together, seeking safety in numbers! Driven out of their dwellings by the advancing hordes of Science, they seek to obtain mercy by chanting the praise of their conquerors. We are reminded of the exiles by the rivers of Babylon from whom those who carried them away captive required a song. The poetic captives of science did their best to satisfy the demand, but soon gave up the effort and hung their harps on the willows.

It is another world which we enter when we take up *The Nightingale or Polite Amatory Songster—A Selection of Delicate, Pathetic and Elegant Songs designed chiefly for Ladies*. It was published in Boston in 1808. The principle of selection was stated: 'This volume is presented to the public with no exclusive claims of patronage except those arising from the solicitude of the compiler to avoid every expression that might offend the delicacy of female modesty.'

The *Amatory Songster* was but one of a vast number of volumes which belonged to what we may call the Literature of Moral Solicitude. It seems to have occurred simultaneously to a multitude of prose-writers and poets, that, in taking their pen in hand, they should avoid every expression that might give offense. That any other virtue or grace besides that of avoidance was necessary did not occur to

them. The taste of the day required a moral to be attached to every poem. An eighteenth-century critic complains that the *Scribleriad* by the well-known poet Richard Owen Cambridge was not as well received by the public as its merits deserved. 'The composition of the *Scribleriad* is regular, spirited and poetic. There are few descriptions so happily imagined as the approach of an army of rebuses and acrostics.' Now, rebuses and acrostics were in the mode; but the public was cool in its reception of the *Scribleriad*. The critic explains this by saying, 'It is to be regretted that the author determined to avoid moral reflections, which he could easily have furnished.' This was just a little after the time when another critic speaks of 'the usual anacreontics, the spirit of which was raging a few years ago among all the sweet singers of Great Britain.' This epidemic of anacreontics probably explains the extravagant length to which moralizing was carried. Even writers who were capable of more positive and varied contributions to literature sought to answer the demand.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his collection of *Poems for Young Ladies* went beyond the *Amatory Songster* in his solicitude. He says, 'Dr. Fordyce's excellent sermons for Young Women in some measure gave rise to the following compilation. Care has been taken to select not only such poems as innocence may read aloud without a blush, but such as will even strengthen that innocence.'

Goldsmith was evidently ambitious. His collection should not merely represent the current ideal of innocence. It should be the latest word in Super-Innocence. He remarks: 'Poetry is an art no young lady can or ought to be wholly ignorant of. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough to mix in modern conversation will evince the usefulness of my design.'

Now the cat is out of the bag. Poetry as a pleasure was one thing. But the more important thing was the assumed 'necessity of knowing enough to mix in modern conversation.' Here the gregarious motive comes in. Poetry for its own sake might be produced and enjoyed in blameless solitude. But the connection between poetry and conversation renders it necessary to put the emphasis upon timeliness. Poetry must approximate to journalism. It must have a distinct news-value, and be kept up to date. Nobody wants to talk about last year's fashions.

It is obvious that as the fashions in modern conversation change there will be a demand for a corresponding change in the poetry that is to be talked about. Innocence having been talked out, conversation turns to a solemn knowingness. We see in our own time, among those who would be in the swim, an insistence that poets should choose themes that satisfy the serious-minded inquirer. The more unpleasant the subject is, the more meritorious. Indeed, in some circles it is assumed that the poet who would advance the cause of modernity must begin his campaign with a policy of deliberate frightfulness. Having shown his ability to hack his way through the sensibilities of his readers, he may afterwards yield to his native geniality. All this is a matter of fashion. But these modes have little to do with that which belongs to the inner life of poetry.

I once had a lesson which I took to heart. I had two friends, both of whom happened to be blind. It unluckily occurred to me that it would be a pleasure to them to be made acquainted. But when I suggested this to one of them he drew himself up with dignity and said, 'I decline to make acquaintances on the basis of my infirmity.'

I think of this when I see the at-

tempts to bring together poets on the ground of what seem to the prosaic mind common interests and conditions. It is assumed that those who belong to the same party or who live in the same place enjoy being put in the same category. Here is a volume entitled *The Poets of Maine, a Collection of Specimen Poems of a Hundred Verse-Makers of the Pine Tree State*. The Poets of Iowa are as numerous, and the Poets of Michigan are as the leaves of the forest. Why is it that local loyalty and state pride seem to fail to furnish any real bond of union to these verse-makers? I do not think of Longfellow as a Poet of Maine.

A topographical term like the Lake Poets may be useful for conversation or lecturing, but it serves no other end. Because a certain number of gifted persons frequented the same lovely region, it does not follow that they had a great deal in common. The absurdity of classifications according to residence is seen when we remember that Keats was characterized by spiteful contemporaries as belonging to the Cockney School. Any one less of a cockney it would be hard to find. Keats walked the London streets, but his true citizenship was in the islands

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

There have been times not far remote when it was thought a laudable undertaking to bring together collections of verse under the title 'Female Poetry.' Why should the female poets be segregated? A careful scrutiny of their works reveals nothing which they might not have expressed with the utmost propriety in the presence of their gentleman friends. When I think of Sappho I think of her simply as a poet. That is the way I suppose that Sappho would like to be thought of.

Nor is the technique of their art a bond of union between true poets. Such

a poet may find his most natural means of expression in the familiar forms of prosody. Or he may say with Chaucer's pilgrim, —

I can nat geste — rum, ram, ruf — by lettre,
Ne, God wot, rym hold I but litel bettre.

He may be the freest of free versifiers, but if he has the poet's gift he may take what liberties he will. It is a case in which the end justifies the means. But let him not think to make us receive all who abjure rhyme and familiar metres as belonging to his class. Because we admit the actuality of a horseless carriage, it does not follow that any carriage can be made to go by the simple device of shooting the horse. Nor should the new poets pride themselves on their newness in point of time. It will soon wear off. The bond that unites a poet to his contemporaries is very slight compared to that which unites him to kindred spirits in many generations. Poetry is the timeless art.

The greater poets have always proudly declared their independence of the passing hour. Mere chronological sequence has to them little significance. Shakespeare utters his defiance: —

'No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
They are but dressings of a former sight.

Thy registers and thee I both defy;
Not wondering at the present nor the past.'

Nor is this impression of timelessness characteristic only of the supreme poets. The minor poets when they are at their best have the same gift. They snatch from our working day some blessed moments of real insight. We see something that does not belong to the passing hour. It was true a thousand years ago and it is true still. These Robin Hoods rob time for the benefit of eternity. We cannot discipline them or organize them. But we are glad that there are these merry men.

ON BEING ILL

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THERE are, according to the poet, 'four seasons in the mind of man' and each has its appropriate mood, its range of vision, its philosophy. But, in addition to these four seasons, there are two other categories which shift a man's thoughts, the object of his vision and his philosophy, even more than the change from Spring to Summer or from Autumn to Winter. These other categories are health and sickness. In these two states man beholds two very different worlds; so different are these worlds, that if a man should live in one only, he would know but half of the human universe.

Health is the normal state. In it the faculties are in equilibrium and fulfill their obvious duties. Upon it, as if it were a sure foundation, science builds hypotheses and dogmas, and men of action with a turn for literature construct what they call a sane and happy philosophy of life. Health is the condition of life's daily routine. Health accepts life as a matter of course, without demur, without criticism, almost without appreciation. A healthy man is indifferent to all theories about the universe; one theory is as good as another. He himself is the centre of his universe; and his senses, like so many radii, describe its uttermost bounds.

Suppose the healthy man to be a farmer. Then the prime interests of his life will cluster around his barn, his cowshed, and his vegetable garden. His affections embrace his potato-hillocks,

his purpling cabbages, and the corn-patch, where in July the stately stalks deck their heads with plumes and outdo in parallel symmetry the spears of Velasquez's conquering Spaniards at Breda. Here is his universe — house, barn, woodpile, chicken-run, pump, orchard, and meadows; what to him are the outlying regions beyond the farm limits? How is he concerned with fields and woodland across the county turnpike, with countries over seas, or with the ethereal distances that encompass our solar system? Health has fixed the bounds of his intellectual kingdom. Its axis is in the stable, and all the cloud-capped hypotheses that science, with infinite industry, has built up concerning what lies between his boundary line and the farthest regions of infinite space, count for less than the humming of the tea-kettle or the cackle of the hens. All attempts by science or philosophy to shift the central point of his universe to some part of the Milky Way or to the Absolute, must fail. And yet it is upon the healthy man, upon the reports of his senses, upon the processes of his reason, that science builds its truths, and philosophy its hypotheses.

The business of a healthy man is to live his life; and in order to live it well, he must make himself, so far as he can, a creature of instinct, if possible an automaton. He adores the god of action, because health is, in its manifestations, a mere bundle of activities. To love action is the patriotism of health. This attitude toward life gives

a comfortable sense of snugness, of familiarity, of home, and protects such as adopt it against the vast outer universe that serves, it seems, but to confuse and dismay them. It holds a man's attention fast to the region where he fills his belly, chooses his wife, digs, hoes, drives his cows afield and calls them home to the milking. This attitude is natural, human; it proclaims man's origin. But in the opinion of those who care for unrestricted liberty of speculation and imagining, it deprives the human mind of its noblest birthright. For them it is high treason to what should be man's governing principle. Nevertheless action remains the basis of life; and as even the most skeptical critic must admit, action renders a service that might well seem to compensate for all the limitations which it imposes upon the human spirit. Action makes a theatre out of life.

If we were to weigh with even hand, one by one, the good and evil things that fate lays in the balances, in order to determine whether human life be worth the living, perhaps none of the things deemed good — not the luxuriant vitality of youth, not affection or romantic love, not interest in work or the approbation of our fellows — would weigh as heavily as the pleasure got from the theatre of life. The drama of life is unintermittent, boundless in resource; of infinite variety, it appeals to every taste. It reckons up its actors by the million. It dresses up in royal robes, with crowns, sceptres, and all the wardrobe of imperial millinery, kings and emperors, moves them about, and causes them to utter majestic harangues, and pirouette over the stage in a manner to rivet our amazed attention. It takes bandits, pirates, Cossacks, and parades them to and fro to a wild music. And these are but supernumeraries who fill in the background and the wings of the stage. A

little in front of them come players whose names are printed on the programme, enumerated as statesmen, philosophers, poets, musicians, explorers, and so on. Finally, in front of them all come the protagonists in Everyman's drama — the household headed by the cook, the milkman, and the butcher's boy, the immediate neighbors, and each separate group playing its own comedy within the great comedy, husband and wife, nursery-maid and babies, school-boys and tutors, guests, cousins, callers, and all the multitude who fill the minor rôles, the chauffeur, the trolley-car conductor, the old lady who in times of illness comes to advise mental healing, the elderly clerk, the lazy office-boy, the fashionable tailor, the cobbler round the corner, the habitué at the club, the fruit-vender, the policeman, the parson's assistant, the political reformer. The theatre of life, with its tragedy, comedy, farce, its gruesome scenes and its delightful episodes, has but one patent fault — it has no plot and no apparent meaning.

Healthy men, the rich, the pious, praise both plot and meaning; but the indifferent spectator can distinguish neither — nothing but eternal motion. A rational explanation of action is that in providing the theatre of life it furnishes the justification of life. All living things are actors who keep on going in order that scene shall follow scene without intermission; for this men preserve their own lives, for this they rear children, future actors, who shall take the places of those whose parts are ended. 'All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players,' but men and women are also spectators. All are admitted to the show; some sit in the orchestra, some in the upper gallery. At one and the same time all men are both players and spectators; they may be mute supernumeraries in the

noisier parts of the drama, but all are protagonists of some particular episode. All this we owe to action, and action is the product of health.

Action, then, keeps life alive and furnishes a nonpareil theatre. To the eyes of the healthy man this theatre is delightful and life an invaluable possession. This is the mood of health.

II

Once a man is ill, the scene changes. All that great stretch of universe that formerly reached out, in dusky dimness, from beyond the farm road toward infinity, has sunk below the horizon, it has become as if it had never been. The field of corn, the potato-patch, the flower-garden, the graveled walk, the porch, have also become part of uncharted darkness, merged into chaos; even hall, stairway, the whole house outside the sickroom door, is now beyond the further edge of twilight consciousness. The sick man's physical universe has shrunk to a bedroom. It is circumscribed by four narrow walls, but it serves all the purposes of the mightiest universe, it fills his thoughts, and presents those marks of order and intelligibility that distinguish the tract within the intellectual reach of the human mind from whatever may lie beyond. It has advantages over any larger universe in that the smaller it is, the more intelligible, the more homelike, it becomes — the more clearly it stands in definite relations to the sick man's inner self.

The central point of interest is his bed. The white coverlet lies like new-fallen snow. Under it his legs, two long projections with which he appears to have little or nothing to do, stretch away down toward the foot of the bed, like mountain ranges on a map of physical geography; while the light covering falls away in gentle slopes on

either side. Then the brass bedpost catches his eye. It draws to itself more than its share of light, and, as if the words *Fiat Lux* had been spoken directly to it, radiates brazenly.

But an object near by, on the table at the foot of the bed, is far more interesting. A long green stalk rises from a yellow vase, and stands very tall and straight in its pride at carrying the perfect flower that, with its snowy petals half disclosed, half folded as if to hold their fragrance in, crowns the green stem. This white rose is a triumphant issue of the efforts of Nature, of her experiments in valley and meadow, in sunshine and in shade, the achievement of the noble collaboration of root and stalk, of leaves and blossoms.

If Nature had aimed to produce color only, or fragrance only, it would be seemingly intelligible that man should chance to be pleased by the color or by the fragrance; but according to what doctrine of chances should a man be charmed, not only by the color and the fragrance, but also by the exquisite texture of the petals that fits them for no rougher office than to line a fairy's cradle? Each petal opens at the touch of light, and then, as if the caress of the full sunlight were too poignant, covers itself with shadows and half-tones.

In a state of health one accepts a rose as part of the great adventure, not less wonderful, or more, than all the other elements that go to make up that adventure. But the mind, half set free from the emaciated body, cannot take the rose merely so. Why is it that Milton plants roses thick in his Garden of Eden; why does Dante make the saints and angels of God but petals in the vast rose of the heaven of heavens? Why is there never a lover that does not compare his mistress to a rose? Can it be by chance that the rose and the soul of man are matched so melodiously? And as the rose has traveled

along her vegetable path, trusting to the wind or to the honey-bee for transportation to a kindlier soil, is it chance that has conferred upon her this combination of color, fragrance and texture, and brought her, as it were, to a trysting-place with the soul of man, who, on his part, having traced his way through millions of years down a dark path, has attained the senses that are ravished by that union of color, fragrance, and texture? What service has the rose rendered to our ancestors that we should admire her beyond all rational measure? Did she feed them, clothe them, warm them, or serve to deck some otherwise unattractive maid and win for her a wooer? Did our ancestors, whether beasts or human progenitors of retreating skull and tusk-like teeth, breathe in her beauty and take fresh courage for the battle of life? Can it be by chance that man has come to find in a flower the great symbol of Beauty? Why is not the fruit more beautiful to him than the flower? Why not the vegetable than the fruit? Why not the fish than the vegetable, or a lamb chop most beautiful of all?

The rose does not help the human being, even to-day, in the struggle for life; rather she is a hindrance. She stands there in the vase, and as the sick man's delighted eye follows the contour of leaf and petal, and dwells upon the dainty setting of the corolla in the calyx (as if the soul of a bird had alighted on the soul of a nest), she asserts, 'To gaze on Beauty is the nobleness of life.'

Is this chance? Or is there some element in the spirit of man that renders him, as he proceeds upon his upward journey, more sensitive to Beauty; that, as time goes on, will cause him to perceive Beauty lying thick about him, in flower, leaf, crystal, waterdrop, in every clod of common earth, and

so at last establish harmonious relations between him and all that is? Is this the end to which life consciously aspires, the argument to justify creation and existence?

To the spirit, still uncertain of long sojourn in its fleshly dress, the beauty of the rose is a tormenting riddle. The spirit keeps asking, 'Why, why, am I imprisoned in this compound of dust, condemned to suffer when this insensible machine goes wrong? What whimsical power commanded me, a spirit, to be conscious of physical maladjustment?' And the rose keeps answering, 'You are also conscious of me.'

Is knowledge of the rose a piece of mystical experience, a communion with a symbol of pure beauty, a partial and momentary loss of self in the consciousness of that which is Life's explanation? The mystics, bound by the words and phrases of human experience, use images of light, of sound, of sweetness; but in all they say, they merely try to express what the rose is to the sick man. Is every sick man a mystic? Does illness dilapidate the blocks of physical dogma out of which is built the edifice of daily life? Does it dissolve the mortar of the matter-of-fact, dispel the illusions of habitual action, and leave the soul face to face with symbols of something toward which all life aspires?

III

A little beyond the foot of the bed come the fireplace and mantelpiece. The small dimensions of the room leave but a narrow passage for a white-capped, white-aproned ministrant, who walks to and fro with noiseless steps, and, when the clock strikes the hour, brings a spoonful of some medicinal potion which custom, or fashion, or hope, foists upon the sick. The wood fire preaches mortality, as it resolves

into their elements the logs of oak, chestnut, and birch which cost Nature so much pains to endow with life. But another symbol withdraws the wandering eye from the fire. On the mantelpiece, leaning against the wall, there is a rude picture, painted on copper in archaic Flemish style. The subject is the Crucifixion. At the foot of the Cross Mary stands erect, John with bowed head close by, and hovering in the air little truncated cherubs catch in golden chalices the drops of blood that fall from the dead Christ's wounds. At first one jumps to the conclusion that this scene, acknowledged throughout Christendom as the supreme human tragedy, has been always misunderstood. The minds of men have been preoccupied by the ecclesiastical interpretation, which regards the Crucified Christ as the centre of the tragedy, and puts at the climax of its litany, 'By thy cross and passion.' The spectacle of physical suffering, especially to men in health, wrings the corporeal sensibility, and in the case of finely tuned natures even imprints imitative marks in hands and feet and side; and yet a far deeper suffering was endured at the foot of the cross. Mary is the centre of the tragedy: —

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

The poet knew that the mother was the greater sufferer, for a sword had also pierced his soul. She, who had stored up in her heart all the words of her little boy, all the sayings of her eldest son, her beautiful youth, her divine leader of men, suffered more pain than nails or lance have power to inflict. Nevertheless Mary is not the centre of the tragedy. Christendom is right; instinctively it feels that the figure on

the Cross is the cynosure of human interest.

The Crucifixion is a tragedy, not because it represents human pain, even pain undeserved, but because the Cross passionately asserts a truth at the heart of life. There, on the Cross, hangs a body, worshiped by Christendom as the body of one who in himself incorporated both the human and the divine. This belief gives superhuman poignancy to the Crucifixion. The belief in this union of man and God in Christ Crucified is true, not because God came down from his celestial throne to earth, but because man is the highest exponent of the mysterious force that pulses through the universe, the clearest evidence of divinity. Why should we care whether the divine is human, when there is such abundant witness that the human is divine, in all that we demand of the divine? In heroism, in self-sacrifice, in the power of loving?

To the sick man the divine reveals itself in many a way; it fills his sick room. He does not ask that angels shall minister to him, for woman's hands smooth his pillow, bring him a marvelous beverage called milk, and a delicate, transparent, glittering mass of bubbles that dance in rainbow colors within the tumbler. This ambrosia the prosaic nurse calls whipped-up white of egg, as if by mere words she could exorcise the spirit of poetry. Poetry invades the sick room, it sings in the sunbeams, it leaps with the leaping flames of the fire, and snuggles in the bosom of the rose. Poetry is but the harbinger of the divine, and both express themselves in the human voice. If the forces of life can take the dust of the earth and compound it into a woman's hands, and that miracle does not convince us that the forces of life are divine, then no other miracles or revelations will.

The divine manifests itself in beauty, in poetry, in light, in the rose, in human affections. But in order to manifest itself the divine must first exist; and the Crucifixion testifies that that which is potentially divine can become divine only through pain. This is the teaching of the Crucifixion, and this is more readily set forth for the multitude by obvious symbols of nails and spear-thrust, than in the mother's woe. The Crucifixion is the supreme allegory of the triumph of the divine through pain, the symbol that divinity is the child of pain, and only by the ministration of pain comes to birth.

It may be that pain is a process of purification, of rarefaction of the spirit, and so enables the spirit's more ethereal part to rise, leaving behind that which clogs and impedes its flight. This doctrine has long been held with respect to man, — *patiando fit homo melior*, — and, inasmuch as man is but an integral part of all the universe, how can a law be true for him if it be not true also for all the universe? All the nervous system — if the answer is to be looked for in the collocation of cells — has come into being in order to increase life, to enlarge it, to render it more sensitive. If the vibrations that cause consciousness of sound, of sight, touch, smell, warmth, and the rest, are creating mind, or enabling mind to possess a local habitation, and if pain hovers about these vibrations, as a mother hovers about her children, and if the sterner tempering of character is wrought by pain, what can we do but acknowledge that pain is mysteriously at work around, above, and below us, guiding, warning, chastising, blessing, using the mind of man as material for its high purpose of creating the divine?

This is but the humdrum attempt of the well man to express in words the thoughts that haunted him when sick.

While he lay in bed, he did not need the intervention of words. To the sick man words are gross, palpable things; they come with footfall heavier than that of the choreman who fetches wood for the fire; and each word, like a traveler from regions of ice and snow, is wrapped in all sorts of outer garments that conceal the thought within. They disturb the quiet of the room; they distort and caricature the fine Ariels of thought that hover just outside the portals of comprehension, and would come in, were words delicate enough not to travesty them. Thoughts crowd about, eager to explain, longing to tell the sick man why it is that pain is his benefactor; and when they pass through the gates of comprehension, and are stuffed into words, they are no longer Ariels, but mummers that gesticulate, make faces, and mock the listener. This is the vexation the sick man endures; he feels that he has been lifted to purer regions, closer to the meaning that for him, at least, lies hidden behind symbols, — behind the crucifix, the rose, a woman's hand, behind light, behind love, — and yet he can never remember, after he has returned to earth, just what he really experienced and believed.

But if he turns his attention from that which he vainly hopes to find in the wallet of his memory (you cannot fetch home light in a bag) to what is really there, he finds religion. Then, at last, he realizes what sickness is doing for him. The healthy man has no time for religion; he is concerned with action. He must plough his field, sow his corn, hoe his potatoes, and trail the honeysuckle over the trellis. His mind is busy with manifold occupations, hopes, and anxieties. The theatre of life, filling the stage of his universe, takes what leisure he may have. Or, if he has a religion, it is either an inheritance, like his grandfather's clothes

fitted for a man of different stature, or one which he has constructed out of fears of the evil that may befall, or out of gratitude for evil escaped.

The sick man is in quite a different case. His stage is shrunk to his bedroom; his drama observes the unities. But for the dumb presence of the nurse, he is alone, alone with the white rose, with the picture of the Crucifixion, with his body, and the hovering spirits of Life and Death. His drama has become as simple as that of *Æschylus*, and he drifts off into the religious mood, a mood of humble curiosity concerning life, and of quest for a loyalty which shall assert that his need of holiness is proof that his soul has received an imprint, no matter how faint, from the presence of holiness.

The first feeling is of curiosity. What is this life that floats, like the Ark, upon a waste of inanimate turbulence? Everywhere motion, everywhere disquiet, everywhere perturbation, restlessness. Is it only in this chance combination of cells, the brain, that Consciousness can make her dwelling-place? And does my consciousness merely reflect for a time the multitudinous outside world, like the surface of a pool, and then, as when the water sinks away into the sands beneath, reflect no more? Is it all mere chance — the white rose, the Crucifixion, the Son nailed to the Cross, the Mother in agony upon the ground beneath? Were these things caused by chance, or are there forces that have a purpose and tend toward an end, in whose obedience a man may range himself, and spend himself in an effort to achieve? Is there a soul of the universe with which his soul can confederate?

IV

How shall a man go about to find the soul of the universe? What shibboleth,

what badge, shall he look for? What do we mean by holiness? What modern symbol shall replace the Cross? And, just as illness is the body's release from the activities of life, does there come a further release for the soul, that will not deprive it of consciousness, and nevertheless leave it appeased? Is holiness a mere series of resignations, the bidding farewell one after another to the impulses of life, the desires of the body and the mind, the shaking off as much as may be of all corporeal control? Or is it an abstraction deduced from the higher pleasures of life, from heroism, from the exaltations of sacrifice, from the joy of pure thought? Or do our souls come into touch, as our earth's atmosphere touches the ethereal space beyond, with an over-soul, and become hallowed by that communion? Or is the upward flight of the soul of necessity in and through a region that, by its remoteness from the friction of life at our world's centre, inspires the human spirit with a calm, a cool, a peace, and an exaltation?

Cut off from all action, floating down a stream of incoherent thoughts, the sick man comes to feel that he has had an experience of holiness, like a pilgrim who has visited some far-off sanctuary. His sickroom has become a shrine. Here he has been alone, face to face with the one question that to him is real — all other questions, all other aspects of things, all perplexities, having been swallowed up in the night of chaos beyond the limits of his sickroom universe.

Illness is the great privilege of life. Love only is comparable to it. They are twin privileges. Both deny the common value of things; both assert that Man's destiny is bound up with transcendental powers. Of this, theirs is the only testimony we have; for the body's evidence is a denial — a nega-

tive assertion that the sparkle of consciousness is a random striking of substance on substance, like steel on flint. Illness pares and lops off the outer parts of life and leaves us with the essence of it. That essence searches curiously for its fundamental relationships. Is this consciousness of mine — which becomes, when shrunk to its inmost being, a spiritual hunger for union with something other than itself — a mere separate particle of what was once an ocean of being? Does it imply that a universal soul has disintegrated, that all its constituent elements have been broken up and scattered, each still impressed with the memory that they were once parts of a whole? Or is this hunger but a sign of a new awakening — the first movement toward a combination, a union, that shall be divine?

Is there a Creator? Or is the idea of a Creator the product of corporeal illness, which has subdued the human soul and too lightly applied the human analogy of man reshaping matter? Who would willingly admit a Creator that had created this universe, with all its suffering, unless upon the supposition that He was so cramped by fate or dearth of material, that He could only create it of warring forces and dragons' teeth? And who can conceive that mechanical forces, in the course of myriad encounters with one another, have by mere accident struck out the sparks of mind?

And why this eternal commotion? Is all this turmoil the struggle of a baser element to attain self-realization, to achieve psychic life? Is the whole universe seeking more life and fuller? Or is Life our original sin, and Death the great purifier? Is it beneficent Death that is striving to cast out the vexing seeds of Life, and restore a universal calm? Is Death the great ocean of peace to which all the rivers of ex-

istence flow? Is the blotting out of the universe beyond the farm road, the reduction of it to a small sickroom, the diminution of the innumerable *dramatis personæ* to one white-capped, white-aproned figure, a sample of the divine effort toward simplicity and peace? Is consciousness the real ill? Is this universal commotion harmless till consciousness arises? Is Life a privilege, a duty, or a sin? Why should our ripples disturb the peace of God?

While these fancies come and go, there stands the picture of the Crucifixion, there the white rose opens its petals wider hour by hour, as if it would enfold the world in the arms of its fragrance. The one proclaims that there is a greater nobleness in pain than the inanimate is capable of; the other asks, 'What but a beneficent force could create a white rose or a child?'

How can one answer them? These are witnesses that Life is nobler than Death. The human heart does beat quicker at the sight of a will to suffer; it does rejoice at roses. If the propulsive rhythm of the universe has produced these as samples of its purposes, as intimations of its goal, does not the whole pattern of existence seem suddenly to burst out as if written in letters of light? Right and wrong cease to be meaningless terms; and a way opens to act in unison with the motions of the universe, and help, no matter in how trivial a respect, its upward will to prevail. The music of hope blows in the winter wind, sings in April showers, murmurs in the mysterious noises of the woods, in the voices of men, in the anguish of the crucifix, calling upon Life to feel, to enjoy, and to suffer for the sake of more life.

In this way the sick man's thoughts go to and fro. The drama of life has simplified itself into a mystery play. Life parleys with Death. Death urges peace: —

Ease after toil, port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life, doth greatly
please.

But in the soft, caressing insistence upon the pleasantness of peace, how can we tell whether the attraction that draws us on to lie stiller and stiller is a summing up of all the arguments that belittle life and extol death, or a mere self-indulgence of the body, counseling ease? Does this sweetly magical incantation, under which the limbs lie quiet and the hands involuntarily clasp themselves on the breast, come from the body or the mind? And is remembrance of happy days, is the pleading of old maxims that condemn a physical surrender to death, is the desire to worship a god of the living, a mere psychical mechanism set in motion by the heart, beating rhythmically to the oscillations that run through the physical universe? Is it all a religious mystery play? Life is religious, Death is religious. The question, Shall I live or shall I die? resolves itself into a question of loyalty. Is Life or Death our God?

v

The return from illness to health is like coming up from a dive, supposing the time from when the swimmer first sees light through the water until his head rises to the surface to be the affair of weeks. The change in physical condition may be slow, but the change in orientation takes place in a twinkling and is complete. The eye no longer looks down into unplumbed deeps, but back toward the light of day; curiosity for the ultimate yields to a golden memory of familiar things — friends, household goods, books, barking dogs, the freshness of grass and trees. The body has reasserted itself. The dreaming imagination is dragged away from its goal by the galloping senses. Eye, ear, touch, taste start upon a rampage.

Especially does the appetite for food wax furious, discovering itself endowed with power to transform a coddled egg into something rich and strange, and to illumine chicken broth with a charm that no art can equal. The universe, lately shrunk to the sick room, now rises again like the genie out of the bottle in which he had been imprisoned; the sickroom becomes a house of detention, and at its door, as in a sea-shell clapped to the ear, the convalescent hearkens to all the rumors of the outer world.

It is the very completeness of the body's triumph that constitutes the weakness of its permanent victory. The exultation with which it mocks the dreamy imagination is too plainly the work of recovering nerves, of reinvigorated muscles, of hungry physical organs. It is a triumph of force, not of reason. Health is not magnanimous; it prosecutes its victory relentlessly, as if it feared to leave a single dreamy thought unquenched. Its victory proves nothing except that we are living things. Perhaps the dead rejoice in death, as greatly as the living do in life.

Convalescence, however, is a pleasant time. Away with Thomas à Kempis, Obermann, Amiel, away with anchorites and monks, bats that haunt the chill vaults of the antechamber of Death.

Come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne!

The sick man on his path back to life has a voracious appetite for the humor, the gayety, the light follies of life. He bids the nurse take away the Bible and *Paradise Lost*, which during his dark days he had kept at his elbow; he asks for *Punch*, *Pickwick*, *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, *Don Quixote*. Mirth, even in its ruder livery, appears as the most desirable of human emotions.

Falstaff comes habited in a magical radiance, as if jollity were humanity's noblest attribute. And, indeed, if the partisans of Health are right, there is no very good reason for supposing that it is not.

The convalescent's ears crave the crowing of the cock, the cluck of hens, the grunt of pigs; even the expletives of the passing teamster sound with a rough music, chiming in with the universal chorus of the world's noises that sing a pæan in praise of life. Life seizes upon every means of appeal within its power to lure the sick man back from the worship of death. There is something almost comic in its solicitude lest it should lose one adorer. No coquette — not Beatrice nor Célimène — ever took such pains, adjusted ribbons, ringlets, ruffles, lifted or dropped her eyes, turned a slim neck, or smiled or sighed, with a tithe of the flirtatious activities of Life. Each man fancies himself an Antony, with the spirit of Life, a very Cleopatra, head over heels enamoured of him, and he yields to her bewitching lure.

At last the nurse goes, the doctor takes his leave, the medicine bottles are put on the closet shelf, the patient

is up and about; and then, thoroughly subdued to the humors of Life, — for Life is April when it woos, December when it weds, — he is turned out of doors, back to the dull daily routine, back to hoeing, ploughing, weeding, to haggling, buying and selling, back to the world of living men. Life, the Circe who looked so fair, has bewitched him, metamorphosed him into a human animal, put her collar on him and turned him loose, to run on all fours like other animals after the things that seem to them desirable.

Even then, in moments of leisure, in twilight intervals between the work of day and the hours of sleep, or, when on a starry night he leans forth from his window, as St. Augustine and Monica leaned from the window of their inn at Ostia to brood over the text, 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord' — in such moments he broods over the thoughts that swept over him when sick, and he muses upon the strangeness of life and wonders whether he did not see more clearly with his heavy eyes and apprehend more clearly with his fevered brow, when he lay upon the bed in his sickroom, than now when busy with the rough activities of life.

OUT OF FLANDERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THREE of us sat on the firing bench
Watching the clouds sail by —
Watching the gray dawn blowing up
Like smoke across the sky.
And I thought, as I listened to London Joe
Tell of his leave in town,
That's good *vers libre* with a Cockney twang;
I'll remember, and write it down.

W'en I went 'ome on furlough,
My missus says to me, 'Joe,
'Ow many 'Uns 'ave you killed?'
An' I says to 'er, 'Uns?'
Not thinkin' just wot she meant.
'Yes, 'Uns!' she says, 'them sneakin', low-lived 'Uns!'
Bitter? Not 'arf, she ain't!
An' they're all the same w'y in Lunnon.

My old mate Bill, who's lame
An' could n't enlist on that account,
'E staked me to a pint of ale
At the Red Lion. Proper stuff it was
Arter this flat French beer.
'Well, 'ere's to old times!' says Bill,
Raisin' 'is glass,
'An' bad luck to the 'Uns you've sent below!
'Ow many you think you did for, Joe?'
'E arsked if I'd shot an' seen 'em fall,
Wanted the *de-tails* an wanted 'em all!

An' there was my old boss in Balham,
Gave me a quid w'ich I took, willin' enough,
Although I made a stall at refusin'.
'That's all right, Joe boy! Glad to do it!
It ain't much, but it'll 'elp you to 'ave a pleasant week.
But w'en you goes back to the trenches,
I wants you to take a crack at the 'Uns fer me!
Get me a German fer ev'ry penny in that sovereign!' 'e says,
Smashin' 'is fist on the table
An' upsettin' a bottle o' ink.
'Lay 'em out!' 'e says;
'Now tell me, 'ow many you killed, about?'

Speakin' o' 'ymns o' 'ate,
They sings 'em in Lunnon, I'm tellin' you straight!
You ought to see their faces w'en they arks you about the 'Uns!
Lor' lummy! They ain't 'arf a bloodthirsty lot!
An' the wimmen as bad as the men.
I was glad to get back to the trenches again
W'ere there's more of a 'uman feelin'.

Now, us blokes out 'ere,
We knows old Fritzie ain't so bad as 'e's painted
(An' likely, they knows the same about us).
Wot I mean is, 'e ain't no worse than wot we are,
Take 'im man fer man.
There's good an' bad on both sides.
But do you think you can s'y anything good
About a German, w'en yer in Lunnon?
Strike me pink! They won't believe you!
'E's a 'Un, wotever that is,
Some kind o' wild beast, I reckon, —
A cross between a snake
An' one o' them boars with 'orns on their noses
Out at Regent's Park Zoo.

OUT OF FLANDERS

One night at the Red Lion,
 I was talkin' about the time
 Nobby Clark got 'it out in front of our barbed wire.
 Remember 'ow we did n't find 'im till mornin',
 An' the stretcher-bearers brought 'im in;
 Broad daylight it was,
 An' not a German firin' a shot
 Till we got 'im back in the trench?
 Well, they was fifteen or twenty in the pub,
 An' not one of 'em was glad old Fritzie acted w'ite!
 Would n't that give you the camel's 'ump?
 They'd sooner 'ad Nobby an' the stretcher-bearers killed,
 If only the 'Uns, as they call 'em,
 'Ad played dirty an' fired w'ile they was bringin' 'im in.

Another time I was a-tellin' 'em
 'Ow we shout back an' forth acrost the trenches
 W'en the lines is close together,
 An' we gets fed up with pluggin' at each other.
 An' I told 'em 'bout the place
 This side o' Messines, w'ere we was only twenty yards apart,
 An' 'ow they chucked us over some o' their black bread,
 Arter we'd thrown 'em a 'arf dozen tins o' bully.
 Some of 'em did n't believe me an' some did.
 But sour? S'y! 'Ere! They was ready to kill me
 Fer tryin' to make out that Fritzie's a 'uman bein'!

It's a funny thing. The farther you gets from the trenches
 The more 'ate you finds;
 An' by the time you gets to Lunnon —
 Blimy! They could bite the 'eads offen nails
 If they was made in Germany.
 I reckon they're just as cheerful an' lovin'-like in Berlin.
 Give us a fag, son. I'm clean out.

A JOY RIDE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

At times, at the front, it gets frightfully dull. When there is an attack and, in consequence, plenty of work to do, it is all right in a field hospital. But when there are no attacks, when there are no new patients and all the old ones become convalescent, when there is practically no work, it becomes insupportable. Nothing but the green hedge on all sides of us, shutting us into ourselves, into our little, gossiping enclosure, with no news and no newspapers, with no aeroplane to fly overhead, with nothing to do but walk down to the little pond and sail boats. There is a fleet of boats on our little pond, all made by our chief surgeon, in moments of *ennui*, and every day he goes down to the pond, sets his boats afloat on one side, picks them up on the other, and walks around and sets them going again. All because of supreme boredom, because there are no attacks, no work, nothing but convalescent patients, to be discharged in a day or two. It often gets like this, and at such times we can stand it no longer, and ask to be sent out in the motor, on joy rides, or any other rides, anywhere, just for a change.

There is a distinction between rides and joy rides. One means going away from the front, the other means going toward it. Thus, for a ride, we are often sent back to the English base, Hazebrouck, to send futile telegrams, just as an excuse; or else we are sent into Dunkirk, to buy white enamel basins, or oranges — anything. But a real joy ride consists in going toward the

front, or in that direction. So on this particular day I was bored to extinction, because of lack of work, and to the Directrice, who is my friend, I made loud and bitter complaint. I wanted to escape from the hospital for a few hours, to see something outside and beyond the thorn hedge which shuts us in.

The Directrice was sympathetic and she understood. So she told me I might go with one of the Canadian nurses to hunt up her nephew, who is in the Princess Pat's regiment, off somewhere near Poperinghe. The *médecin chef*, in charge of the hospital, gave us a *laissez passer* for Poperinghe, and the Directrice lent us her car, a limousine, painted gray. From a distance it looks like a staff car, but near at hand, one sees that it is just a Ford. Nevertheless, as a Ford limousine, painted gray, war-color, it seems rather imposing. Williamson, a little English parson, was our chauffeur.

The Directrice wished us Godspeed. 'Take a good joy ride, my dear!' she exclaimed. 'Get cheered up! Go with Miss MacAlister, who has a nephew somewhere in the Canadian contingent; go and help her find him! It will do you good!'

I protested. 'They will never let me through the English lines,' I said. 'They will spot my American accent. I'll be turned back.'

But the Directrice was firm.

'Nonsense! The English can't tell the difference between American and Canadian accents,' she replied. 'You

help MacAlister find her nephew. It won't be easy. Go and ask for him. She's shy. You are n't. Find him for her.'

So we set out, Williamson driving, MacAlister and I inside, going to Poperinghe on a joy ride. A real joy ride, with a good, definite excuse for getting well to the front! It was good to leave our stupid little hospital behind. We are a French military hospital, situated ten kilometres behind the French lines, and distant from Poperinghe, and the English lines, about five miles. As we reached the English lines we presented our *laissez passer* to the sentries, both French and English, who scanned our papers, found them all right, and permitted us to go on.

It is a well-known fact that the nearer you go to the front, the less difficulty you have. It is tremendously difficult to get out of Paris, for example, into the zone of the armies, but once having achieved that, once having entered the war zone, the Forbidden Zone, as the English call it, you can circulate freely. All obstacles seem to melt away. The nearer the front, the easier it becomes. The sentries in the war zone seem to be more lenient, as if they felt that by the time you had got to them you must be all right. Otherwise, you would never have got so far. Your papers must of necessity have been examined so many times before, have been proved so absolutely correct, that it is hardly worth while to reëxamine them. So we traveled along the highroad toward Poperinghe, showed our papers to the sentries, and passed without difficulty into the English lines and were no more molested.

It was a gray afternoon, rather cold, the end of May. I like gray weather, preferably rainy weather, as it means less bombarding, less activity on the part of the guns. I hate the guns. We had telephoned to Poperinghe before

we left, and found the town was not being shelled that day — a precaution I wished to take, for, as I say, I hate the guns, and could foresee no joy in a joy ride that led to a village under bombardment. So it was quiet enough as we drove along, and we were free to take interest in the movements of the English army. We had become so used to French troops, French transport wagons, French methods, that the sight of these things within the English lines was of great interest. The parson-chauffeur seemed interested in this too, and slowed down to a very easy pace, and we drove along, marveling at the immense, intricate ramifications and coördination of army activity in the rear of the firing lines.

Along the road, great munition convoys stood at rest — trains of giant trucks, either loaded with ammunition, or else empty and returning to base for more. We passed long lines of brown, battered London omnibuses, used for transporting troops to the trenches. Batteries of light and heavy artillery jogged by, and in the fields by the roadside we saw groups of heavy guns, halted and resting. Innumerable companies of soldiers passed along the road, some in full marching kit, others evidently resting, and bound for their baths, as they carried towels slung across their shoulders. Then we passed their bathing places, erected in fields, by brooks — little canvas enclosures, roofless. The highroad was crowded with convoys of all sorts, and wagons, guns, munitions, horses, men, passed us in steady streams, flowing each way. It was the complex life of organization and preparation, back of the front.

Our road lay between rows of Belgian refugee houses, dozens of them, close together, bordering the roadsides. An occasional one was made of wood, but for the most part they consisted of frame supports, with sides made of

interwoven boughs, like those used in trench-making, and filled in with clay. Most of them were neatly painted, and nearly all were thatched — little rows of one- and two-room houses, springing up mushroom-like, under the guns. Now and then an old brick farmhouse showed amongst the trees. It was a glorious May day — no dust, everything very clean and green and new as to foliage. I wanted a pet lamb. It would have been an addition to the hospital. Once we passed one in a field, lying by an armchair, in which some one had left some knitting. The vacant chair, the little lamb chewing its cud, made a pleasant picture, and it was so obviously the kind of pet lamb I wanted, that I rapped on the glass and told Williamson to remember about that lamb, and its farm, so that we could stop and buy it on the way back.

By and by we reached Poperinghe. I am not naturally what one would call brave, and since last summer, after our fourteen-hour bombardment in Dunkirk, the sight of a shelled town makes me feel quite sick. They shell Poperinghe every day or so, as it is an important base and filled with troops, but, as I say, we had telephoned over just before we left, and found they were not shelling it to-day. Still, the sight of the battered houses filled me with dismay — a sort of nervous dread. The big public square in the centre of the town was surrounded by houses riddled with holes, pockmarked by bits of flying shell, stone, or brick. Hardly a pane of glass was intact, and some windows were entirely gone. Only an occasional house, however, was totally destroyed. The shells, apparently, were not heavy enough for wholesale damage, but the whole town was splintered, gashed, and bitten, from end to end, and the sight of it made me nervous. The streets were crowded — wagons, trucks, convoys, troops, offi-

cers' cars, coming and going in incessant streams. Military police stood in the centre of the little main street, to direct traffic as constant and heavy as on the Strand. Think of it, a little town like this, of only a few thousand inhabitants, shattered and battered by shells, with an army traffic so heavy that it required as much guiding and regulating as in the centre of London!

We drew up in the square, inquired for the Canadian troops, and were directed to a bureau in the town hall, where they said we could get all the information we wanted. When we had set off on our joy ride, I never expected to see anything more than Poperinghe, or to go anywhere else, and the sight of the shell-holes had rapidly allayed my curiosity. I found that MacAlister, however, had interpreted the matter differently. To find her nephew was not merely an excuse to get to Poperinghe: in her mind, the object of this excursion was actually to find him! However, I kept thinking that this would be impossible, that we would surely be turned back. We had no papers to authorize us to search for this boy. Such a thing was not allowed. Even mothers are not permitted to come to the war zone to look for their sons. So at this bureau, to which we addressed ourselves for information, I fully expected to be turned back. Not at all. The man inside was very nice. He could not tell us the whereabouts of the Canadian troops, but suggested that we go down the road about two miles, to Abele, the Canadian headquarters, where we could find out all we wanted. He asked us for no papers, nothing by which to establish our identity — he merely took our word that we were hunting for a nephew in the Princess Pat's and facilitated our search by suggesting Abele. I was relieved to find that Abele was away from the front, on the other side of

Poperinghe; and here I thought our joy ride would reach an abrupt end.

So we continued on through the high street, through rows and rows of battered houses, with here and there an occasional one that was destroyed. The aspect of the town spoke of continual shelling, and it was good to leave it behind, and run out into the green country and look for lambs in the fields. We reached Abele finally, a quiet little village, and drew up before a large building, looking like a convent, which we were told was Canadian headquarters. I hoped the officers would prove exacting, would ask for our papers, and want to know who we were, and by what right we were trying to get to a Canadian camp. We crossed a paved inner courtyard, and found ourselves before the door of a handsome old house, guarded by a group of soldiers who made no objection to our entering. They said that inside we could find out everything we wished.

On the left of the courtyard was an absurd little sentry, prancing back and forth on sentry-go, evidently guarding some big military dignitary whose quarters occupied the entire wing of the building. We asked for the headquarters bureau; a ubiquitous Tommy directed us toward it, politely opened the door for us, and ushered us into an untidy little office, filled with crude office furniture. There were filing cases made of crates, typewriters stood on empty boxes, and the walls were covered with elaborate maps, photographs, and official orders and notices. Headquarters, and no mistake. Moreover, the polite little officer could tell us exactly what we wanted to know, the whereabouts of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He did not question us, demand any papers, or proofs or guaranties of any sort. Here, just behind the firing lines, two strange women suddenly appeared, and the

young officer spread himself to give us the information we desired.

'The Princess Pat's is right *here*,' he explained, laying his finger on the most beautiful map I've ever seen — a map, I suppose, issued by the War Office, a big, official map of some kind, with each little village and farmhouse taking up as much room as a province in Central China.

'Here,' he continued, 'is the camp of the Princess Pat's. You go back to Poperinghe, pass through the town, and take the highroad on the other side, toward Ypres —'

'To where?' I gasped.

'Ypres,' he repeated. 'Take the highroad going from Poperinghe to Ypres, and then turn off at the third road to the right — turn off the highroad from Poperinghe to Ypres,' he went on, repeating it over and over again, to impress it upon our minds; 'turn off at the third road to the right, then go on for a bit, and you'll come to it.'

MacAlister was drinking in every word. I was aghast to think that an innocent joy ride should lead toward Ypres! This certainly was overdoing it!

'And in case you forget, in case you should turn off at the second or fourth, instead of the third turning,' went on that terrible, accurate, inexorable young man, 'here is a piece of paper for you, with the directions written down. Show it to any one who has a map like this, and tell him to direct you to Square H, 19; Sheet 28. Princess Pat's is in that square.'

Until then I had had a wild hope of being able to forget those clear and lucid directions, of becoming confused and forgetful, and in consequence, because of the lateness of the afternoon, suggesting that we turn toward home. Poperinghe was a joy ride, if you like, but any adventuring on the road to Ypres was sheer folly. But what could I do with MacAlister, with that bit of

paper clutched firmly in her hand! She was tracking down that young nephew of hers, and the light of success and of devotion burned in her eyes. She left the bureau, and gave Williamson the verbal directions about the third turning to the right, and then pressed the bit of paper upon him.

'H, 19; Sheet 28.'

We certainly were in for it!

Poperinghe gave me the same sick feeling again, as we drove through it. Moreover, by now the sun had penetrated the clouds, and a charming summer afternoon was upon us — and they always bombard in fine weather! Ten minutes more, and we had left Poperinghe behind us, and were bowling along the highroad toward Ypres!

This road likewise was full of traffic, crowded with the same sinister, wasteful, mighty traffic that we had encountered all afternoon. We noticed that all the horses had fringes over their eyes, whether they were gun horses or attached to water-carts — thick rope fringes, hanging well down over their eyes, evidently for a purpose. We also passed many Red Cross ambulances. Presently I noticed that we were drawing very close to the captive balloons, the observation balloons that mark the lines, and are anchored three or four miles behind them. Captive balloons are shelled, now and then, and we were getting much too close to them. They loomed bigger and bigger, and then, to my horror, we passed them! They were behind us, tugging at their anchors behind us, instead of in front! And still we sped on toward Ypres!

I had one more card to play. I rapped on the window, and Williamson slowed down, while I put my head out the window and called to him.

'Don't forget to stop at that farm, on our way back, so I can buy that pet lamb — leave time for that,' I exclaimed.

Williamson said he'd remember. He also added that we had plenty of time.

We finally reached the third turning to the right, where we stopped and asked the traffic soldier if we were going straight. Here, far away on a Belgian highroad, traffic is so thick that a soldier with a red flag stands in the middle of the road, at a crossroads, to direct it.

This third turning to the right was awful. It was just a track through fields. Williamson slowed the car down to a walk, and we bumped along over tremendous holes and ruts, over the roughest road I have ever seen. The clay was dry and hard; in wet weather it must have been a bog. At intervals, at crossroads, we came upon notice boards reading, 'No Road.' British humor, perhaps, for how could anything have been less of a road than that we were traversing? I wondered what these 'no roads' could have been like, in comparison to our thoroughfare!

We jolted on for half a mile or so, through fenceless fields, over this frightful track, and then came to a huge encampment. There were hundreds of little, conical wooden huts, like Indian tepees, and then there were still other huts or shacks, of the kind called portable. Soldiers lounged about in the doorways of these huts, and we could see a little way in through these openings, into bare, dirty, desolate interiors, devoid of every beauty and comfort, just like animal pens, in which animals wait to be slaughtered.

Only the lounging soldiers did not seem like animals awaiting slaughter, or perhaps they were unconscious of their fate, just like animals. They seemed gay and cheerful enough, and smiled and waved to us as we passed, and when we asked if this camp was the Princess Pat's a dozen voices shouted that it was n't, that we must go farther along. So we continued to bounce

along at a snail's pace, through many thousands of soldiers *en repos*, released for two weeks from the trenches, to rest. We passed a field full of hundreds of them, watching a baseball game. They played in a bare field by the roadside, though the surrounding fields were green, full of summer grain. Only their playing field was fallow, just bare brown mud, unploughed, unplanted. But their dingy khaki uniforms were mud-color too. Such is the value of protective coloring.

Williamson would have sworn, had he not been a parson. He piloted us along that villainous road for something like two miles, expecting a spring to break any minute. MacAlister was exalted. She was coming nearer and nearer to her nephew, and she leaned out and scrutinized every dusty face that passed, hoping it might be Donald. For myself, the captive balloons in our rear kept worrying me. They were steadily receding to the rear, as we were going forward. Undoubtedly we were drawing very close to the trenches.

Suddenly a blinding flash, a deafening explosion! Another flash and crash, and another! Three shells, in as many seconds, burst a hundred feet to our left. The detonation was terrific, the concussion tremendous. They were shelling us! This was too much!

I rapped on the glass. Rapped sharply for Williamson to stop. Rapped, just as you'd rap on a taxi glass, on rue de Rivoli, and tell the man to stop at Rumpelmayer's. I leaned out.

'For heaven's sake, go back, man! They're shelling the road! Go back quick!'

'Eh?' said Williamson in his slow, British way. 'Are they?' Another terrific explosion cut off my words, so I had to repeat. Then I heard MacAlister saying, 'Oh, go on! I want to see Donald!'

A three-sided discussion followed, about a point on which there should have been no discussion. Williamson leaned round from his seat, while MacAlister and I talked to him from the door. MacAlister wanted to see Donald. I had no wish whatever to see Donald, especially under these circumstances. A group of six or eight Tommies crowded round us, intensely amused at this excited squabble, utterly surprised at the sight of a strange car, and two unknown women, almost up to the trenches.

'Go back quick!' I commanded. 'Can't you see they're shelling the road?'

'Eh?' said Williamson; while MacAlister kept repeating, 'I want to see Donald.'

Between that slow-witted parson-chauffeur and that devoted girl, I got exasperated. I hate shells and am desperately afraid of them. It is so refreshing to admit the truth.

I got out of the car. 'Oh, go on!' I exclaimed. 'You two go on, if you like. Go see Donald. For myself, I'll wait here till you come back again! You can pick me up here when you've had enough!'

The Tommies crowded close, delighted.

'May I stay here with you?' I asked, turning to them. 'Till they come back for me?'

A chorus of 'Oh, certainly, sister!' greeted me.

MacAlister banged the door shut, Williamson glared at me, and the car jolted painfully away.

So I stood in a large field in Flanders, surrounded by half-a-dozen grinning Canadian soldiers, and considered the situation. It was a little unusual. However, the shock of those shells had been terrible. Donald was not my nephew, anyhow, and I don't pay calls under shell-fire. That's gratuitous.

A little wooden hut stood by the roadside, the roof of which sloped steeply to the ground, like an inverted V. The hut was separated from the road by a deep ditch, like a trench, which was spanned by a wooden bridge. On all sides stretched bare, brown fields of unploughed earth, not a sprout of green anywhere to be seen. The sergeant stood beside me, politely hospitable, pointing out objects of interest in the landscape. Over there, he said, was Ypres. That was the ruins of the Cloth Hall. Next it was the ruins of the church.

Ypres! That terrible Ypres, where they all died like flies! That shambles, that place of death! So that was Ypres, off there on the horizon, beyond the near green treetops, beyond the brown surrounding fields. Next, that little row of Noah's Ark trees was St. Eloi, just beside Ypres, a little to the right. And away beyond, in the distance, like little black spots in the sunlight, were the German captive balloons. And over yonder —

Guns banged forth on all sides, a dozen at once.

'Taube,' said the sergeant.

Overhead it came, just a little way behind us, very high, very slow, inexorable, coming in our direction. As it flew slowly toward us, anti-aircraft guns burst forth on every hand, and as the shells exploded in the air, little puffs of smoke hung there, in the sky, below the Taube. They never came anywhere near it, those futile puffs of smoke, while the high, disdainful Danger flew serenely on, invulnerable, as unavoidable as Fate.

'Step into the shelter, sister, quick,' called the sergeant. 'It's the rule.' He pointed to the flimsy little wooden hut.

I cleared the ditch at a bound, into the good, protecting darkness of that frail shelter, where one could not stand upright under the low ridge-pole. The

men came in too, but with less haste. We all stood crouching, under the low roof, awaiting the bomb. It was a hideous sensation. The futility of that frail shelter — it was just like the fringes over the horses' eyes, so that they could not see. We just could not see, that was all. But it helped.

The sergeant showed me a ham. He picked it up from a pile, and passed it to me, remarking that the men were well fed. I don't know whether he really thought so, or whether he was conversing to distract my attention. Hams could not do it. Nothing could, with that Thing flying slowly, inexorably overhead. That tense dread, that horror of the Terror that flies filled my consciousness to the exclusion of all else.

'We're well fed,' he repeated. The Thing must be directly above us now — yet I had a mental vision of a very lean ham, and of rows of canned fruit lying along one side of the tent, and next them, heaps of tins of condensed milk. I saw these things, subconsciously, and heard the sergeant tell of them, while all the time that Thing was flying overhead. All around, the little cannon roared, and across the road a *mitrailleuse* pattered, like some one drawing a stick along a picket fence.

There was a rattling and popping on the roof — shrapnel bullets, and bits of shell falling back from those futile anti-aircraft guns. That's what the shelter was for, a protection from bits of falling shell. A bomb would have crashed clean through it.

'Will they drop a bomb?' I asked. In those tense seconds, I had seen and admired every bit of food in the place. I simply had to interrupt.

'She may — or she may n't,' was the guarded reply.

The noise was incessant. We were the centre of a ring of fire, surrounded by a circle of anti-aircraft guns.

'She's gone over!' cried a Tommy; and instantly there was a rush from the shelter, a rush to look upward at the disappearing Taube.

'Don't look up, men!' cried the sergeant, for little scraps of iron continued to rain downward. But a minute later we were all standing in the roadside, while the Taube sailed away, backward over the English lines, untouched, unscathed.

I took breath again. Just 'Whew!' There was n't anything else to say. Just 'Whew!' and then things seemed to go on again, inside. That's what it's like to be afraid. I had not behaved one whit differently from the men, yet the difference was, they had not seemed to mind. I had minded, dreadfully. But outwardly, we acted just the same. The question is not whether one is afraid or not. It is what one *does* when one is afraid that counts.

Suddenly a big, bald-headed man ran from the shelter, and fell on his knees a hundred feet away, and began digging with his hands. Others ran toward him as he dug in the earth, and so did I. I did not want to miss anything.

'Shell, sister,' explained some one. 'From one of our guns.'

'Has it exploded?' I asked prudently.

'Can't tell yet,' replied the man on his knees, digging. I beat a hasty retreat. There was nothing glorious about it; it was just a strategic retreat. Unexploded shells explode, and after the crisis of the past ten minutes, I was not up to another. A few minutes later, however, the man returned and handed me a three-inch shell, the nose gone, empty inside, and covered with mud. It was an English shell, from an anti-aircraft gun, which had fallen not a hundred feet from where we stood, burying itself in three feet of earth. As the danger was over for the moment, the sergeant allowed himself to remark

that had that shell struck us, it would have smashed up the shelter completely.

Then the sergeant proposed tea. I had a singular lack of appetite, but he was trying to entertain me, a guest who had suddenly stepped out of a motor, and demanded his hospitality, apparently for an indefinite period. So while he busied himself over the preparation of tea, I stood on the roadside, contemplating the landscape. It was not reassuring in the least. The sun had come out brightly by this time, the last of the rain clouds being wafted off to the rear of the English balloons, and in the clear, dry air the sinister ruins of Ypres stood out with appalling distinctness. Still more visible were the Noah's Ark trees which marked St. Eloi. Out of that still, bright, smiling air came puffs of smoke, and following the puffs, a few seconds later, roared deep, sullen detonations. The sergeant stopped his tea-making for an instant and came to my side to point out certain features of the landscape: the puffs of smoke were bursting shells, falling just back of a red-tiled barn, about three miles away. Then, seeing that I was well entertained, he went back to the shelter again and said he would call me when all was ready. So there I stood, in the fresh sunshine of a late May afternoon, watching shells burst, just over yonder!

I began to realize that as a guest I was rather hopeless, and that this polite little soldier was trying to make the best of the situation. It is hard to realize that people are trying to make the best of you, but he did it well, and presently announced that everything was ready and would I please come in? A turned-up soap-box served as chair, and a similar one as table, upon which latter rested a plate of enormous thick slices of heavily buttered bread. I received a giant white enameled mug containing strong hot tea, while the

little man opened a tin of condensed milk from the stock of that article to which he had drawn my attention a short while before. Next he opened a can of peaches, and here my war knife, with its hundred blades, came into play for stirring and spreading. Thus we sat opposite each other, with a good, substantial English tea spread before us, and the guns booming in the distance. Just back of us, a hundred feet to the rear, the ground was torn up by those four shells which had been aimed at us, and which had stopped our, that is, my, progress. A hundred feet in the other direction was the hole in which the English shell had buried itself, while on the floor at my side lay the shell itself, a mud-covered souvenir of this joy ride! And as we ate and drank, we watched shells bursting behind the red-tiled barn, over the rims of our teacups!

Up and down the road officers cantered by, on well-groomed, handsome horses, while many soldiers came and went on foot. I found myself the object of considerable curiosity and attention, and soon became rather fearful as to what would happen if the others failed to return. I had visions of being arrested and taken to headquarters, and I also reflected that the same thing might easily happen to them — to Williamson and MacAlister. In either case, I was in a bad plight. It would be impossible for me to make my way back on foot, through all those sentries, even to Poperinghe, to say nothing of being able to walk five miles farther back, to our hospital. My pocket was full of identification papers, but with no pass or explanation to account for my being so near Ypres. It was not my fault that I had got this far — Heaven knows I had not meant to — but this fact would not suffice in case of arrest. An hour ago, I had been amused and pleased at their lack of

vigilance, but I suddenly realized that this lack of vigilance might prove extremely disagreeable for me. They would make up for it in sudden strictness should I attempt to pass the lines again, to set out on a ten-mile walk toward home. The same thoughts were evidently passing through the sergeant's mind, and he seemed to become uneasy and conscious of my presence; therefore I retired deeply into the tent every time an officer passed by. Every moment I expected to be arrested as a spy.

Just then, when the sergeant and I had about run out of conversation, and were given up to anxiety, came the welcome toot of the motor-horn, and Williamson and MacAlister were back again, complacent and satisfied. They had accomplished their object, and had found the little nephew, a twenty-year-old private in the Princess Pat's. Nor had they met with adventures of any sort, — no shells, no Taubes, no tea-party, — nothing but a grateful, dirty little nephew, who was overjoyed to see his aunt. All the adventures had befallen me, the prudent one, who, in planning what seemed the safest course, had found herself in the centre of a rousing fire!

That night, after dinner, when we were safely back in the French lines again, some of the young Canadian engineers came up to spend the evening. We recounted our adventures, and they seemed incredulous beyond words that we had been able to penetrate so far into the English lines, had found it so easy to approach the front, unchallenged in any way. One of them remarked, —

'You know you were in a limousine, on a back road. From a distance, it looked like a staff car. You were probably shelled on purpose.'

Then the other youth spoke up.

'Just accident,' he said emphatically. 'There was no attack to-day, and on days when there are no attacks, the roads back of the lines are always shelled. On such days, it is far more dangerous two or three miles behind the lines than in the trenches. They shell roads and crossroads indiscriminately, hoping to catch something by accident — troops, convoy trains, ammunition wagons, anything! On days like this, there are always three or four casualties a day, from this desultory shelling. Did n't you notice anything like that — dead horses lying by the

roadside, shot to pieces, mangled? Horses from transport wagons, hit by chance shells.'

MacAlister's eyes grew round with excitement.

'Why yes, I saw that once — just as we were reaching Poperinghe! I wondered what had happened!'

'I did n't see anything like that!' I exclaimed. 'If I had, we'd have turned back at once! But *why* did n't I see it? How did I happen to miss it?'

'At that moment,' said MacAlister with intense significance, 'you were looking about for a pet lamb!'

SENTIMENTALIST, SATIRIST, AND REALIST

NOTES ON SOME RECENT FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

IN English, where fiction has won splendor through distinguished particular excesses more than through the perfect balance and matching of all qualities, the novel has naturally been much subject to headaches and heartaches; so that he who would shortly and straightly tell any episode of its general history must speak in terms of a prolonged duel between the man of reflection and the man of feeling, between Fielding and Richardson and their descendants to the nearest yesterday. The novel has grown, as Dean Briggs says colts and young boys do, 'one end at a time,' and its major prophets are those who have obviously

thought more than they felt or felt more than they thought. There is of course no intention here of blaming Richardson and Fielding for all that strews the cluttered modern field, however prototypical they seem of much of it. But there is no escaping the sense of what they broadly represent — the general contest between feeling and thinking, the everlasting tug-of-war between temperaments that in each generation pulls at fiction and stretches it more or less out of shape, giving it here a decided bulge toward the emotional, there an opposite bulge toward the intellectual, as sentimentalism or satire predominates.

Give, provisionally, these two words 'satire' and 'sentimentalism' whatever

large lax meaning they can strain to. Let them stand for criticism and sensibility, the will to analysis and the will to sympathy, the general influence of Fielding and that of Richardson, or — more broadly still — the ascendancy of the intellect and the ascendancy of the emotions. Is this to call things too wildly out of their names? The warrant lies in a cluster of simple facts. We remember and identify Fielding by what he disliked, Richardson by what he enjoyed. Dislike is more intellectual than enjoyment, because it implies categories, discriminations. You may love, as Richardson did, with no argument beyond the intensely personal one of a quick and quivering, perhaps a neurotic, sympathy; but you may not hate without some show of impersonal reason. Thus Fielding, the satirist who fights, is more intellectual than Richardson, the sentimentalist who basks. And from Fielding on, the intellectualist in fiction is a person whom we measure first by his aversions, the things he makes war on. He chooses his side of some issue and defends it by intellectual assault and battery on the other side; and this is, roughly, the excuse for naming him satirist. The propagandist side of Dickens, the Victorian 'novel of protest,' the late Samuel Butler, and the muck-raking fiction of a decade ago make straight the dotted line of his ancestry.

But there comes then a perceptible bend in the line. Sentimentalism and satire converge and cross, and the line of satire points straight to the new realism, which is both and neither, which seems as sympathetic as the one and is at bottom far more analytical than the other. The novel used to be intellectual about in proportion as it was polemical: it thought and fought, or it felt and waxed irresponsible. The modern realistic spirit makes it at once less polemical and more intellectual.

The new sympathy is more analytical than the old satire, besides being far more inclusive than the old sympathy. This, the triumph and diffusion of the realistic spirit, is the great change which has lately come over the disposition of the novel — a change, now all but decisively accomplished, which waits for the logic of criticism to give it somehow a shape and a name.

In a way this unwritten and unfinished chapter is the most logical of the whole history of our fiction, because it involves a pact of peace after a long feud. The realist — let us try still to see him as the spirit of his time, peering if we can through the dust raised by lesser conflicts of fashions and personalities — the realist is the legitimate child of satirist and sentimentalist. He thinks with his sensibilities, feels with his intellect; criticism and enjoyment fuse. Sentimentalism dealt with the egocentric life, the seemings of things; satire with the ethical life, the possibilities of things. Our realist records the possibilities and the seemings. But he identifies himself with neither; for he sees them as incidental to the more probing question of what life *is* — even though he can provide only a fuller documentation, not an answer.

The emergence of the realist is first of all, then, the triumph of impersonality. The sentimentalist chooses his characters by the strength of his own predilections for them. Exactly so the satirist chose his ideas; and he was the better thinker principally by virtue of having them at all. But the realist either has no philosophical predilections, or else has them only to deny them as consistently as he can. Both sentimentalism and satire are very comfortable postures in an orthodox universe, governed by law and dedicated to ultimate order. The sentimentalist knows that everything is already settled and that he has but to enjoy; the

satirist knows just *how* everything is settled, and, understanding the law, can do no less than lay it down. But either attitude seems childish when the decay of faith turns the universe into a stupefying enigma, its truths into appearances, its fixed laws into mere truisms about animal behavior. The intellectual man *then* is he who senses the relative, provisional, and impermanent status of all that is thought or known. Our realist escapes all prejudices by respecting all opinions, and rejecting all. He has the open, inquiring mind, the steeled heart. He believes in everything as a phenomenon, and in nothing as a meaning; his mind is a sensitized plate for all that is actual, for every experience, thought, memory, impression, or dream. He receives these into himself precisely that he may be outside them. For all his unremitting effort is to get outside the world, outside himself; to see everything from the outside, whence only, he tells himself, it is possible to see *through* everything.

So much for his impersonality, or universal tolerance in the realm of ideas. More important still is its corollary, the very crown of the realist's separateness, his universal tolerance of people and of things. The argument will have gone as far as it dare go without illustration, when it adds that this modern spirit strangely fulfills the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self. The reason is not so much moral as intellectual; but the result is largely the same. Why blame things for being what they are, when everything is simply what it can't help being? 'To understand is to forgive.' Although the universal forgiveness of the realist is pure scientific impersonality, it is not to be confused with pure indifference. Mr. Galsworthy expresses the modern spirit, in a brave if slightly discouraged essay, *The Inn of Tranquillity*, when he says that it is wrong

for one of us to despise another because 'we are all little bits of continuity.' 'To despise one another is to deny continuity; and to deny continuity is to deny Eternity.'

So, because we feel that only the sum-total matters, and because each thing has its inevitable place, we make the best of each separate thing. We breathe beneficence. Satire was criticism with a bias; realism is criticism without a bias. It is as though the realist had concluded, with St. Paul, that charity really is greater than faith and hope: hopeless agnostic, he practises none the less the charity that suffers long and is kind. By this measure, his freedom from the old prides and hates, he is the first democrat, the first Christian. And he is an intellectual majority. So little faith remains in any fixed standard that there are no intelligible reasons left for hating anything; and, in fiction at least, there is hardly a good hater living. The only thing left to protest against is protest itself.

So at least one may generalize a spirit so pervasive that it gets itself served, however little it may have to do with any one writer's reasons for taking up his pen. There are cross-currents of exception in the stream — but it is easy enough to tell which way the stream is flowing. Of sixty novels on this desk representing the cis-atlantic fiction of a half-year, but two are in purpose strikingly polemical. *The Abyss*,¹ first volume of a trilogy of the underworld, constitutes a passionate indictment of our punitive system, which is represented with a great deal of crude power, and all in the 'hysterical' present tense, as making criminals instead of reforming them. *The Bottle-Fillers*,² a rousing story of sailors afloat

¹ *The Abyss*. By NATHAN KUSSY. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *The Bottle-Fillers*. By EDWARD NOBLE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

and ashore, makes its chief claim through a bill of particulars filed against an iniquitous system that wrecks ships and men — 'the stupid load-line and stupider deckload which we tamely adopted at the bidding of our competitors,' and the virtual trial of seamen by assessors who know little or nothing of the sea. Told by an author who seems to say, 'I am only a plain blunt sailor, but as well as another I know who are my friends,' the tale is in itself a moving one. In both these is the spirit of Dickens, trying by spurts of high indignation to put the world to rights one corner at a time. The indignation is really high, the spirit a fine one. And each time we applaud — but only an anachronism, the challenge of an undismayed fighter leveling a broken lance.

II

If impersonality is not in the modern air, how explain the gradual infection of the literature which has always been, and ought always to be, most innocent of ideas?

There is, first, the 'unofficial sentimentalism, which, like the poor, is exceedingly difficult to get rid of' (Mr. Conrad's label); well, perhaps it is not surprising that we should find reflection gnawing at — the pen had said 'its vitals,' if these were n't precisely what it lacks. No, not very surprising — for what has the popular sentimentalism always done but utter platitudes with gasps of ecstasy, as though they were oracles? Even Mr. Basil King, always one of the most readable practitioners of the sentimental cultus, thinks it desirable, in *The Side of the Angels*,¹ to formulate a doctrine of modern poverty and its cure; also an intensely ethico-metaphysical interpre-

¹ *The Side of the Angels*. By BASIL KING. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

tation of love, a sort of cardiac galvanometer of definition. One does not mind these paraphernalia in themselves: but why pretend that they have anything to do with the squabble between the quixotic brother and the hot-tempered, the rent between two generations of a family, the patient forlornness of a wife married out of duty, the dispossession of a business man by his nimble-witted partner — in fine, the story?

From *The Side of the Angels* (quite the highest altitude reached by sentimentalism in the first half of 1916) one descends through the flats of such stories as *Mr. and Mrs. Pierce*,² in which the conjugal misunderstandings are palpably trumped-up and the personæ too immature for interest, down to nameless abysses where one bathes in glutinous rivers of emotionalism. In the bare existence of these different levels, sentimentalism betrays its permanent artistic dilemma. At the bottom, where it is without ideas, it merely drones old formulæ of lost meaning or none; at the top, it is constantly tortured by ideas which, if assimilated, would turn it into something else.

But other and more honest impulses in the literature of escape — love of mystery, zest of hot physical struggle, delight in pure farce, the invincible 'will to romance' itself — why should these types of innocence be so often corrupted, unless we are all growing responsible together? The romancer at least should stick to his trade, as all critics agree: we shall need him until no man is a boy and no woman a girl.

Sometimes, of course, he *does* stick to his trade, and then we sit up late. *Nan of Music Mountain*³ is girl-and-gun romance in its purest distillate,

² *Mr. and Mrs. Pierce*. By CAMERON MACKENZIE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

³ *Nan of Music Mountain*. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

though a slight thing after *Whispering Smith*. *The Grasp of the Sultan*,¹ a tale of love across the barriers of a Turkish harem, is sophisticated only in its local color, which is painted on so thick that in some places it scales. And *The Shepherd of the North*² is a vigorous story told with a proper regard for the conventions of romance; even for that unwritten convention that the hero among a religious folk shall eventually embrace the faith of the majority. Mr. Maher, by strict avoidance of the fulsome-sentimental, brings off the conversion without prejudice to the man and the maid, the Adirondack forest fire, or the exciting war between farming community and land-grabbing railroad. If any reader doubts the difficulty of this achievement, let him read *Behold the Woman!*³ the story of an Alexandrian courtesan of the fourth century, her career and her conversion; a thing as ugly as a bill-board, and rendered so expressly by fulsomeness. 'Eldritch nocturnal flowers [of rhetoric?] distilled and saturated the atmosphere with inebriating essences,' a passage typical of the style, were better written of the book than of a night in Alexandria. As for the woman, one tries in vain to behold her. The style gesticulates, makes evocative passes; but she declines to 'materialize.'

The first three books named in this group are honest old-fashioned romances. The test is their power to make us thrill even in that realm of convention where, we know well, no evil can befall a good man.

But consider what Gertrude Atherton has done in *Mrs. Balfame*.⁴ Here is

¹ *The Grasp of the Sultan*. ANONYMOUS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *The Shepherd of the North*. By RICHARD AU-MERLE MAHER. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Behold the Woman!* By T. EVERETT HARRÉ. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co.

⁴ *Mrs. Balfame*. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

a detective story with so many subjects that it has, properly speaking, no subject. It never makes up its mind whether it wants to be an analytical study of a wife who has meant murder but done none, or the love-story of a man who gradually survives his infatuation for the accused woman, or a detective story with the maximum of 'spinal shiver.' Not even the author's skill in minutiae can contrive a harmony out of this jangle. Eventually the detective story thunders down all competition. But, mark, the key-note of the detective story is sounded only as an afterthought: the solution occurs in the ante-mortem statement of a supernumerary character who has barely been presented at all! The outcome is simply not among the possibilities of the interesting case. — We speak of course of the economy of fiction only. — And, mark again, it is *the detective story* that we are finally asked to take hold of by this quaint handle of feminine logic: Men, not women, made murder unlawful; but men, who are now engaged in murdering each other by thousands daily, are 'a complete and pitiful failure'; therefore I, a woman and not a man, did well to murder my friend's unlovely husband. Accommodating friend! This is a sample of the havoc made by an ill-digested impersonal idea in a highly specialized misapplication.

Those About Trench,⁵ a first novel, is almost as skillful in detail and even more scattering in emphasis. It starts every kind of hare known to fiction, and catches a few of them, but by unrecognized and unsportsmanlike methods. It does at last snare in the moment of its quasi-conversion a modern rationalistic and skeptical soul, — 'poor discarded name for something,' — but only after having deserted it

⁵ *Those About Trench*. By EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

through many chapters for other and more sensational quarry.

Mr. Jack London is another distinguished author who can evidently write beneath his privilege. In *The Sea-Wolf* and *The Call of the Wild* he welded his material into shapes of austere beauty. *The Little Lady of the Big House*¹ reproduces merely the facund — nay, glib — erotomania of three persons who ‘fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism,’ and whose very continence is a mere voluptuous refinement upon desire. In-growing concupiscence, if a subject for the novel at all, ought at least not to masquerade as tragic passion. Is this perverted gusto the half-surrender of one more artist to the baser demands of his market? Or only the resort of a thinker too sophisticated for the old naïve and cleansing intensities, too undisciplined for the new impersonal meanings of things?

III

Critic or casual reader, one turns with relief from fiction where general ideas are interlopers, and where the struggle between them and the story is often droll, sometimes pathetic, and always a waste of good energy. Perhaps the war has something to do with the incontestably low average of this year’s literature of innocence. The romancer’s irresponsible creativeness, once a gift from the skies, seems more and more, after two years of the shedding of human blood, a pose of stupid insensibility. And so perhaps it seems to the romancer himself. At all events, explain them how we may, there are the results, —

Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll.

It is at the other end of the bookshelf, where the ‘emotion of surprise’ gives

¹ *The Little Lady of the Big House*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

way to that of ‘recognition,’ — in other words, where the realistic spirit consorts with realistic material and method, — that we find the more direct service, both of our momentary logic and of appreciation in general.

Because the substance of current realism has the sociological slant more often than any other, it is to the sociological element that we turn for sanction of our main thesis. And sanction is there. Wherever the novelist follows conflicts of society and class, of class and individual, of individualism and convention, wherever his general spectacle is political or industrial, he leads us straight back to our text, the pervasive and self-forgetful charity in which, at its best, the modern spirit expresses itself. The novel has begun to ask the questions it lately undertook to answer by fiat. In short, it is most non-committal in precisely those directions where, a few years since, it was most violently propagandist.

For example: A decade ago the wicked financier could find hardly any one to love him — hardly any one, that is, behind a pen. The reaction crystallizes in a short novel by ‘G. A. Birmingham.’ In *Gossamer*,² a story of the war, the capitalist forswears his personal loyalty to the land of his birth, because only so can he go on spinning the web of credit which covers the whole civilized globe, and on which, in the author’s view, civilization itself depends. And Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in a slight but charming story, *The Proof of the Pudding*,³ takes a fortune away from his heroine and then, when she has learned to prefer being without it, unsentimentally forces it back upon her. So she has her cake —

² *Gossamer*. By G. A. BIRMINGHAM. New York: George H. Doran Co.

³ *The Proof of the Pudding*. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

the sweet American cake of self-dependence — and dutifully eats it too. This outcome is an expression of the duty *not* to be poor, Samuel Butler's doctrine of forty years ago. Could n't some one write a jolly little satire in which a great fortune goes about looking for a claimant, and being refused by one person after another, just because of the universal abhorrence of unearned capital? Or is that abhorrence already too far gone for telling ridicule?

It has remained for Miss Alice Brown — whose nicely modulated accent, by the way, is anything but that of ridicule — to voice in one fine story all the most urgent impulses of the modern expansiveness. Jeffrey Blake, the pivotal character of *The Prisoner*,¹ is a young embezzler who, on being pardoned out of the Federal prison, resumes his broken life in the small provincial city of Addington, and, by patience and unflinching sense, finds himself once more on terms with life, even with love — a man irrevocably scarred, but also strengthened. He learns to sustain himself with a philosophy of fortitude. 'As he saw life then his judgments softened and his irritations cooled. . . . He must, he knew, hereafter see things as they are. And they would not be tragic to him. They would be curious and funny and dear: for they all wore the mantle of life.'

It is difficult to remember at just what point one's recognition leaps out to accept Jeffrey Blake as *any* man of enough imagination to see that there are prison-bars for the soul, too. Certainly that point is many pages before Miss Brown draws the analogy in deliberate words. Blake's durancé is only an image, its conditions so heightened and stressed as to make it crucially representative, of the common human

servitudes — to cant, prejudice, fear, 'untended impulse,' 'the sorcery of nature.' His second liberation, that of the spirit, is alone important. And he achieves it through the old, old paradox of self-fulfillment through self-abnegation, freedom through obedience to the law. This, seemingly the author's ultimate principle of conduct, is stated squarely again and again. Blake 'meant to be eternally free through fulfilling the incomprehensible paradox of binding himself to the law.' Tempted to pluck his happiness before it is ripe, he feels the inhibition of a code men have made together, and cannot break that larger tryst: 'To kiss a woman's lips was a madness or a splendor that passed. He knew there might be, almost incredibly, another undying passion that did last, made up of endurance and loyalty and the free rough fellowship between men.'

This same general idea, of law as the only liberation, governs Miss Brown's sociology — for *The Prisoner* is a soundly local and contemporary book, and Addington a very real, very complete city. Blake's first task is to fight a demagogue who has flattered and inflamed the laboring population of aliens and taught them to 'riot over the rights no man on earth could have unless men are going to fight out the old brute battle for bare supremacy.' 'We've got to teach 'em to be citizens,' says Blake. 'They've got to take the country on our plan, and be one of us.' Not, he explains, because safety and the placid virtues are everything, — Blake is no timid reactionary, — for the one stable thing in a world of flux is the one hardest thing, the pact of law. One must be inside that, Spartan as it is, or one is outside everything.

The fine artist that Miss Brown has been from the first never before gave us anything comparable, for abundance, to *The Prisoner*. The author will be

¹ *The Prisoner*. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

* said, in a pampered phrase, to have 'come into her own.' Well, an artist's own is what he takes, — no more, — and to be surprised and gladdened by the really wonderful amount of growing Miss Brown has secretly contrived to do is a prettier compliment than to say, 'We knew it all along!' After which tribute, perhaps a humble but not servile admirer may be pardoned for wondering why there is so much in *The Prisoner* about a certain rather silly necklace (paste, after all!), and whether the author who makes so much of a purely factitious element is showing quite the proper confidence in the reader's discrimination — or in her own best. Not every novelist can take Henry James's philosophy of renunciation through the refined and quickened sensibilities and make it so simply pocketable; and the novelist who can has no need of a merely specious artifice of plot.

The only other American novel of anything like the same power and finish is *The Shadow Riders*,¹ a great panoramic study of contemporary civilization where its development is most rapid and bewildering — that is, in the Canadian Northwest. In this full yet uncrowded reproduction of an industrial, political, and social epoch, Mrs. Isabel Paterson has made one of the finest cisatlantic novels of recent years.

To begin with, two considerable sources of interest, the regional and the historical, are inherent in the subject. The setting is provincial, remote, and hitherto unexploited; and it is changing so rapidly as to compress within a few years all the phenomena of a fairly intricate modern community. Land multiplies its value, politicians rise to eminence and fall to obscurity, elections are won and lost, parties reorgan-

ize, social cliques form, newspapers make and unmake reputations and are themselves made and unmade, franchises are schemed for, quarrels fought out and shoved aside, Reciprocity becomes first a momentous and then a dead issue; and presently the war comes to swallow up a thousand such matters in the feeling of a common disaster, the need of a common loyalty — all within the term of a single human love! The people remain the same people, little gray in their hair or none: yet how the world has gone on! It is an impressive and absorbing exhibition of 'blind force acting necessarily' in a multitude of human lives.

Yet blind force is not the chief propulsive agent of the story, nor is the multitude its hero. *The Shadow Riders* owes half its distinction to its grasp of these; but it owes the rest to its author's skill in making them contribute to the compact drama of four lives, each of considerable character, and to the author's own admirable philosophy and wit. Channing Herrick goes to the scene of the story — Calgary, perhaps? — for his health; but he remains to give himself whole-heartedly and cleanly to the public life of the New West. In his comradeship with Lesley Johns — a comfortably unsentimental relation which he does not know for love until the war has claimed him — two fine personalities open to each other. Mrs. Paterson obviously intends this girl as the very best and bravest the New World can show in womanhood; and few will find fault with her ideal. Chan's uncle Ross Whittemore and his young wife are the other chief personæ. Drawn at full length in firm, deft lines, all four live with us far beyond page the last — and is not this the supreme magic?

The spirit of the book is impersonal, balanced, mildly and mellowly ironic, never censorious. Piercing vision, a

¹ *The Shadow Riders*. By ISABEL PATERSON. New York: John Lane Co.
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voice of sympathy, and rigid self-command — these are the author's equipment. She says at the outset, 'There is an old proverb that one can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. It is doubtless a true saying; I only wonder what one does with the flies after having caught them.' There is no honey in Mrs. Paterson's bait. Neither is there any vinegar. But there will never be any difficulty about the flies!

IV

What *The Prisoner* and *The Shadow Riders* are to other recent novels by American authors, that and more *The Accolade*¹ is to the very recent British fiction published in this country. It is difficult to measure the superiority of these three stories to all others of their season, nor shall it be attempted here. *The Accolade* gives us Miss Ethel Sidgwick at her very best; and the season that can furnish tired readers and reviewers with even one such book as this latest of hers, is already forgiven its trespasses. If this is fulsome, the fault is chargeable to Miss Sidgwick, who has so rewarded us for being difficult to satisfy elsewhere.

The Accolade and *Clipped Wings*² introduce us to the most interestingly focused and coherent group in the season's fiction, its cluster of stories dealing with various aspects of the artistic life. Both are searching and persuasive records of histrionic genius in exactly the circumstances that render it most accessible to the probe — that is, the circumstances that thwart its natural and public use and turn it into a solitary obsession.

In this volume of her Ingestre trilogy (by the way, some one should write an

article about the recrudescence of the trilogy) Miss Sidgwick shows us a country house and a family such as Mr. Galsworthy portrays; only Miss Sidgwick's portrayal is sprightly where Mr. Galsworthy's is ironic and melancholy. The son and heir, John Ingestre junior, is born exceptional. At eighteen he refuses Oxford for the stage. His mother accomplishes, by falling ill, everything that his father's threats have failed of. He comes home, consummates the surrender by marrying himself off to an eligible, rather colorless girl, and settles down to manage his estates — an exceedingly ornamental young man, whimsical, mocking, urbane, informal to the last degree, something short of eccentric; pliable enough to a certain point, but beyond that stiffened as by more than a touch of chilled steel in his moral composition. We feel from the first his capacity for tragic life. For a time the most real part of his life is his unfulfilled dream of art — and that is tragic.

Suddenly its place in his imaginative history is taken by a girl, Helena Falkland. An aspirant for the honors of the stage, she lacks the essential gift; but the stifled actress in her pours itself out upon Ingestre in pure radiance of womanhood. — Only three or four among the living can create such women. — She and Ingestre all but lose their heads; but his mother checks him once more, this time by dying, and a kind of exalted sportsmanship restores him to his lifelong practice of making the best of things. If one were to praise him for self-sacrifice, 'Stuff and nonsense!' would be his ready and contemptuous answer: yet it is quite clear that he has twice martyred himself, and not winced, simply through playing the benevolent despot in the lives of his friends. His arrangements for them devastate, as it turns out, his own heart — but he is much too pre-

¹ *The Accolade*. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

² *Clipped Wings*. By RUPERT HUGHES. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

occupied in their behalf to think of that until afterward. Only to Henry James — from whom, next to Thackeray, Miss Sidgwick seems to have learned most — could one look for a piece of self-immolation at once so beautiful and so credible.

Sheila Kemble, the heroine of *Clipped Wings*, is a successful young actress who leaves the stage soon after her marriage to a conventional and somewhat obtuse young man who has saved her life. With all the will in the world to make the best of her bargain, she begins to droop. Nor can anything bring her back to mental and bodily health until her husband bows his head under the bludgeon of the truth about her, and gives her back to the stage. She makes her reappearance in a tremendously great play written by a dying man who had loved her without hope; and the conclusion is, as fitness dictates, triumphant. Sheila is a valuable exhibit in the trial of the artistic conscience and its workings. Her story is written, to be sure, in a flippant style, to Miss Sidgwick's as the syncopation of Mr. Berlin is to that of Beethoven; and there is a little arrant sentimentality, as in the symbolism of the birch-tree that would not live when transplanted from its native hill. Also the book is largely without high spiritual values: one feels that the specialized histrionic impulse is its centre, rather than the human imagination and mind and will. But Sheila herself is true and fine. And Mr. Hughes has given good measure of useful and exhilarating talk about the stage and 'the profession.'

The year's novels about novelists, and artistic creators generally, are thin and feeble beside these two stories of the actor *manqué*. Mr. E. F. Benson, in *The Oakleyites*,¹ makes room for interesting literary chit-chat, including

¹ *The Oakleyites*. By E. F. BENSON. New York: George H. Doran Co.

an apologia for the novelist who has superficial skill and nothing much by way of message. What story there is gets its wires crossed: its beginning is local color, its middle farce, its end pathos, and there is nothing to make the three 'jell.' In *Twilight*² the late 'Frank Danby' makes a woman novelist, ill and under the influence of drugs, evolve the story of another woman novelist and her lover — a performance very much in the vein of Marie Corelli. Willard Huntington Wright affects, in *The Man of Promise*,³ the gloomy and brutal naturalism which we have learned of late to associate with Mr. Dreiser. It *must* be an affectation, else *The Man of Promise* would be a better book, more logical, more certain of what it means and wants. Mr. Wright is one of those thinkers who seem to believe that slavery to the sex-instinct is transformed into glorious freedom as soon as one calls it by a lot of fine names. In *John Bogardus*⁴ the creative instinct is a trifling part of the subject, a mere convenience to the narrative; though there is some admirable fine fooling in caricature of the modern American College. Even the more readable of these illustrate a certain kind of inadequacy, the failure to correlate the story with the artist *as an artist*, however sufficient he may be as a person. We find the same fault with *The Amateur*.⁵

*The Whirligig of Time*⁶ betrays a slightly different weakness: after a wise and witty prelude for introduction of two brothers and their different educa-

² *Twilight*. By FRANK DANBY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

³ *The Man of Promise*. By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT. New York: John Lane Co.

⁴ *John Bogardus*. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. New York: The Century Co.

⁵ *The Amateur*. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁶ *The Whirligig of Time*. By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

tions, and after a truly plausible account of the making of a playwright, the story abandons its real theme, the relation of the brothers, and becomes a long digressive loop of love story. And even so fine a craftsman as Miss May Sinclair is guilty of leaving a theme derelict in order to bring her plot into port. In *The Belfry*,¹ after she has breathed life into her vulgar little cockney novelist and got him married into a gentile family, she makes him bridge the social chasm between himself and that family, not by anything that he is or becomes, but by the heroic rescue of his brother-in-law from a bombarded town — a dénouement stirring in itself, but brought off by the coercion of pure accident. Naturally one cannot refuse to shake hands with the savior of one's life: but why destroy the problem of social disparity, instead of solving it or pronouncing it insoluble?

The importance to our argument of these tales of the artist incarnate ought to be instantly clear. The intellectualization of the novel is essentially the intellectualization of its characters. The ultimate resort is bound to be analysis of the creative mind itself, not alone because it is the most highly specialized type, but equally because it becomes, when made an integral part of the story, a microscope for other and secondary ideas — the character's, not necessarily the author's. Since *Diana of the Crossways* and *The Tragic Muse* novels of this order have increased in frequency, though hardly in merit. Once they were prophetic: now they are symptomatic. And, whatever their individual merits or defects, they do have collectively the significance of all high aspiration. Records necessarily of discontent with materialism, 'bigness,' mere sordid doing and getting unin-

formed by noble dreaming, they can but mean a reaction from these, a renascence of faith in profound impalpable realities — the things that count among the aristocracy of fine minds and consciences.

V

One may well find one's self sufficiently occupied with describing and reporting the tendencies named, to the definite and logical embodiment of which, as it seems, we have but just come. And yet one must be not wholly uncritical. 'Whatever is, is right' may be a true saying, and it translates easily enough into 'Whatever is, is inevitable'; but there still remains the fair and pertinent question of what we *want*.

Perhaps we want, as Mr. Galsworthy does, more of the feeling of continuity — the sense of universal human kinship as we contemplate man and his affairs, the sense of cosmic unity as we contemplate the whole of nature, including man. Mr. Galsworthy has said that we must deny ourselves contempt, which is the destruction of continuity. Well, then, we must rejoice at whatever tends to lessen the number of things that evoke contempt from the human heart in its natural state — for it is still improbable that the human heart can ever be made completely new. Contempt grows by what it feeds on; and there is at least as much chance of purging the soul of hate by destroying hateful things and making a better world, as there is by educating the soul to look indulgently upon the hateful things. From this point of view, one can hardly count it for a demerit in art if, in addition to its ministry to pure delight, it tends to carry the will over into the deed — in short, to get something accomplished.

This sounds, of course, like a plea for

¹ *The Belfry*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: The Macmillan Co.

crass cloddish didacticism. But never mind if it does. If any member of 'the ineffable company of pure æsthetes' has complained against *Nicholas Nickleby* because it had a reformatory effect on English private schools, or against *Hard Cash* because it called attention to the need of reform in English private asylums for the insane, he is a person for whom one is not obliged to throw away one's own conscience.

Admitting then that a possible use of the novel is to direct the will and inspire it to action, one may go on to ask whether it is the fiction of satire or the fiction of realism that has brought things to pass. And one has instantly to concede that it is the fiction of satire. Why, even the 'unofficial' sentimentalism, with all its ignorance and bias, has done more than impartial realism — as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* exist to prove. Modern realism has not, to be sure, been operative so long; but since Gissing it has partly made up for that by attaining its competence with unusual speed. The longer we balance these general platitudes, the more reasonable becomes a perturbing suspicion that only violent likes and dislikes are really dynamic. Can it be that animal matter reacts most decisively to antipathies pointed with scorn? and that all our serenely intellectual modern charity is of necessity and forever sterile, static? So Mr. Chesterton concludes, comparing Dickens and Gissing. And there is plenty of corroboration in other quarters — politics, religion.

But this point must not be elaborated at the expense of another. A second implication of the patient impartial scrutiny of everything in the field of vision is that it results at length in a curious optical defect — not so much a blurring of the sight as a loss of proportion and distance. The realist, who is interested in everything, tends to be-

come *equally* interested in everything: actuality, and not worth, becomes his test of values. And the lamentable consequence is the temporary disappearance of great and likable characters, or the presence of weak, unreal, and tawdry characters who are treated as though they were great and likable. There is no predicting an illustrious or even a safe future for the novel, if it is losing the art of criticism through the positive and unmistakable bestness of its personæ. If it lose *that*, it loses all. Let us by all means have intellectual analysis; but let us first have something for it to work upon.

If we fear, it is because some of the most skillfully written novels of the past months are full of the dreariest folk. *Life and Gabriella*¹ is Miss Ellen Glasgow's account of a really admirable Southern girl, and of her brave struggle to manage her own life when an unlucky marriage has left her adrift. But Gabriella's intelligence is not what we are asked to believe it: else how could she have been so long blind to the real character of her husband? how, above all, could she have cherished for so long her idealized version of Arthur Peyton, from the beginning an effeminate prig? Another story of a marriage that failed is *The Strangers' Wedding*.² As a sociological investigation of what marriage can mean to a sensitive young university-bred man and an average girl of the laboring class, this is more than ordinarily keen and thorough. But what shall be said of it as an attempt to give us a prolonged personal enjoyment in the society of these two and their acquaintances? *Seventeen*.³ is a diverting record of calf-love; but

¹ *Life and Gabriella*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *The Strangers' Wedding*. By W. L. GEORGE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

³ *Seventeen*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

Willie Baxter will be a calf at twenty-seven, or fifty-seven — and he will never be called anything but 'Willie.'

In *The Rudder*¹ Mrs. Watts creates one delightful personage — Marshall Cook the novelist; he is an American cousin of Mr. De Morgan's Alfred Challis. But he is there as observer and interpreter, not as protagonist; and his keenness is expended upon people in whom we half cease to believe as soon as we see them in important actions.

In only one novel, *The Dark Forest*,² is there a valid artistic reason for working out large problems in terms of relatively insignificant persons. *The Dark Forest*, a tale of Galician battle-fronts, is primarily the treatment of an obsession so gigantic that before it the greatest is as the least — the *idée fixe* that makes men under the strain of battle idealize and covet death, surround it with superstitious glamour, rival one another in seeking it, and shudder in their hearts to think that they may *not* die. In this dreadful and superb fantasia of prolonged battle, it makes little difference *what* characters are dwarfed, or how great they were orig-

inally, so long as their common humanity recommends them to our compassion.

Something must come out of so much striving and groping and piercing of the veils of reticence. It is unthinkable that all this conscience, this selfless and unwearying devotion to truth, should come to naught. The means may be slow; but the end may also be sure. Perhaps the imperceptible increase in understanding, in appreciation, may result in great and sweeping changes, in which fiction shall bear its creditable part. So it has been with the social history of woman, whose life marked time for many generations, only to accomplish a prodigious stride in two. There is too little in our fiction for confidence, certainly too much for despair. Meanwhile, there is cheer in some words of Meredith, written nearly thirty years ago: —

'I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us. . . . Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts.'

¹ *The Rudder*. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *The Dark Forest*. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ON a day in July thirty-five thousand people passed under the dome of the Indiana capitol to look for the last time upon the face of James Whitcomb Riley. The best-loved citizen of the Hoosier commonwealth was dead, and laborers and mechanics in their working clothes, professional and business men, women in great numbers, and a host of children paid their tribute of respect to one whose sole claim upon their interest lay in his power to voice their feelings of happiness and grief in terms within the common understanding. The very general expressions of sorrow and affection evoked by the announcement of the poet's death encourage the belief that the lines that formed on the capitol steps might have been augmented endlessly by additions drawn from every part of America. I frankly confess that, having enjoyed his friendship through many years, I am disqualified from passing judgment upon his writings, into much of which I inevitably read a significance that may not be apparent to those capable of appraising them with critical detachment. Riley's personality was quite as interesting as his work, and I shall attempt to give some hint of the man as I knew him, with special reference to his whims and oddities.

I

My acquaintance with him dates from a memorable morning when he called on me in a law office where I copied legal documents, ran errands, and scribbled verses. At this time he was a

regular contributor to the Sunday edition of the *Indianapolis Journal* — a newspaper of unusual literary quality, most hospitable to fledgling bards, who were permitted to shine in the reflected light of Riley's growing fame. Some verses of mine having been copied by a Cincinnati paper, Riley asked about me at the *Journal* office and sought me out, paper in hand, to speak a word of encouragement. He was the most interesting, as he was the most amusing and the most lovable man I have known. No one was quite like Riley, and the ways in which he suggests other men merely call attention to the fact that he was, after all, wholly different: he was Riley!

He was the best-known, the most instantly recognized figure in our capital; this was true, indeed, of the entire commonwealth that he sang into fame. He was below medium height, neatly and compactly built; fair and of ruddy complexion. He had been a tow-headed boy, and while his hair thinned in later years, any white that crept into it was scarcely perceptible. A broad flexible mouth and a big nose were the distinguishing features of a remarkably mobile face. He was very near-sighted, and the rubber-rimmed glasses he invariably wore served to obscure his noticeably large blue eyes. He was a compound of Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish, but the Celt in him was dominant: there were fairies in his blood.

In his days of health he carried himself alertly and gave an impression of smartness. He was meticulous in the

care of his person; there was no slouch about him, no Byronic affectation. He was always curious as to the origin of any garment or piece of haberdashery displayed by his intimates, but strangely secretive as to the source of his own supplies. He affected obscure tailors, probably because they were likelier to pay heed to his idiosyncrasies than more fashionable ones. He once deplored to me the lack of attention bestowed upon the waistcoat by sartorial artists. This was a garment he held of the highest importance in man's adornment. Hopkinson Smith, he averred, was the only man he had ever seen who displayed a satisfactory taste and was capable of realizing the finest effects in this particular.

He inspired affection by reason of his gentleness and inherent kindness and sweetness. The idea that he was a convivial person, delighting in 'boon' companions and prolonged sessions at table, has no basis in fact. He was a domestic, even a cloistral being; he disliked noise and large companies; he hated familiarity, and would quote approvingly what Lowell said somewhere about the annoyance of being clapped on the back. Riley's best friends never laid hands on him; I have seen strangers or new acquaintances do so to their discomfort.

No background of poverty or early hardship can be provided for this 'poet of the people.' His father was a lawyer, an orator well known in Central Indiana, and Riley's boyhood was spent in comfortable circumstances. The curtailment of his schooling was not enforced by necessity, but was due to his impatience of restraint and inability to adjust his own interests to the prevailing curriculum. He spent some time in his father's office at Greenfield, reading general literature, not law, and experimenting with verse. He served an apprenticeship as a house-painter, and ac-

quired the art of 'marbling' and 'graining'—long-abandoned embellishments of domestic decoration. Then, with four other young men, he began touring Indiana, painting signs, and, from all accounts, adding greatly to the gayety of life in the communities visited. To advertise their presence, Riley would recite in the market-place, or join with his comrades in giving a musical entertainment. Or, pretending to be a blind painter, he would laboriously climb up on a scaffolding and before the amazed spectators execute a sign in his best style. There was a time when he seemed anxious to forget his early experiences as a wandering sign-painter and entertainer with a patent-medicine van, but more recently he spoke of them quite frankly.

He had a natural talent for drawing; in fact, at one time or another he dabbled in most of the arts. He discoursed to me at length on one occasion of musical instruments, about all of which he seemed to have much curious lore. He had been able to play more or less successfully upon the violin, the banjo, the guitar, and (his humor bubbling) the snare- and bass-drum! 'There's nothing,' he said, 'so much fun as thumping a bass-drum,' an instrument on which he had performed in the Greenfield band. 'To throw your legs over the tail of a band wagon and thump away—there's nothing like it!' As usual when the reminiscent mood was upon him, he broadened the field of the discussion to include strange characters he had known among rural musicians, and these were of endless variety. He had known a man who was passionately fond of the bass-drum and who played solos upon it—'Sacred music!' Sometimes the neighbors would borrow the drum, and he pictured the man's chagrin when after a hard day's work he came home and found his favorite instrument gone.

Riley acquired various mechanical devices for creating music and devoted himself to them with childish delight. In one of his gay moods he would instruct a visitor in the art of pumping his player-piano, and, having inserted a favorite 'roll,' would dance about the room snapping his fingers in time to the music.

II

Riley's reading was marked by the casualness that was part of his nature. He liked small books that fitted comfortably into the hand, and he brought to the mere opening of a volume and the cutting of leaves a deliberation eloquent of all respect for the contents. Always a man of surprises, in nothing was he more surprising than in the wide range of his reading. It was never safe to assume that he was unacquainted with some book which might appear to be foreign to his tastes. His literary judgments were sound, though his prejudices (always amusing and frequently unaccountable) occasionally led him astray.

While his study of literature had followed the haphazard course inevitable in one so uninfluenced by formal schooling, it may fairly be said that he knew all that it was important for him to know of books. He was of those for whom life and letters are of one piece and inseparable. In a broad sense he was a humanist. What he missed in literature he acquired from life. Shakespeare he had absorbed early; Herrick, Keats, Tennyson, and Longfellow were deep-planted in his memory. His excursions into history had been the slightest; biographies and essays interested him much more; and he was constantly on the lookout for new poets. No new volume of verse, no striking poem in a periodical escaped his watchful eye.

He professed to believe that Mrs. Browning was a poet greatly superior to her husband. He had nevertheless read Robert Browning with some attention, for on one or two occasions he burlesqued successfully that poet's mannerisms. For some reason he manifested a marked antipathy to Poe. And in this connection it may be of interest to mention that he was born (October 7, 1849) the day Poe died! But for Riley's cordial dislike of Poe I might be tempted to speculate upon this coincidence as suggesting a relinquishment of the singing robes by one poet in favor of another. Riley had, undoubtedly, at some time felt Poe's spell, for there are unmistakable traces of Poe's influence in some of his earlier work. Indeed, his first wide advertisement came through an imitation of Poe — a poem called 'Leonanie' — palmed off as having been found written in an old school-book that had been Poe's property. Riley long resented any reference to this hoax, though it was a harmless enough prank — the device of a newspaper friend to prove that public neglect of Riley was not based upon any lack of merit in his writings. It was probably Poe's sombreness that Riley did not like, or possibly his personal characteristics. Still, he would close any discussion of Poe's merits as a writer by declaring that 'The Raven' was clearly inspired by Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' This is hardly susceptible of proof, and Elizabeth Barrett's gracious acceptance of the compliment of Poe's dedication of his volume containing 'The Raven' may or may not be conclusive as to her own judgment in the matter.

Whitman had no attraction for Riley; he thought him something of a charlatan. He greatly admired Stevenson and kept near at hand a rare photograph of the Scot which Mrs. Stevenson had given him. He had recognized

Kipling's genius early, and his meeting with that writer in New York many years ago was one of the pleasantest and most satisfactory of all his literary encounters.

The contentions between Realism and Romanticism that occasionally enliven our periodical literature never roused his interest. His sympathies were with the conservatives; he preferred gardens that contained familiar and firmly planted literary landmarks. He knew his Dickens thoroughly, and his lifelong attention to 'character' was due no doubt in some measure to his study of Dickens's portraits of the quaint and humorous. He always confessed gratefully his indebtedness to Longfellow, and once, when we were speaking of the older poet, he remarked that Mark Twain and Bret Harte were other writers to whom he owed much. Harte's obligations to both Dickens and Longfellow are, of course, obvious, and Harte's use of dialect in verse probably strengthened Riley's confidence in the Hoosier speech as a medium when he began to find himself.

His humor — both as expressed in his writings and as we knew it who lived neighbor to him — was of the same *genre* as Mark Twain's. It is not surprising that Mark Twain and Riley should have met on grounds of common sympathy and understanding. What the Mississippi was to the Missourian, the Old National Road that bisected Greenfield was to Riley. The larger adventures of life that made Mr. Clemens a cosmopolitan did not appeal to Riley, with his intense loyalty to the state of his birth and the city that for thirty-eight years was his home.

He found a boyish pleasure in sending his friends books that he thought would interest them. Among those he sent me are Professor Woodberry's selections from Aubrey de Vere, whose *Bard Ethell* Riley thought a fine per-

formance; Bradford Torrey's *Friends on the Shelf*, and a few weeks before his death, a copy of G. K. Chesterton's poems in which he had written a substitute for one of the lines. If in these gifts he chose some volume already known to the recipient, it was well to conceal the fact, for it was essential to the perfect course of his friendships that he be taken on his own terms, and no one would have had the heart to spoil his pleasure in a 'discovery.'

He was most generous toward all aspirants in his own field, though for years these were prone to take advantage of his good nature by inflicting books and manuscripts upon him. I once committed the indiscretion of uttering a volume of verse, and observed with trepidation a considerable number of copies on the counter of the bookstore where we did much loafing together. A few days later I was surprised and for a moment highly edified to find the stock greatly depleted. On cautious inquiry I found that it was Riley alone who had been the investor — to the extent of seventy-five copies, which he distributed widely among literary acquaintances. In the case of another friend who published a book without large expectations of public favor, Riley secretly purchased a like number and scattered them broadcast. These instances are typical: he would do a kind thing furtively and evince the deepest embarrassment when detected.

It is always a matter of speculation as to just what effect a college training would have upon men of Riley's type, who, missing the inscribed portals, nevertheless find their way into the house of literature. I give my opinion for what it may be worth, that he would have been injured rather than benefited by an ampler education. It was human nature that chiefly concerned him, and it was his fortune to know profoundly those definite phases of life that were

susceptible of interpretation in the art of which he was sufficiently the master. Of the general trend of society and social movements he was as unconscious as if he lived on another planet. I rather think that he profited by his ignorance of such things, which left him to the peaceful contemplation of the simple phenomena of life that had early attracted him. Nothing seriously disturbed his inveterate provincial habit of thought. He manifested Thoreau's indifference — without the Yankee's scorn — for the world beyond his doorway. 'I can see,' he once wrote me, 'when you talk of your return and the prospective house-warming of the new home, that your family's united heart is right here in old Indianapolis — high Heaven's sole and only under-study.' And this represented his very sincere feeling about 'our' town; no other was comparable to it!

III

He did his writing at night, a fact which accounted for the spacious leisure in which his days were enveloped. He usually had a poem pretty thoroughly fixed in his mind before he sought paper, but the actual writing was often a laborious process; and it was his habit, while a poem was in preparation, to carry the manuscript in his pocket for convenience of reference. The elisions required by dialect and his own notions of punctuation — here he was a law unto himself — brought him into frequent collision with the lords of the proof desks, but no one, I think, ever successfully debated with him any point of folk-speech. I once ventured to suggest that his use of the phrase 'durin' the army,' as a rustic veteran's way of referring to the Civil War, was not general, but probably peculiar to the individual he had heard use it. He stoutly defended his

phrase and was ready at once with witnesses in support of it as a familiar usage of Indiana veterans.

In the matter of our Hoosier folk-speech he was an authority, though the subject did not interest him comparatively or scientifically. He complained to me bitterly of an editor who had directed his attention to apparent inconsistencies of dialect in the proof of a poem. Riley held, and rightly, that the dialect of the Hoosier is not fixed and unalterable, but varies in certain cases, and that words are often pronounced differently in the same sentence. Eggleston's Hoosier is an earlier type than Riley's, belonging to the dark years when our illiteracy staggered into high percentages. And Eggleston wrote of southern Indiana, where the 'poor white' strain of the South had been most marked. Riley not only spoke for a later period, but his acquaintance was with communities that enjoyed a better social background; the school house and the rural 'literary' were always prominent in his perspective.

He had preserved his youth as a place apart and unalterable, peopled with folk who lived as he had known them in his enchanted boyhood. Scenes and characters of that period he was able to revisualize at will. When his homing fancy took wing, it was to bear him back to the little town's dooryards, set with mignonette, old-fashioned roses and borders of hollyhocks, or countryward to the streams that wound their way through fields of wheat and corn. Riley kept his place at innumerable firesides in this dream existence, hearing the veterans of the Civil War spin their yarns, or farmers discuss crop prospects, or the whispers of children awed by the 'woo' of the wind in the chimney. If Pan crossed his vision (he drew little upon mythology) it was to sit under a sycamore above a 'ripple' in the creek and beat time rapturously

with his goat-hoof to the music of a Hoosier lad's willow whistle.

The country lore that Riley had collected and stored in youth was inexhaustible; it never seemed necessary for him to replenish his pitcher at the fountains of original inspiration. I have read somewhere a sketch of him in which he was depicted as walking with Wordsworthian calm through lonely fields, but nothing could be more absurd. Fondly as he sang of green fields and running brooks, he cultivated their acquaintance very little after he established his home at Indianapolis. Lamb could not have loved city streets more than he. Much as Bret Harte wrote of California after years of absence, so Riley drew throughout his life from scenes familiar to his boyhood and young manhood, and with undiminished sympathy and vigor.

His knowledge of rural life was intimate, though he knew the farm only as a country-town boy may know it, 'through association with farm boys and holidays spent in visits to country cousins. Once at the harvest season, as we were crossing Indiana in a train, he began discoursing on apples. He repeated Bryant's poem 'The Planting of the Apple Tree,' as a prelude, and, looking out over the Hoosier Hesperides, began mentioning the varieties of apples he had known and commenting on their qualities. When I expressed surprise at the number, he said that with a little time he thought he could recall a hundred kinds, and he did in fact name more than fifty before we were interrupted.

The whimsicalities and comicalities and the heart-breaking tragedies of childhood he interpreted with rare fidelity. His wide popularity as a poet of childhood was due to a special genius for understanding the child mind. Yet he was very shy in the presence of children, and though he kept track of the

youngsters in the houses of his friends, and could establish himself on good terms with them, he seemed uncomfortable when suddenly confronted by a strange child. This was due in some measure to the proneness of parents to exhibit their offspring that he might hear them 'recite' his own verses, or in the hope of eliciting some verse commemorative of Johnny's or Mary's precocity. His children were country-town and farm children whom he had known and lived among and unconsciously studied and appraised for the use he later made of them. Here again, he drew upon impressions fixed in his own boyhood, and to this gallery he never, I think, added greatly. Much of his verse for children is autobiographical, representing his own attitude of mind as an imaginative, capricious child. Some of his best character-studies are to be found among his juvenile pieces. In 'That-Air Young-Un,' for example, he enters into the heart of an abnormal boy who

Come home onc't and said 'at he
Knewed what the snake-feeders thought
When they grit their wings; and knowed
Turtle-talk, when bubbles riz
Over where the old roots grewed
Where he th'owed them pets o' his —
Little turripuns he caught
In the County Ditch and packed
In his pockets days and days!

The only poem he ever contributed to the *Atlantic* was 'Old Glory,' and I recall that he held it for a considerable period, retouching it and finally reading it at a club dinner to test it thoroughly by his own standards, which were those of the ear as well as the eye. When I asked him why he had not printed it he said he was keeping it 'to boil the dialect out of it.' On the other hand, 'The Poet of the Future,' one of his best pieces, was produced in an evening. He was little given to displaying his poems in advance of publication, and this was one of the few that

he ever showed me in manuscript. It had been a real inspiration; the writing of it had given him the keenest pleasure, and the glow of success was still upon him when we met the following morning. He wrote much occasional and personal verse which added nothing to his reputation, — a fact of which he was perfectly aware, — and there is a wide disparity between his best and his poorest. He wrote prose with difficulty; he said he could write a column of verse much more quickly than he could produce a like amount of prose.

His manuscripts and letters were works of art, so careful was he of his handwriting — a small, clear script as legible as engraving, and with quaint effects of capitalization. In his younger days he had indulged in a large correspondence, chiefly with other writers. His letters were marked by the goodwill and cordiality, the racy humor and the self-mockery of his familiar talk; a collection of them would be a valuable addition to epistolary literature. 'Your reference' — this is a typical beginning — 'to your vernal surroundings and cloistered seclusion from the world stress and tumult of the fevered town comes to me in veriest truth

"With a Sabbath sound as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods,"

as that grand poet Oliver W. Longfellow so tersely puts it in his inimitable way.' He addressed his correspondents by names specially designed for them, and would sign himself by any one of a dozen droll pseudonyms.

IV

Riley's talent as a reader (he disliked the term recitationist) was hardly second to his creative genius. As an actor — in such parts, for example, as those made familiar by Jefferson — he could not have failed to win high rank. His

art, apparently the simplest, was the result of the most careful study and experiment; facial play, gesture, shadings of the voice, all contributed to the completeness of his portrayals. So vivid were his impersonations and so readily did he communicate the sense of atmosphere, that one seemed to be witnessing a series of dramas with well-set stage and a diversity of players. He possessed in a large degree the magnetism that is the birthright of great actors, and there was something very appealing and winning in his slight figure as he came upon the platform. His diffidence (partly assumed and partly sincere) at the welcoming applause, the first sound of his voice as he tested it with the few introductory sentences he never omitted, — these spoken haltingly as he removed and disposed of his glasses, — all tended to pique curiosity and win the house to the tranquillity his delicate art demanded. He said that it was possible to affront an audience by too great an appearance of cocksureness; a speaker did well to manifest a certain timidity when he walked upon the stage; and he deprecated the manner of a certain lecturer and reader, who always began by chaffing his hearers. Riley's programmes consisted of poems of sentiment and pathos, such as 'Good-bye, Jim' and 'Out to Old Aunt Mary's,' varied with humorous stories in prose or verse which he told with inimitable skill and without a trace of buffoonery. Mark Twain wrote, in 'How to Tell a Story,' that the wounded-soldier anecdote which Riley told for years was, as Riley gave it, the funniest thing he ever listened to.

In his travels Riley usually appeared with another reader. Richard Malcolm Johnston, Eugene Field, and Robert J. Burdette were at various times associated with him, but he is probably more generally known from his joint appearances with the late Edgar W.

('Bill') Nye. He had for Nye the warmest affection, and in the last ten years of his life would recount with zest incidents of their adventures on the road — Nye's practical jokes, his droll comments upon the people they met, the discomforts of transportation, and the horrors of hotel cookery. Riley's admiration for his old comrade was so great that I sometimes suspected that he attributed to Nye the authorship of some of his own stories in sheer excess of devotion to Nye's memory.

His first reception into the inner literary circle was in 1887, when he participated in the authors' readings given in New York to further the propaganda of the Copyright League. Lowell presided on these occasions, and others who contributed to the exercises were Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Richard Henry Stoddard, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry C. Bunner, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, and Frank R. Stockton. It was, I believe, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, then of the *Century Magazine* (which had just enlisted Riley as a contributor), who was responsible for this recognition of the Hoosier. Nothing did more to establish Riley as a serious contestant for literary honors than his success on this occasion. He was greeted so cordially — from contemporaneous accounts he 'ran away with the show' — that on Lowell's urgent invitation he appeared at a second reading.

Riley's intimate friendships with other writers were comparatively few, due largely to his home-keeping habit, but there were some for whom, without ever seeing much of them, he had a liking that approached affection. Mark Twain was one of these; Mr. Howells and Joel Chandler Harris were others. He saw Longfellow on the occasion of his first visit to Boston. Riley had sent him several of his poems, which Longfellow had acknowledged in an encour-

aging letter; but it was not the way of Riley to knock at any strange door, and General 'Dan' Macaulay, once mayor of Indianapolis, — one of the best of fellows and a confident believer in the young Hoosier's future, — took charge of the expedition. Longfellow had been ill, but he appeared unexpectedly just as a servant was turning the visitors away. He was wholly kind and gracious, and 'shook hands five times,' Riley said, when they parted. The slightest details of that call — it was shortly before Longfellow's death — were ineffaceably written in Riley's memory — even the lavender trousers which, he insisted, Longfellow wore!

Save for the years of lyceum work and the last three winters of his life spent happily in Florida, Riley's absences from home were remarkably infrequent. He had derived no pleasure from the hurried traveling made necessary by his long tours as a reader; he was without the knack of amusing himself in strange places, and the social exactions of such journeys he found very irksome. Even in his active years, before paralysis crippled him, his range of activities was most circumscribed. The Lockerbie Street in which he lived so happily, tucked away though it is from the noisier currents of traffic, lies, nevertheless, within sound of the courthouse bell, and he followed for years a strict routine which he varied rarely and only with the greatest apprehension as to the possible consequences.

It was a mark of our highest consideration to produce Riley at entertainments given in honor of distinguished visitors, but this was not always to be effected without considerable plotting. (I have heard that in Atlanta 'Uncle Remus' was even a greater problem to his fellow citizens!) Riley's innate modesty, always to be reckoned with, was likely to smother his companionableness in the presence of ultra-literary

personages. His respect for scholarship, for literary sophistication, made him reluctant to meet those who, he imagined, breathed an ether to which he was unacclimated. At a small dinner in honor of Mr. Henry James he maintained a strict silence until one of the other guests, in an effort to 'draw out' the novelist, mentioned Thomas Hardy and the felicity of his titles, instancing 'Under the Greenwood Tree' and 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' Riley, for the first time addressing the table, remarked quietly of the second of these, 'It's an odd thing about eyes, that they usually come in sets!' — a comment which did not, as I remember, strike Mr. James as being funny.

Riley always seemed a little bewildered by his success, and it was far from his nature to trade upon it. He was at pains to escape from any company where he found himself the centre of attraction. He resented being 'shown off' (to use his own phrase) like 'a white mouse with pink eyes.' He cited as proof that he was never intended for a social career the unhappy frustration of his attempt to escort his first sweetheart to a party. Dressed with the greatest care, he knocked at the beloved's door. Her father eyed him critically and demanded, 'What you want, Jimmy?'

'Come to take Bessie to the party.'

'Humph! Bessie ain't goin' to no party; Bessie's got the measles!'

v

In so far as Riley was a critic of life and conduct, humor was his readiest means of expression. Whimsical turns of speech colored his familiar talk, and he could so utter a single word — always with quiet inadvertence — as to create a roar of laughter. Apart from the commoner type of anecdotal humor, he was most amusing in his pur-

suit of fancies of the Stocktonesque order. I imagine that he and John Holmes of Old Cambridge would have understood each other perfectly; all the Holmes stories I ever heard — particularly the one about Methuselah and the shoe laces, preserved by Colonel Higginson — struck me by their similarity to yarns invented by Riley.

To catch his eye in a company or at a public gathering was always dangerous, for if he was bored or some tedious matter was forward, he would seek relief by appealing to a friend with a slight lifting of the brows, or a telepathic reference to some similar situation in the past. As he walked the streets with a companion his comments upon people and trifling incidents of street traffic were often in his best humorous vein. With his intimates he had a fashion of taking up without prelude subjects that had been dropped weeks before. He was greatly given to assuming characters and assigning parts to his friends in the little comedies he was always creating. For years his favorite rôle was that of a rural preacher of a type that had doubtless aroused his animosity in youth. He built up a real impression of this character — a cadaverous person of Gargantuan appetite, clad in a long black alpaca coat, who arrived at farmhouses at meal times and depleted the larder, while the children of the household, awaiting the second table in trepidation, gloomily viewed the havoc through the windows. One or another of us would be Brother Hotchkiss, or Brother Brookwarble, and we were expected to respond in his own key of pietistic bromidism. This device, continually elaborated, was not wholly foolishness on his part, but an expression of his deep-seated contempt for cant and hypocrisy, which he regarded as the most grievous of sins.

When he described some 'character'

he had known, it was with an amount of minute detail that made the person stand forth as a veritable being. Questions from the listener would be welcomed, as evidence of sympathy with the recital and interest in the individual under discussion. As I journeyed homeward with him once from Philadelphia, he began limning for two companions a young lawyer he had known years before at Greenfield. He carried this far into the night, and at the breakfast table was ready with other anecdotes of this extraordinary individual. When the train reached Indianapolis the sketch, vivid and amusing, seemed susceptible of indefinite expansion.

In nothing was he more diverting than in the superstitions he affected. No life could have been freer from annoyances and care than his, and yet he encouraged the belief that he was pursued by a 'hoodoo.' This was the most harmless of delusions, and his nearest friends indulged the idea for the enjoyment they found in his intense satisfaction whenever any untoward event — never anything important — actually befell him. The bizarre, the fantastic, had a mild fascination for him; he read occult meanings into unusual incidents of every kind. When Alfred Tennyson Dickens visited Indianapolis I went with him to call on Riley. A few days later Mr. Dickens died suddenly in New York, and soon afterward I received a note that he had written in the last hour of his life. Riley was deeply impressed by this; he was unable to free his mind of it for several days. For a time he found comfort in the idea that I shared the malevolent manifestations to which he fancied himself subject. We were talking in the street one day when a brick fell from a building and struck the sidewalk at our feet. He was drawing on a glove and quite characteristically did not start or manifest any anxiety as to his safety. He lifted

his head guardedly and with a casual air said, 'I see they're still after you' (referring to the fact that a few weeks earlier a sign had fallen on me in Denver). Then, holding out his hands, he added mournfully, 'They're after me, too!' The gloves were both rights!

A number of years ago he gave me his own copy of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* — an anthology of which he was very fond. In it was pasted a book-plate that had previously escaped me. It depicted an old scholar in knee-breeches and three-cornered hat, with an armful of books. When asked about the plate, Riley explained that a friend had given it to him, but that he had never used it because, on counting the books, there seemed to be thirteen of them. However, some one having convinced him that the number was really twelve, the evil omen was happily dispelled.

Politics interested him not at all, except as to the personal characteristics of men prominent in that field. He voted only once, so he often told me, and that was at the behest of a friend who was a candidate. Finding later that in his ignorance of the proper manner of preparing a ballot he had voted for his friend's opponent, he registered a vow, to which he held strictly, never to vote again. My own occasional dabbings in politics caused him real distress, and once, when I had playfully poked into a hornet's nest, he sought me out immediately to warn me of the dire consequences of such temerity. 'They'll burn your barn,' he declared; 'they'll kidnap your children!'

His incompetence — real or pretended — in many directions was one of the most delightful things about him. Even in the commonest transactions of life he was rather helpless — the sort of person one instinctively assists and protects. His deficiencies of orientation were a joke among his friends; and though he insisted that he could n't find his way

anywhere, I'm disposed to think that this was part of the make-believe in which he delighted. When he entrusted himself to another's leading he was always pleased if the guide proved as incapable as himself. Lockerbie Street is a little hard to find, even for lifelong Indianapolis, and for a caller to confess his difficulties in reaching it was certain to make his welcome warmer.

Riley protested his inability to use catalogues and reference books, and cheerfully turned over to friends his inquiries of every sort. Indeed he committed to others with comical light-heartedness all matters likely to prove vexatious or disagreeable. He was chronically in search of something that might or might not exist. He complained for years of the loss of a trunk containing letters from Longfellow, Mark Twain, and others, though his ideas as to its genesis and subsequent history were altogether hazy.

He was a past master of the art of postponement, but when anything struck him as urgent he had no peace until he had disposed of it. He once summoned two friends, at what for him was a forbidden hour of the morning, to repair forthwith to the photographer's, that the three might have their pictures taken, his excuse being that one or another might die suddenly, leaving the desired 'group' unrealized — a permanent sorrow to the survivors.

His portrait by Sargent shows him at his happiest, but for some reason he never appeared to care for it greatly. There was, I believe, some vague feeling on his part that one of the hands was imperfect — a little too sketchy, perhaps. He would speak cordially of Sargent and describe his method of work with characteristic attention to detail; but when his opinion of the portrait was solicited, he would change the subject.

He clung tenaciously to a few

'haunts,' one of these in old times being the office of the *Journal*, to which he contributed the poems in dialect that won his first recognition. The back room of the business office was a favorite loafing place for a number of prominent citizens who were responsive to Riley's humor. They maintained there something akin to a country-store forum of which Riley was the bright particular star. A notable figure of those days in our capital was Myron Reed, a Presbyterian minister of singular gifts, who had been a captain of cavalry in the Civil War. Reed and William P. Fishback, a lawyer of distinction, also of the company, were among the first Americans to 'discover' Matthew Arnold. Riley's only excursion abroad was in company with Reed and Fishback, and surely no more remarkable trio ever crossed the Atlantic. It is eloquent of the breadth of Riley's sympathies that he appreciated and enjoyed the society of men like these, whose interests and activities were so wholly different from his own. They made the usual pious pilgrimages, but the one incident that pleased Riley most was a supper in the Beefsteak Room adjoining Irving's theatre, at which Coquelin also was a guest. The theatre always had a fascination for Riley, and this occasion and the reception accorded his reading of some of his poems marked one of the high levels of his career. Mr. Fishback reported that Coquelin remarked to Irving of Riley's recitations, that the American had by nature what they had been twenty years acquiring.

In keeping with the diffidence already referred to was his dread of making awkward or unfortunate remarks, and it was like him to exaggerate greatly his sins of this character. He illustrated Irving's fine nobility by an incident offered also as an instance of his own habit of blundering. Riley had known for years an English comedian attach-

ed to a stock company at Indianapolis, and he mentioned this actor to Irving and described a bit of 'business' he employed in the part of First Clown in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. Irving not only professed to remember the man, but confirmed in generous terms Riley's estimate of his performance as the grave-digger. When Riley learned later that what he had believed to be the unique practice of his friend had been the unbroken usage of the stage from the time of Shakespeare, he was inconsolable, and his blunder was a sore point with him to the end of his days.

Though his mail was enormous, he was always solicitous that no letter should escape. For a time it pleased him to receive mail at three points of delivery — his house, his publisher's, and the office of a trust company where a desk was reserved for him. The advantage of this was that it helped to fill in the day and to minimize the disparity between his own preoccupations and the more exacting employments of his friends. Once read, the letters were likely to be forgotten, but this did not lessen his joy in receiving them. He was the meek slave of autograph-hunters, and at the holiday season he might be found daily inscribing books that poured in remorselessly from every part of the country.

VI

The cheery optimism, tolerance, and mercy that are the burden of his verse summed up his religion. He told me once that he was a Methodist; at least, he had become a member of that body

in his youth, and he was not aware, as he put it, that they had ever 'fired' him. For a time he was deeply interested in Spiritualism and attended séances; but I imagine that he derived no consolation from these sources, as he never mentioned the subject in later years. Though he never probed far into such matters, speculations as to immortality always appealed to him, and he often reiterated his confidence that we shall meet and recognize, somewhere in the beyond, those who are dear to us on earth. His sympathy for bereaved friends was marked by the tenderest feeling; 'It's all right,' he would say bravely; and he did believe, sincerely, in a benign Providence that makes things 'right.'

Here was a life singularly blessed in all its circumstances and in the abundant realization of its hopes and aims. Few poets of any period have received so generous an expression of public regard and affection as fell to Riley's lot. The very simplicity of his message and the melodious forms in which it was delivered won him the wide hearing that he enjoyed and that seems likely to be his continuing reward far into the future. Yale wrote him upon her rolls as a Master of Arts, the University of Pennsylvania made him a Doctor of Letters. The American Academy of Arts and Letters bestowed upon him its gold medal in the department of poetry; his last birthdays were observed in many parts of the country. Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends were his happy portion, and he left the world richer for the faith and hope and honest mirth that he brought to it.

THE CRIERS OF THE MUSICAL SHOP

BY SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS

Nil admirari prope res est una—And Horace was spared a number of things. Even in his day, no doubt, Alexandria had filled Rome with curiosities of decadence. Many an anointed Greek would tear his soul to tatters in the Forum for a *denarius nummus*. But though decadent criticism of art and literature was known, it had not yet got into the warp and fibre of current life. And Horace could have counted on an answering smile from the friend who had brought the latest gem out from the city for a moment of satiric joy over goblets of Lesbian wine in the long siesta of the afternoon. Their eyes might have wandered over the Sabine slopes a bit sadly, perhaps, at the thought of Rome behind. But even then, with Rome simmering beyond the horizon, he could have counted on an answering smile.

As for us, however—Yesterday I culled this passage from a eulogy of Wordsworth:—

‘The unsophisticated perceptions and thoughts of children, and of the peasantry, of half-witted human creatures, and of the animals that are nearer to the earth than we, lent him a more companionable guidance [than his reason and intelligence] and to these spiritual directors he submitted his heart in humble reverence and gratitude.’

There is no responsive smile; our faces are solemnly impressed.

The other day it was an appreciation of Matisse:—

‘His glory is to have thrown over everything that could be taught, to

have rid himself of experience, of tradition, of learning, of all the distorting veils of cultivation, and to have seen with his pure spirit, without a preconception, as a child might see, or a primitive savage, or better, the first man without an ancestor to catch an atavistic predilection from.’

And to-day a eulogy of Richard Strauss:—

‘Cacophony rules . . . this episode is repulsive in its aural cruelty. . . . Often we cannot hear the music because of the score. . . . Richard Strauss is the musical enchanter of our day. . . . What a gorgeous, horrible color-scheme is his! He has a taste for sour progressions, and every voice in his orchestral family is forced to sing impossible and wicked things.’

The sober implication is that poetry is great in the measure of its childish, half-witted, and bestial inspiration, painting great for its barbarous crudity, and music great for its cacophony, its aural cruelty, its ‘sour progressions.’ These passages are from books published by reputable houses. One was written by an Oxford professor. Two of them I have seen in learned libraries, dog-eared with sedulous perusal. And the thing is, that such utterances meet with response. Wild as they are, they would seem to be of a piece with the current sense of the arts, and this, curiously enough,—and alas!—at a time when the arts are cried up as the stuff of culture. The case has its humors.

Not to bend too solemn a brow upon it, lest the comic spirit find its perch

there instead of on the situation, I yet propound that it is time for the general intelligence to step in and take the word from the appointed appreciators and eulogists. For the state is lost when authority slips from the civil to the military; and life goes to pieces when the specialists drown the voice of the general intelligence.

What we like to call the life of the spirit is modernly parceled out and hedged in by the technicians. The large coördination of it is suffering — if not dead and beyond suffering. The play of the discursive reason, with its large perspective and sense of proportion, seems latterly to have gone out and to have left, as our eulogist says of Strauss's music, 'an entirely new scheme of orchestration, the basic principle of which is individualism of instruments, the pure anarchy of the entire orchestral apparatus.' We are going a little mad from too much centrifugal advice, cried us at from a hundred shops like bewildered wanderers in an Eastern bazaar.

Learning is guilty enough: witness, in passing, the swelling strut and mouth-ing in front of the psychological shop. Learning, however, has the eternal check of reality to tug at its flapping coat-tails. And reason is there to protest. But art is the perennial prey of the mountebanks. The arts spring, at their best, from the mystery of genius, and appeal to the eager senses and willing emotions. They live to please, and a dash of mystery, a touch of extravagance, are spice to the palate. They escape thus the natural drag of obvious reality, and the natural ridicule of obvious common sense. They are the privileged, the concessionnaires of the bazaar. And, catching us at a moment when general guides are in disrepute, they have launched their licensed criers at us. We are beset with their seductive antics. And lo, not a smile! The

criers are taken at their word, greeted with sober faces, quoted, retailed. Antic extravagance out-tops antic extravagance.

'We catch glimpses,' calls our musical crier, in hushed tones, thumb over shoulder toward the musical shop where the wizard is about to begin, 'of vast vistas where dissonance is king; slow iron twilights in which trail the enigmatic figures of another world; there are often more moons than one in the blood-red skies of his icy landscapes.'

Still not a smile. Humor is born of perspective. The crier begins to take himself as he sees himself in the eager, solemn eyes of the crowd. He doffs cap and bells, dons the frock coat and the professorial eyeglass, climbs down from the gilded box, and walks up and down in the earth like his prototype. Or he appears in blue with the gilt license tag of a reputable publisher, to catch the ear of those who have not wandered to the bazaar for the frank, abandoned pleasure of being duped. He has caught the general ear. His talk has got currency. Really, it is time for the general intelligence to step in, and nail to the door of the shop of the arts its ninety-five theses against further indulgences.

And especially to the door of the musical shop. For music has out-topped the other arts in a certain kind of insidious extravagance. Architecture, when it strays too far, is brought back to sanity by its alliance to vulgar usefulness. Sculpture may go a little mad, but it is still responsible to something outside itself. Painting may have periods when it out-Hamlets Hamlet — is indeed passing through a period when the wind is far from south. But it too has an external check, an anchor in reality, and is safe to come back eternally in its lucid intervals. Music, however, is free, is responsible to nothing. It is a closed circle, not accountable even to that most irresponsible of sciences, æsthetics.

It is trite to allude to Chinese music, but Chinese music holds a Chinese audience spellbound, and carries to Western ears the blunt, disillusionizing message that music is, after all, a matter of taste in noises, and that one may come to like almost any kind of noise. And to those of us who would like to feel that in melody and rhythm and harmony there lies something in the 'nature of things,' something that might bring us into closer touch with the mystery of life, or even some correspondence with the human spirit whereby developing music might open up new recesses of the soul, probe to new depths, the disillusionment is great. The criers make much, indeed, of such mystic promises, and hail each new school of music, and hail each new meteor in the musical sky, as a discoverer of new revelations of the spirit, as a scientist uncovers new truths and enlarges the scope of knowledge.

But those magic promises are illusory — mystic bait for the credulous. We need no allusion to Chinese music. Our own, eschewing rhythm, disdaining melody, enthroning dissonance, is moving in the same direction, and assuring us that we can come to like any noise, genuinely like it, and respond to it with our emotions. But the emotions are the old emotions, the spirit the old spirit, dulled perhaps to old noises and eager for new stimulants, but with no new powers and no new scope. There is nothing outside the voices of the criers themselves to make us believe that we have ampler spirits than the old Greeks, for all their simple music; or that Beethoven was of a poorer spirit than Humperdinck.

Change and decay! We like the new sounds, or we do not; and our emotions respond to what we like. Music is simply a pleasure in sounds. But music has the strongest hold on our mystic credulity, for it lays the surest hands on our

intangible feelings. And it is at the door of the musical shop that I should like to make a few protests, not against music, but rather in its defense against the excesses of its criers in the marketplace.

It is on the word of the criers that music has been taken with solemnity into the body of that curious thing called culture. And the particular note that recurs in cultural circles is that music has something to impart, some content — 'message' is the word that will be recognized both by those who talk of culture, and by those who shudder at it. At all events, this content is a part of the serious regard in which music is held. It is reasonable, therefore, to inquire into the nature of those impartations, — to search for 'messages' among the musical, in programmes, and in those thumbéd octavos that attest the seriousness of the cult. But a wide perusal ends in mystification.

'The quaking swamps echo with the shriek of flaming death,' interprets one crier.

If this is the type — and it is the type reported — one is tempted to ask, Why say it? Or what is the good of being told so, or led to fancy it so?

'Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. . . . In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fevers of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret.'

So writes another crier in the marketplace. Whether music *can* do such things is another question. But if it does — I speak the blunt language of common sense and provocative thesis — is there not some room for doubt as to its health, even its sanity?

There are indeed other 'messages' more sane revealed by the interpreters, — sunny meadows that comport themselves more seemly, moods that are

unmorbid, active impulse that moves with the stride of untainted purpose. But a search among appreciators and programmes fails to give up anything that in speech would seem more than elementary. Compared with subtleties from the pen of the simplest writer, the reported messages of music are something barren. Oftener they are gross.

'And such an exposition,' comments a crier on the composer's orchestration of his 'snarling, sorry crew of critics,' 'it is safe to say has never been heard since saurians roared in the steaming marshes of the young planet, or when prehistoric man met in multitudinous and shrieking combat.'

And yet we are asked to associate such matter with the gentler amenities of culture! It is one of the curiosities of the current vogue of the criers that they report no messages which bear in themselves the high seriousness or the deep penetration that are the mark of the noblest expression.

I am comforted on behalf of the more genuine culture, however, by one reflection. Music cannot say those things. There is danger, I know, of over-solemnity in chipping at this crystallized metaphor of a content in music. It will have a tendency to run fluid again. But that music can speak, that it can convey a thought, that it has a content, is, in the moving eloquence of the criers, the lamp that lights its entry into the preserves of culture. And the lamp is not left dull for lack of rubbing.

'The conception is breath-catching,' writes a crier of his hero, 'for it is the chant of the Ego, the tableau of Strauss's soul exposed as objectively as Walt Whitman's when he sang of his Me.'

Our light-hearted crier admits the next moment, indeed, that this objective exposure cannot be understood by listening to the music, but 'it may be child's play to the next generation.'

'This kind of music,' writes another, 'adds to our knowledge of men and of the world as much as does a play of Ibsen or a novel of Tolstoi.'

'Why cannot music express philosophy?' Strauss himself asks. 'If one wishes to approach the world-riddle perhaps it can be done with the aid of music.'

Deliquescence of thought to meet more than half way the proclaimed potency of music! And part, no doubt, of the musical illusion is due to the kind of iridescent haze that goes, to the crier-mind, by the name of thought. It is said, indeed, — and here is an illustration happily to hand, — that 'music is another language, addressed to the soul,' a thing 'so subtle that speech can never more than dimly render it, its very essence lost in translation.' Such words may have a meaning vaguely illuminating their misty volume, but I think that it is only such meaning as is explicit in the parallel statement that the smell of the rose is addressed to the soul. No language can dimly render the smell of the rose. The senses are beyond translation into speech. And yet even in the common vernacular there persists a distinction between soul and sense.

The great tactical mistake of the criers is that they are not content with their radiant nebulae; they insist on defining. And their definitions are not far remote from soul-curdling melodrama, disordered dream-stuff, chaos, and old night. And as for the explicit content of music, its thought, it is significant that no composer has orchestrated a definite statement of the musical valiance in this direction, to lay the natural doubts of the common sense. The criers themselves are forced to use speech to put its claims — to say what music means — to say that it means anything. And M. Rolland writes the ten volumes of his *Jean-Christophe* —

that noble work marred by the musical illusion — and writes it in words.

After all, it is only language that can convey ideas. For conveyance implies not only utterance on the one side, but comprehension on the other. When Jean-Christophe in his old age came back to Paris, he found a new generation growing up around him, and a new school of music. It was a little naïve to have pictured him, as M. Rolland has done, going on uttering tremendous things which no one but he himself could ever understand. In uttering particular sounds one is likely to be meaningless unless the hearer is let into the secret of them beforehand. It is just because in language one is let into the secret of every articulate element beforehand that the meaning 'comes across' — to use the expressive language of Broadway. Any one who knows the pains of search for the right word, and the trembling lest its secret be not understood with nice precision beforehand, will know the hard truth of this particular assertion. It is not made plain how music, selecting its sounds for their tone-value, can arrive with a meaning. And there comes to mind the picture of Flaubert: —

'Possessed of the absolute faith that there exists but one way of saying one thing, one word to express it, one adjective to qualify it, one verb to animate it, he gave himself over to the superhuman labor of discovering for each phrase just that word, just that epithet, just that verb. . . . To write was therefore, for him, a redoubtable thing, full of torments, of perils, of fatigues. He would set himself at his table with the fear and the desire of that beloved and torturing quest, and remain there hour after hour, immovable, desperate over his frightful task, the task of a colossus, patient and minute, building a pyramid of the marbles of childhood.'

When one compares with the signifi-

cance of this picture the vague approximations of music — its utter uncertainty that any two auditors should conceive from its expression the simplest objective 'idea': —

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;

its utter inability to mention names, or utter a thought: —

Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot;

its impotence to reason or to state a fact or truth: —

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;

— when one compares the thinker searching for sounds of conventional value with the musician searching for sounds for their sensuous tone-value, he may well despair of finding here the clue to the illusion of musical content. We may ourselves blush to have hunted the poor game in so empty a field.

I know that I am wholly beside the point in these animadversions of common sense, for thought and music are incommensurate. The point lies, after all, not in the province of thought, but in the province of emotion and fancy. It is the gift of the senses that they touch the emotions with no uncertain hand — beautiful faces loosing the pent yearnings of years, faint odors calling back for magic moments the lucid purity of childhood wonder and content, and sounds potent in their infinite variety of pitch and timbre, rhythm and succession and harmony, to stir the subtlest motions of the heart. And the quickened feelings teem with imagery to match the blended colors of the mood.

Fine Gallic distinctions among the mental faculties are not at present fashionable, but it is hardly a Gallic or a fine distinction to declare that imagery and emotion are not thought. They may accompany thought — indeed, in the noblest expressions of it they do.

One recalls — extreme example — Arnold's apostrophe to Oxford:—

'Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

'There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?'

There is emotion here, and imagery. But music would try in vain to convey just those images, just that emotion. For the musical mode reverses the literary, and in just the element that conveys the thought and adjusts the feeling to it. The user of speech puts his thought first and the feeling flows from the idea; the user of tones rouses the feelings first, but the thought that follows — if it does follow — is the irresponsible stuff of dreams.

One may guess, then, in this region of fluid values, the submerged and slippery road over which has come the common saying that music, if not parallel with prose, is parallel with poetry. It is, indeed, possible to find poetry without thought; there is a school of futurist poets. But poetry, like prose, presents its ideas or its imagery first; they are its only sure substance of conveyance. And if emotions do arise they flow from the idea, secondary and incidental. To find music in poetry and to miss the ideas there, is hardly basis for the belief that music is therefore potent to express thought.

All this, however, is still beside the point. There lingers yet the mystic

faith that in those subtle leaping of the heart that respond to the discourse of sounds something momentous must be meant, 'something that slips by language and escapes.' We are in a region of susceptibilities. To feel deep emotion — emotion that in normal life springs from touching and deep meanings in experience or thought — to feel such emotion *is* the conviction that something is meant. In the marketplace are persuasive voices crying that something *is* meant. And the culture of the polite world, with its chagrins for those who give signs that they do not belong, has added the sanction of its social tyranny.

'Certain poets,' remarks that charming old humanist, La Bruyère, 'are given in their dramas to long passages of pompous verse, which seem powerful, elevated, and full of grand sentiments; the people listen eagerly, eyes lifted, mouths open, and they believe themselves pleased, and in the measure of their incomprehension admire the more. . . . I believed at one time, and in my early youth, that those passages were intelligible to the actors, to the pit, and to the balcony; that their authors understood them themselves, and that with all the attention that I could give to them I was in the wrong not to understand them. I have been undeceived.'

We were questioning the source of the musical illusion. I am not sure but that here, under the tutelage of fashion, and under the sanction of that curious mélange of preciosities called culture, the credulity of the emotions has been carried away to believe that music does mean something to the performers, to the pit and the balcony, and that the composers understand what they mean themselves. And they have not yet been undeceived.

AUTUMN

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from a tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets fife along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

UPLIFT

BY CHARLOTTE FITZHUGH MORRIS

HIGHLY civilized beings laugh seldom and never cry at all, but Lizzie, who upon slight provocation could laugh loud and long, cried over anything she wanted to. It made her feel good all over, she said, to holler aloud with her cheek pressed against the cool oilcloth of the kitchen table. Lizzie was a Slav-ic cook I had (mournful past tense!) — a large girl, with masses of coarse black hair, dusky eyes, and extremely fair and beautiful skin. Her only fault was a disposition to raise her voice in lament all the way up to my third-floor sewing-room when, for instance, a cake was burned on the bottom, when mom (spouse to 'pop') 'smacked her awful,' or when my little girl, Henrietta, got a pain.

Consequently, when those familiar robust sobs drowned the voice of my sewing-machine that day of Lizzie's great misfortune, — and mine, too, for I had trained her for three years into a perfect cook, and besides I loved the great big child, — I did not go down to inquire until I had most callously finished my seam. Then, glancing around the kitchen and seeing no stimuli for tears on the stove, sink, or table, I looked out into the back yard, where I saw the freshly laundered napkins strewn upon the ground, cause indeed for despair.

'Yes'm,' gasped Lizzie, on the crest of a sob, 'clothesline fall from clean napkins and make all dirty, but that not why I cry.' Then, with this negative explanation, the arms that could shove my piano across the sitting-room

were stretched out again on the soothing oilcloth, her face hidden against them, only the tangle of hair visible — wet around the edges with the heat of the kitchen stove combined with her emotion.

'My mom say, "You must marry." ' And the girl broke forth as though her former demonstration had been but a hint of her real power in the lachrymose line.

'But Lizzie, don't you want to marry?' I asked, amazed. I had never yet had a girl who did n't leave me to get married as soon as I had trained her. A cook lamenting because she did n't *want* to get married upset my theories.

Lizzie, looking like a swimmer who had been some time submerged, mopped her face and hair on the corner of her apron.

'My man very bad dirty fellow,' she explained. 'You teach me be clean nice girl, go-to-bed-very-early-every-night. You have nice white baby with yellow hair and clean dress. My babies come all the time to lie on floor. Such babies I hate. Such husbands I hate. Mom and pop I hate fierce. I love you, and Henri, and Mr. Stanley. I like how Mr. Stanley stay away from us women when he get drunk —'

'Why, Lizzie,' I gasped, an outraged matron, 'Mr. Stanley never got drunk in his life.'

Her eyes and mouth flew open. 'Mum? I know he don't come *home* when he drunk, but I never know a man not get drunk, especially Saturday. But such a man that don't bother

me when he drunk I like very well to marry and have a little baby with a clean dress.'

She paused, speculating. But happy anticipation had to give way to the real pressure of facts, and while I was attempting to grasp the situation the girl broke forth anew.

'It shame for us girls not to marry, and mom say, "Liz, you get a day older every day, you know. Soon no one want you for wife." I'm most twenty. But I never see a fellow I like. Our fellows is all little short men, too lazy to grow. They marry us just to work us. Lots of lads keep company with me just because they see my big broad back. But I rather work for you than such ugly fellows.'

'You said you would like children,' I suggested weakly.

But the girl interrupted.

'Yes'm, but I get tired having so many. And their pop don't love them. And it make a difference that he don't love me, you say. You told me more times than clothespins' — a peculiar comparison of Lizzie's evidently founded on wash-day — 'how a girl must not marry except she loves and she must be good girl after she marry just same as before. But I do not love such a man my mom picks out for me. And my mom she say she never hear of a girl being good like you say, and she say, "You big fool, Liz, to care that your fellow get drunk. Don't your own pop get drunk whenever he want? All men in the world get drunk."

'I say, "Do the priest drink then, mom?" And she say, "Course not, but you can't marry the priest, they don't marry, so what you talk so silly for?" Then I need n't marry, I think, but mom say, "Shut up." I marry my fellow next week. Ugh! He's that short, Mrs. Stanley, that I mostly only see the top of his head. But mom say I marry,' she reiterated.

My poor Lizzie! Of course I offered her my home as long as she wanted to live in it.

'You been good to me, Mrs. Stanley,' she said, shyly grateful, 'and I like to live here in so nice place with a clean table-cloth and such nice little cakes of that sweet soap in the bathroom what I smell when I clean out the tub — I rub a little on my dress, Mrs. Stanley, on Sunday — I know you don't care. And I just love to look at Mr. Stanley when I wait on table. He *such* a lovely young man and say, "Thanks, Lizzie," just like that, like you never tell him you pay me every week to wait on him. Sounds nice, don't you think — "Thanks, Lizzie"?''

'Do stay with me then,' I urged. 'You support yourself, and there's plenty of room for you here.'

'No, ma'am, it would be a great sin,' she replied with mournful conviction. 'Mom say she tell the priest about me and she say he say, "Lizzie must obey her parents" — that's mom and pop, you know — "and marry to increase the faithful." If I don't obey the priest I go to the bad place, and you know I think what that is every time I burn myself just a little on the range — *awful* —'

'There, Lizzie,' I interrupted, patting her shoulder soothingly. I had heard of her Hell before and had no desire to revisit those awful infernal scenes under the guidance of my domestic Dante. 'Suppose you wash your face now and see about dinner. Nothing is ever as bad as you think it is going to be.' Such my hypocritical platitude.

After her wedding I was too engrossed in the training of another Slav to interest myself seriously in Lizzie's matrimonial adventures. I often wondered, however, why she did not come to see me. I could not ascribe her indifference

to a settled content in her own home, where I knew she must be working herself to death, though my husband said that this was fine sentimental reasoning. He remarked that I seemed to feel an inner satisfaction in imagining the girl unhappy, due to the fact that I had trained her into a being somewhat higher than her own people. 'You are crediting Lizzie with nerves, almost with temperament,' he declared; 'and cooks don't have such things,' he added largely.

One day Lizzie came. She brought Henrietta gifts after a child's heart: a cake full of raisins for little fingers to pick out and scatter crumbs all over the place, and a bottle of cologne, somewhat more powerful and permeating than smelling-salts, called 'Breath of Wild Violets.' She played with the child, scarcely speaking to me. Once tears came slowly to her eyes, but she wiped them away and none followed.

'You used always to cry on this very piece of oilcloth, Lizzie. Help yourself,' said I, patting her hand.

Lizzie ignored me and lifted Henrietta from her broad knees, where the child, reeking with the scent of the 'Wild Violets,' sat absorbed in meditation like a fat Buddha.

'I have a baby soon,' she said.

There was a pause. The girl's face flushed suddenly and painfully, and I could scarcely catch her words.

'I don't know nothing. I very frightened. He scare me and mom say I big fool. My own mom she say, "Lizzie, you great big fool." But I most unhappy mother of baby like its pop, just like its ugly pop, dark, dirty-looking. —My God, Mrs. Stanley, am I a pig like my husband and my children little pigs? And I work all day for my husband since we got married, but do he care for me any different from another, any other, woman? All our men and women crowd together, spend their

nights together to make God sick — you know how it is, and you teach me be clean girl, you know, but I wish you teach me nothing nice. I wish I die long ago. I never grow a woman till I married and now — now I can't still even cry good and loud like I used to once.' She was accumulating sorrow on sorrow like a hurt child.

I did n't know what on earth to say. The situation was indeed unprecedented in my rather brief domestic experience. My husband had said that cooks did n't have 'nerves,' that surcharged feeling or temperament was the peculiar burden of those who did not have the question of the next meal and a Slavic villain of a husband to contend with. The exceptionally poor and degraded, in my theory of compensation, were to be spared exceptional insight. No cook should be devastated from within by 'those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things.' But of course my theories did not blaze a trail for Lizzie. I put my arm about the girl, and told her to come up to the nursery with me and look over some of Henrietta's first baby clothes that might be of use to her.

'My child not pretty and sweet little thing like Henri,' said the girl sullenly, but smoothing out with evident pleasure the rumpled little clothes. 'And she just grow up very quick like babies do, and she live unhappy all her life like me. She won't learn like me here, though, to like a pretty thing and to try to be nice all the time. I very dumb, but I learn much more here than to broil a beefsteak for Mr. Stanley and how not so much onion in things is better tasting. But what the use? No use at all, and now I don't like to live with a man and cut his hair and sole his shoes and bake and clean. And you wouldn't believe how I have so great number of things to tell on myself at confession, how awful I swear, and how

Satan tempts me to hit my husband, me so much larger than him and such a good useful strength in my two arms. — My *heavenly* Father,' she cried suddenly, 'if my baby a *boy* baby — you can't think how I hate men, except Mr. Stanley of course. — But I like these little clothes fine. Don't you think they cute? And all mine. I like very much to dress her — this baby, I mean.'

'You will bring her around often to see Henri and me,' I urged as she was leaving.

'Yes, ma'am, if you should like.'

'I love your baby dearly already,' said I; but, stopping short, embraced the girl.

Her wistful darkening eyes were so eloquent a tongue that my own was silenced.

When I leaned over to peep at the little bundle in its mother's arms I was greeted by screams from such powerful lungs that I concluded sorrowfully that, contrary to Lizzie's wishes, the infant must certainly be a boy and a very energetic one. But its mother answered my unspoken question.

'It's a little girl, Mrs. Stanley. Its pop is that mad at its not being a boy. I hope I don't have another. But I like this one, this little girl.' She lay silently with her one good possession pressed to her side. 'Don't you think it's a awful cute little baby?' said its mother, running her fingers lightly over the

funny fuzzy little head. 'Do *you* think it favors me or the pop, Mrs. Stanley? We think it looks like me. My mom say she don't just happen to remember what I looked like when I was small, she's had so many babies since, but she thinks I most likely looked about like this baby of mine, real fat,' — she rolled back the sleeve from the infant's arm, — 'and *do* look, its arms are certainly powerful looking for such a small baby, ain't they, and you remember how I can move your piano? — But dear God! I do feel so weak as water now.'

'What are you going to name her, Lizzie? Is she to be a little Lizzie Number Two?'

'No, ma'am. I wanted to ask you if you cared if I named her after Henrietta. And pop's name's Bevarik, you know, so her name'll be Henrietta Stanley Bevarik. Ain't that a *nice* name? Sounds almost as if she were a lady already like your Henri. With a name like that she'll surely be a whole lot better than me, don't you think? Well, I think I get up to-morrow. I have a lot to do for the baby that nobody here know how to do but me. And did n't you say I should wash her ears along with her face, Mrs. Stanley?'

'Yes, Lizzie.'

'I knew it,' said the young mother triumphantly. 'Mom say it 'ud make her deaf to wash her ears much. But mom don't know about babies like *I* do, do she?'

HOMETOWN REVISITED

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

SOMETHING said at the Conspirators' luncheon table started it. The Single-Taxer, in an interval of silence vouchsafed by the string band between twin-ges of *La Bohème*, had propounded, —

'What would happen to us, I wonder, if we went back to live in our home towns?'

'Had n't you better ask,' amended the Christian Socialist, 'what would happen to our home towns?'

He was recommended not to flatter himself that he, or any other clergyman not quite resolved to give up the church, could quell the knew-him-when-he-was-a-youngsterizings of his birthplace. A certain supreme failure was cited. Your tongue might be touched with Pentecostal flame: there would always be some one who made a point of remembering that your Uncle Jim had died of delirium tremens.

'Just a moment,' objected the Party Socialist; 'I am unable to see how the small towns can be much more hopeless for our purposes than these sodden suburbs, where the whole mental energy of the community is focused on lawnmowers and furnaces. Make the small towns understand what is wrong, and they will help you right it.'

This notion was, of course, contemptuously flouted by the Syndicalist: 'Small towns inevitably react to the *bourgeois* influences. The revolution has nothing to hope from them. It must rest its case with the working class.'

'Yes, but,' interposed the Single-Taxer, 'my question was: What would

happen to us if we were forced to go back to our home towns to live?'

'The question is a foolish question,' snorted the Syndicalist. 'None of us would ever go back to our home towns to live. We would rather die.'

Whereupon the party, amid fresh spasms of Puccini from the band, adjourned to a capitalist, or as yet unregenerate, world.

It was remarked afterwards that the Fabian had not shared in the dispute. He had listened with eyes fixed glassily on the carafe, as men do when what they hear is at work on their subconscious minds. Next week, the luncheon table of the Conspirators saw him not. But the week after that he was first in his place.

The Fabian is of an inquiring turn. While we speculated, he had experimented. He had, at no small trouble and some expense, negotiated a flying pilgrimage to his home town — somewhere in the Mississippi Valley; in the interests of generalization I make a point of forgetting the name of the place. He was back with the news. And here, as nearly as I can remember, it is.

I

It was partly a sentimental journey, I may as well confess. The estate is to be broken up and the house sold. I had a hankering to eat and sleep once more in the old rookery before it went under the hammer. Nobody inhabits it now except a care-taker, but the furniture all remains exactly as it was when I

clutched at it, learning to walk — the old stage-set intact. How would my, your, anybody's new costumes fit the old scenery? Hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands of us, in the past four decades, have left just such homes and fared into the cities. For better or for worse? How stands the balance-sheet? Did I say it was a sentimental pilgrimage? Well, at any rate, it soon ceased to be personal. If I felt

like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall de-sarted,

it was as the envoy of the multitudes who must be wondering exactly the same things I was wondering — the multitudes who picked up and cleared out of these small towns on the reiterated plea that in them 'there was nothing for the young people to do.'

Not to rely too implicitly on my own verdicts, I took the precaution of including Talcott in the expedition. As the chief resident physician in St. Benedict's, Talcott has some standing as a diagnostician. He is, likewise, a small-town product. Not a few of the successive phases of the translation from *rus* to *urbs* we had weathered together. His stethoscope, I opined, would register a few heart-throbs which might elude the naked ear. As to this, Talcott was skeptical — but then, Talcott is always skeptical. That is half his value.

The town? It has a Main Street and a stone bridge of three arches to span a river which freshets obstreperously each spring. The churches are late black walnut and pre-social-settlement, individual-salvation theological; the high school prepares for college if perchance the dean hath dined well; there is one rich man, whose residence, the show place, is not infrequently mistaken for the county courthouse; and, I regret to record, a Carnegie library smelling of the blood and sweat of the steel industry. An interurban street-

car line communicates with a country club where the newest dances are duly solemnized to phonograph records of the punctiliously newest Broadway 'successes.'

And then there are the side streets of white houses behind the shade rows of maples; the kind voices and the glad greetings; the dimmed eyes and the thin, eager, old hands clinging as if stretched out for a little warmth from the glowing past. These are the old neighbors who called on one's parents when they were a bridal pair, who had helped and been helped in sickness, who had snatched us from in front of teams when we were tow-headed toddlers. Yes, there is something more to be said for the man who remembers that your Uncle Jim died of the D.T.'s. As likely as not he was the only man in town with the nerves to stay by through the horror of those last ravings. Why has n't he good cause to remember?

'To think,' says Magda Schwartz, in Sudermann's play, 'that from this window to that door was once my world!'

It appeared that both Talcott and I had been thinking of that play all along as charting pretty much the whole predicament of home-coming. For while, in my ears, the echoes of industrial revolt jangled horribly out of tune with this small-town tranquillity, in his, scientific training was in just as strident clash with its evangelical theology. Scenes from *Magda* kept confronting us at every street corner. It was positively as if we had wandered 'on' into some unrehearsed fifth act.

To rummage among the musty pigeon-holes of reawakened memories was to suffer many a wry face at the keepsakes they yielded to the light. So these were our jewels in the days when Plancus was consul and Mr. Maurice Grau engaged the singers for the Metropolitan! Item, one bundle of vain-

glorious ambitions, slightly damaged; item, one packet of idolatrous worship of the charlesdanagibsonizings of the eighteen-nineties; item, full-page portraits of Men in the Public Eye and Captains of Industry. (Query: Where are the Captains of yester year?) Money? No: we had not exactly craved that prize, except by way of craving the prizes which we did not then know that it would buy — though we were quite docilely disposed to swallow any quantity of magazine chatter about smart sets in general and marble cottages at Newport in particular. What we craved was a certain nebulous condition best defined, perhaps, as the state of being in the swim. We did passionately and painfully desire that, and so intensely that we were quite willing to accept the attached condition of its being a sink-or-swim — chiefly, as we were later to learn, a sink.

The influence of the popular magazines of those years, in moulding our minds and ambitions, is fearful to me now to contemplate — even in retrospect; nor am I able to perceive that the tune has altogether changed. Our tastes, our social criticism (so far as we had any), our estimates of worth-while-ness, were ruled by the invisible hand of magazine art, magazine fiction, and magazine reviewing. Oh, tempered and supplemented, it is true, by the Victorian poets and novelists, escorted by the mid-nineteenth-century New Englanders, on most of whom, save Hawthorne and Emerson, be it confessed, we had already begun to sniff a faint odor of mediocrity.

The newspapers were impossible. But the magazines at least registered the pulse of the time. And whether that pulse was normal or feverish was not so much the point of bane or blessing as that it beat in *tempo*, not with Hometown, but with Urbopolis. It was city cookery for country stomachs; and

it frequently caused acute indigestion. Your fictionist, your illustrator, your commentator on men and events were — save for brief spasms of summer rustication, during which they patronized 'natives' within an inch of their lives — in and of the city. From the city their impressions and illustrations were mostly drawn. They idealized the city; they gilded it with false sentiment, false beauty, false romance. On much, if not most, extra-urban existence fell the implied stigma of a derided provincialism.

I am not picking a belated quarrel with the great gods of journalism as she was journeyed in the late nineties. I am, with the aid of an expert diagnostician, registering symptoms many of which I know to be still extant.

The difficulty was just here: the city life was conscious of itself; the small-town life was not. An army of fairly competent minds was busy interpreting the life of the city to itself, and this so thoroughly that not a teamster or ribbon-counter clerk of the urban lot but had his spokesman in the public prints, and partook somewhere of the typical. And the salesperson who has once seen salespeople elevated to the rank of printed or acted comedy or tragedy is conscious of a new sense of personal consequence which years of obscurity are powerless wholly to erase. To have had one's social setting touched by the wand of art is to have shaken hands with a celebrity: life is never afterwards quite the same drab commonplace.

But the small town, save for a few scattered 'story-writers of locality,' had never had its leaden metal transmuted into this gold of self-consciousness. A few county histories, a few Indian legends, a few volumes of short tales, were the only glances that art had deigned to cast our way. What the small town needed — and needs — was

to be interpreted to itself: to be able to say at this moment and that, 'This is typical.' In the large sense, what we wanted was the news. The news did not come fast enough, there was not enough of what did come, and what did come was not the right kind. A city-concocted brew of mental stimulant taught us to value what we had not. It did not teach us to appreciate what we had.

The materials of art were all present, in rich profusion. To perceive them is easy enough now. The porch life in summer: whole families living on vine-draped verandas and visiting, in clans, from porch to porch of a mild evening; the church festivals, embroiling neighborhoods in hectic excitements and theatrical thrills; the adjournment of households to a semi-barbarous existence of canvas tent and mosquito netting on the shores of woods-embowered streams and lakes; the evenings of innocent peanut debauchery at the hurdy-gurdified 'amusement parks'; the lecture courses, of which Mr. Robert Nourse and Mr. Russell H. Conwell were kings; sleigh-rides and coasting parties which included everybody from grandmother to the four-year-old; the one week of February when the river froze solidly enough for skating, and business was suspended while the whole town strapped on its skates; the long, cosy winter evenings by the fire, with sessions of Thackeray and Shakespeare read aloud from the moment the supper dishes were done until a reluctant bedtime; the valiant amateur struggles with Schubert's songs and Mozart's sonatas; and finally, the perpetual and perennial sheer delight of old and young, whether conscious or unconscious, in the majestic procession of the seasons; the warm throb of night wind on the first fair evenings of April; the delight of blossom-time and of fruit-time; and the Alpine pageantry of that cloud-land

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which is so incomparably splendid on the great plains.

Here it was, an Ali Baba's cave of treasure; and most of us who were within it felt it to be, not a treasure-house but a prison, because that art which is the vehicle of community self-consciousness was wanting to interpret it to us. The doors of the outer world would not open, for the only words we knew were, not 'Open Sesame,' but 'Open Barley.'

II

And here, after the lapse of a decade or more, so vivid were the memories of that hunger and thirst after urbanities that, if candor is to have her perfect work, neither Talcott nor I can deny a secret elation in walking those familiar lanes and byways with a sense of having outgrown them. 'From this window to that door was once my world.' In this upper chamber, on a still, summer afternoon a dozen years ago, we had sat staring at the snowy gleam of the silver birch amid its mist of greenery, with eyes that saw it not, with a spirit that burned to be at a trial of strength in the city: to struggle; to win; to lose; to feel the tug and strain of muscles at tension; to know the dust and sweat of the day; to have borne a share in it, however obscure; to have been one of the great crowd, suffering, aspiring, and to have heaved a shoulder against the eternal burdens along with the rest.

Well, all this we have done. And it was worth the fee. Nothing much came of it, perhaps, unless it be that solemn, man's-estate elation voiced by the mate in Mr. Joseph Conrad's story, *Youth*: —

'And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure — something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate — and I am only twenty —

and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men.'

The romance of the great towns! — Do the city-bred ever thrill to it as we of the small towns? I wonder. Not vulgar bedazzlement with glitter and swirl, — your minor poet or Broadway dramatist can dish up that emotion, — but the mental intoxication of guessing at the epic sweep of human destinies interwoven in these inscrutable buildings, these teeming streets. I mean a glamour as of first hearing a majestic symphony, long ago learned from a piano score, performed by full orchestra: I mean those first weeks of our Great Adventure, of the sense and sound of the city drenching us with hope and dread; of lifting eyes to the upper murk, rose-pink from the glare of boulevards; of the muffled roar borne vaguely up into remote brick courts as from spring freshets thundering in deep woods over the cataracts of life.

To be sure, nothing much happens. But anything might. A pair of closed shutters shrouds what malign secrets? The merest hall bedroom, exhibited by the frowsiest of garrulous landladies during the room-hunt, — what devotions, ecstasies, heroisms, passions, lusts, despairs have been enacted in the scant nine feet between 'this window and that door'! — And in this illimitable, mysterious human flood we are, somehow, swimming and keeping heads out. This was what we had planned to do, and we are managing to do it. The cup for which we thirsted is a cup of trembling, a shuddering intoxication. Gone is the shelter of neighborly interest, gone the placid security of home.

But we have felt the good ship riding free,
And seen the dawn o'er purple islands break.

At a certain moment in a memorable contest came a raucous whisper from the quarter-back, 'Anything goes, fellows; the referee's not watching.' At a

certain moment in the contest comes a sinister whisper from the city to the small-town transplantee, 'Anything goes; the referee's not watching.'

It sounds credible. The crowd has opened its jaws and swallowed us — human atoms. One letter a week is the slender thread leading back to any former identity which may have been ours. Not a human eye keeps watch over our comings-in or our goings-out. Sweeping repeal of that half-kindly, half-spiteful surveillance of gossip over good repute; the annihilation of a whole army of neighborly recording angels. And this on the heels of that staggering revelation of our personal unimportance. At home we were, always would be, Somebody, — even if only 'Charley Lamson's boy'; here — 'Mr. Nobody of Nowhere.' Humiliation. Loneliness. Anxiety. Appetite for pleasure. Youth. Homesickness. Beckoning of soft occasion. Now if character is in, let it out and mount guard. For it is under the assault of this insidious sense of *irresponsibility* that the first battles are lost or won. We are surprised by a rapid beating of the heart for no apparent reason; we are brimming with a fierce, secret exultation over nothing in particular. Now comes the test of principles with a severity which rarely assails the city-bred, whose mentors have grown up with them. No one seems to care what we do. It does not seem to matter. It is only long afterwards that we learn that the future is thronged with those who care. For the present, if we have the force of character to withstand these incitements of namelessness in the solitude of the crowd, it is either from a fear of evil consequences, which, though not an exalted inhibition, is better than none, or from habit of right behavior or sheer strength of will and loyalty to abstract principles.

If the city-bred are not required to undergo this ordeal, they never quite

earn the invulnerability of those by whom it has, more or less creditably, been passed. For after this temptation in the desert of loneliness, no temptation is ever quite so severe. That is why, I think, such small-townners as surmount it emerge in a stoic temper. Stoic it may have left us, but the ordeal will have failed of half its purpose if it has not left us compassionate as well. Five-line tragedies in the newspapers are meaningful to us. Now we know how such things can happen. That we escaped may be as much good luck as good management. But to have realized how narrow are the margins between guilt and innocence is at once a rebuke to pride and a claim on measureless pity.

And then, to our new-opened eyes, the tragedy of the city begins to reveal itself. Do you, who have grown up in the midst of it, look on it with a vision so sensitized? I doubt. To us it has not only the terror of strangeness, but also the terror of the might-have-been.

The romance, by this time, has grown somewhat grim: not Thackeray at his most genteel, but Dickens at his most grisly. This is now not a stage play or a story book; nor is life 'copy' for inspired fiction. This is real blood and tears. These shrieks are genuine; this despair is the hollow throat-rattle of exhaustion; this sin is vile; this suffering unbearable. We see it now, we small-townners, with eyes washed clean by our own temptations, defeats, self-conquests, and with hearts that know from the sweet, wholesome neighborly intercourse in which we were reared that people were never meant to live like this.

The drawn underlip of the rouged woman in the café; the wail of the wife as the verdict-grinding magistrate pronounces sentence; the sodden face of the pauer-over of garbage barrels; the haggard glare of the drug fiend; the frail girl taking her first day at the

telephone switchboard — she is too faint to touch her luncheon of toast and tea; the man of forty in quest of a job; the teamster, asleep from exhaustion, rolled from his seat, and run over by his own wagon. The child struck by a motor-truck driven by a lad who has been out since four that morning: it is now seven of the evening, and he was speeding home. A scream, a pool of blood, a limp little body, a mother's shriek. An ambulance call. The young doctor in the ambulance shakes his head. (It was Talcott.) 'Honest, Doc, I never seen her. It was so dark.' A driver out of a job; a mother out of a child. — Must these things be? Well, they are. Think on them. And then let us be gay. Crack a joke. Lively places, these cities. Glamour. Romance. Majestic public buildings. Hear the sweet young thing exclaim, 'I perfectly adore New York!' Meaning that she perfectly adores luncheon at the Plaza and a box at the Metropolitan.

So why spend good money for cheap imitation tragedies in theatres when the raw material of the real thing jostles us off the curbing? I do not say that the city-bred are invariably desensitized to such sights. What I say is that we of the small towns look on them with a sensitiveness to the human side of things which sharpens our capacities for suffering and stimulates our consciences to seek a remedy. We know that if such things had happened in our home towns we could and would have 'done something' about it. It is the knowledge that, here in the cities, half the time, there is not much to be done, that causes us to take it so to heart.

III

Well, and what do we propose to do about it?

The *dramatis personæ* of the party at the luncheon table is one hint. But

what sort of reception would such a cast of characters as you fellow Conspirators — sartorially irreproachable, but politically outrageous — receive in the home town?

As we sat there in the family pew that golden Sunday morning, and afterwards, as we strolled home under the maple shade-rows through the sultry, drowsing noon, this is what Talcott (who signs himself in gay little notes, 'For the revolution') and I were asking ourselves. How can these placid gentle-folk be expected to comprehend the secret horror and the public danger, even to their very selves, of a city slum? Whimsically we amused ourselves by speculating as to what would happen were one of us, after sitting docilely under the sterile theology of the eighteen-seventies, to mount the horse-block before the church portal, and, as the congregation poured out, preach the new gospel of industrial democracy and social revolt. We imagined the Sunday dinners curdled with horror: the stoning with missiles of blank stupefaction and outraged decorum. — 'Christ a labor agitator! The priests and politicians who crucified him the capitalist class of Judea! "Wage slavery" worse than the black slavery of the South? — Don't I seem to remember, Jane, that every once in a while some one in that family has had a slate off?'

The notion of haranguing those old neighbors on these new issues held the raw materials of farce and melodrama, with just a possible dash of tragedy. We were wise youth. We did not preach, saying, 'Repent, for ye know not at what hour the social revolution cometh.' We withdrew, instead, to the rose-garden below the terraces, and there, stretched at full length on the velvety lawn, looked up into the sun-veined foliage of the lindens and asked ourselves a few questions.

Why, after all, this frantic fluttering

to quit Hometown the instant wings were fledged? Was there truly 'nothing for young people to do'? Or was there merely nothing *genteel* for young people to do?

Partly both. A Hometown which, with the flour dust of two grist-mills, whitens a Main Street jostled by thrice as many stores as an adjacent farming territory can comfortably maintain, will support only a limited number of white-collar men. Squire, doctor, parson, and pedagogue well-nigh exhaust the professional list. Add a few clerks, officials, and small merchants, and the clean-linen positions are all filled.

But our college-entrance, high-school curriculum had created in us a mystic conviction that our talents were henceforth dedicated to 'brain work' — by which we meant indoor jobs. Also, it meant a flavor of the gentility hereinbefore mentioned. Hearing, therefore, that such posts were running round the cities crying to be eaten, and mindful of a mercantile-literary tradition of poor-boys-who-became-exploiters, we stampeded thither to hang, in the majority of cases for the rest of our days, by the skin of our teeth on the ragged edge of that self-same gentility. Whether or not there were, specifically, acres enough for us all, did it occur to any of us, I wonder, that had we been willing, as Tolstoï admonishes, to do our own bread-labor with our own hands, all these things of culture which really count might have been added unto us — or, if they were not, it had been no great matter? Culture was a nineteenth-century society-saving gospel which had grown somewhat ragged at the edges in the twentieth, even before it began to be spelled with a K.

Explicitly, how fared it with the children of the Exodus? Had their urban Land of Promise flowed with milk and honey? It had flowed with hall bedrooms and dairy lunches — loneliness,

underpayment, precarious employment, every inducement to commercialize friendships, and always the gnawing suspicion that while this might be 'life' it certainly was not living. So much for certified milk and canned honey.

It is not that we should be told, when we fare forth on these errands, that the prizes are mostly blanks. That is not true. What we should be told is that they are not prizes at all, but extremely moderate stipends for years of plodding toil, and that the premium is a possibly wider mental life than that of the small towns. What we *are* instructed to believe is that for every one willing to pay the fee in stoical endurance of hardship and temptation, there is reputation, or riches, or great place. And this, we have begun to learn, is a thundering lie.

If you put it on a profit-and-loss basis, perhaps better bargains at life's counter are to be had in the country store. Perhaps, and again perhaps, we could spare the city better than the city could spare us. Our trial balance is not all debit. Once we were sure of meals, clothes, and a roof; we gave our days to administering charities which the shrewder of us detected to be something like genteel conscience-money; we gave our reputations to be burned attacking corrupt administrations; and that the cities are no more terrible than they are is owing somewhat to the small-town conscience and the small-town courage.

But our forfeitures have been heavy. Not for us those neighborly intimacies in which lifelong friendships ripen as choice vintages mellow, to decant sparkling and fresh at the last; not for us that majestic processional of the seasons, unvexed by the clatter of scurrying routines; not for us the deliberate maturing of projects 'too great for haste, too high for rivalry'; nor the sun-

drenched ripening of quiet days, alone with the Great Silences.

I am not talking of an elegant loaf. I am talking of 'toil unsevered from tranquillity.' Can it be ours in the cities? Or do we 'spend our lives in posting here and there,' mistaking St. Vitus for St. Francis?

Come. Let us out with it. Fools who revisit their home towns to scoff remain to pray. The tinsel that drew us away is tarnished; the lottery ticket dishonored. For the mouthings of drama and the posturings of opera, we have bartered neighbors who could know enough about us to be able to trust us; for painted canvas in art galleries, the splendor of nature's nakedness; for concert rooms, the music of evening breeze and robin's song; in three words, imitation for reality. We know it. So now, if we remain, it must be not from any illusion as to what we can get, but from a stern knowledge of what we ought to give.

IV

There, where the roses kindled their garnet flames, while the lindens stirred to leafy music as we lay, Talcott and I, thumbing pages of the last decade, — the shimmering heat of brick pavements; the litter of soiled papers beating from curb to curb under aimless gusts; forlorn alleys; weary men and women; babies gasping for life in stifling tenements, — how remote it all seemed from this bridal chamber of maidenly summer; how remote and yet how much more real!

To quit the cities while such things are?

Yes. For news travels faster in the city than in Hometown; and there is no slum like a rural slum. For if Hometown is to be the reservoir, it must learn to boil the water. Enough of community frolics and family festivals; enough of domestic-centric universes;

there is mighty work to be done and Hometown must help to do it. Hometown must learn not to bristle at the suggestion that slavery did not cease on January 1, 1863, but is going cheerfully on under the sleek alias of wages. Hometown must unlearn a whole rigid ritual of burgess history and burgess ethics. Hometown must learn not to blanch at the dire names of Emma Goldman and Bill Haywood, who might conceivably teach Hometowners many truths highly expedient for them to know. As yet, I believe, Hometown has progressed to the point of accepting Miss Jane Addams, which is excellent so far as it goes, but which, as I think Miss Addams would be the first to agree, is not the ultimate.

Such is the diagnosis. What is the prescription? Allopathic. A tablespoonful of radicalism after each meal and at bedtime, administered by Hometowners who have earned their diplomas by hard study and hard knocks in the great university of city life. The trouble, at present, is that the Hometowners who master the science of preventive medicine are mainly fighting epidemics in Urbia or Suburbia, whereas the social hygiene of Hometown is by no means impeccable.

Let Hometowners go to the cities, since go they will; only let them take heed that the city be not their journey's end. I am very far from suggesting that they should return to the spot of their nativity, for I can scarcely conceive a more difficult lot than that of the radical who, having 'got religion' in a great town, should endeavor to take it home with him to be introduced to his old neighbors — an ordeal compared to which the bride's at the sewing circle is a Roman triumph. Nazareth has written a precedent which the centuries, unfortunately, do not erase.

Rather, let a new pioneer furnish the hint.

He had been a blazer of trails: from a Berkshire college he plunged directly into the boiling social vat of a city slum, to give two of the best years of his youth (the two when other men are 'getting started') to an errand of service. The two years are given. And now what?

'It is back to the small town for me,' says the pioneer.

'Your home town?'

'And lose two years disarming the hostility of old neighbors who grudge to admit that it is possible for a child to grow up? Not much! But to some other small town, where I can be a novelty, a mystery, a possibility. No money. No glory. But a human life. And a new profession, — about the newest, I fancy, in such a country as this, — that of giving more than you get.'

That was three years ago. He went; not to Hometown, but to East Hometown, where, as I gather, he is now the Main Splash, though that was not the object of the expedition.

To carry the news from the cities; to urge Hometown to know its blessings and recognize its failings; to keep the springs of life flowing pure and strong; and there to nourish a social conscience that shall help to shame the cities into decency: I wonder if that is not our return-trip ticket.

The sun had westered till the late yellow rays found the two of us under the lindens. Inside the French windows which gaped open on the terrace, a tall clock chimed four. There was dunnage to pitch into traveling bags, a train to catch.

It whistled at the bend. We were whirled away. In another hour, as we crossed a Sunday-jaded city square, Buonarotti, the I. W. W. organizer, just out of a Western jail, was lecturing the populace. Over their heads we had a parenthetical nod of recognition. It was to realize that while we had

stepped out into the foyer to chat, the play was still going on.

Ten minutes later, in the great hospital, Talcott, in his whites, with his stethoscope in his hip pocket, had resumed his rounds and vigils. Two hours more, and a transcontinental limited, roaring across a moonlit countryside, was laying the states between Hometown and me.

It was all over. And yet it was not. For some day, remembering that the city is not all, is only a probation, we are going back, out there where lie the realities, and the duties—if not to Hometown, then to East Hometown.

Thus the Fabian. And on all the host of well-greaved Achæans sat many-counseled Silence, brooding, brooding. On the Syndicalist especially, chin on breast, very glum.

Then the Single-Taxer, with that tactically invaluable knack of his for drawing fire to expose the enemy's batteries, spoke these winged words: 'Didn't I hear that the revolution has nothing to hope from the small town?'

'Well, what if you did?' responded the Syndicalist, so *mezzo forte* for him that, to one who knew him, it was piteous; 'I came from a white house up a side street myself. And I'm homesick.'

WITH THE IRON DIVISION AT VERDUN

BY LOUIS-OCTAVE PHILIPPE

[On February 21, 1916, the opening guns of the great German offensive against Verdun were fired. As it had been preceded by a number of small local attacks at various points along the line, the French High Command was not sure at first whether the movement on Verdun was to be a serious effort or only a feint, and no adequate reserves were on hand. The bombardment soon grew intense beyond all anticipations; the advanced French lines were buried under a deluge of high explosives, and the German infantry, following up this advantage, were able to progress about a mile a day. By Saturday, the 26th, a Brandenburg regiment had reached and taken by storm the fort of Douaumont. To use the language of the French official reports, the situation was a 'delicate' one.

The famous 'Iron Division' was therefore selected to reestablish the balance, other reserves being rushed in the meantime to Verdun from various parts of the French line. As all the available railroads were within the scope of the German long-range artillery, the men had either to march on foot or be carried in automobiles or motor-trucks.

When the German attack began, the author of the following article had been enjoying the customary week's rest behind the French lines on the river Somme, in the north of France. He expected to return with his regiment to regular trench duty in a few days; but instead, the men were suddenly loaded on motor-trucks and rushed with scarcely a pause to Verdun. They arrived just in time to be thrown into

the breach, joining in a fierce counter-attack side by side with the 'Iron Division' under General Balfourrier.

The crest of Haudromont, of which mention is made, is a continuation of that Douaumont ridge which has figured so largely in the bloody chronicles of the battle. The Thiaumont farm lies on the southern slopes of this same ridge.

No attempt has been made to eliminate from this stirring narrative the peculiar savor which the English language acquires in passing through the Gallic temperament. — THE EDITORS].

ON the evening of February 26 the anxiety was great, north of Verdun. By a deluge of shells the Germans had crushed, during the day, the 85th Regiment, which was defending the crest of Haudromont. When night came the miserable remnants of this fine troop had been obliged to evacuate their positions. The gap was made; the route to Verdun lay open. On the same day, moreover, the Germans had reached, a little farther to the east, the ruins of the fort of Douaumont.

In the evening, taking into account his double victory, the German Emperor, by a famous telegram composed in lyrical terms, announced to his faithful subjects the imminent fall of the impregnable fortress, thereby arousing in their hearts tremendous enthusiasms and hopes without limit.

Among our chiefs the anxiety was great. As for us modest soldiers, we were in a complete ignorance of the true situation. We had passed the day in a sort of indifference and even in a certain degree of tranquillity.

Having been brought before day-break into a wood situated on the edge of a little valley, we were to relieve the troops that were fighting on that day. While waiting the moment to intervene we had, therefore, nothing to do except

to contemplate the spectacle. It was truly interesting, and on our first day of real war, a war of movements and not one of positions only, we were having our fill. Two artillery regiments of 'seventy-fives' were drawn up in the open behind the crest which we were occupying. Since early in the morning the guns had been thundering with vigor. For what purpose, exactly, were these random volleys multiplied, making above our heads an uninterrupted rumble? Curtain fire? Fire of destruction? Fire against infantry? We never knew, and moreover we did not try to find out. At any rate, this firing annoyed the Boches, because soon their shells were coming thick and fast. We would hear the warning whistle, slow at first, then rapidly increasing in speed, and while the whistle was still above our heads we would see suddenly on the plain opposite a flame, then a great black cloud; then, a long time afterwards, there would reach us a tremendous concussion. We would see, also, the German shells plough up the crest; advance, retreat, strike to the right, to the left, but never reach the place where we knew our 'seventy-fives' were. And always these guns of ours, barking like angry dogs, replied to the long-drawn-out bellowing of the enemy's guns.

We spent the day counting and sizing up the shots, and if it had not been for several shells which lost their way and landed in our ranks we would have been rather diverted by the spectacle.

Evening came. What were we to do? A serious question soon solved. We were to lie down in the open to guard the passage of a ravine leading to the Meuse.

This precaution was significant, but we understood nothing. Except for a section which was to mount guard, we pitched our tents and went to sleep in perfect tranquillity.

Suddenly, at nine o'clock in the evening, alert! order to start. It seems that we are going to occupy or to dig a trench; no one knows exactly. To be sure, I overhear the commandant say, 'We are going to relieve the Eighty-Fifth, or the Boches . . .' The rest I lose. But decidedly I am in the dark; I understand nothing.

We march. A stretch interminable and lugubrious. We wind through a little valley, cross fields, pass through ravines; we follow along a railroad track; we stumble over the bodies of dead horses; we fall into holes made by exploding shells. But here are cannon, very near! These shells seem to be hunting for us. They explode to the right, to the left, ahead on the path. Fortunately they do not fall exactly where we are. A search-light sweeps the night. Grant that its rays may not fall upon us! Never have I lived through a night so sinister.

At last we arrive at Thiaumont farm. Now I realize our situation and I begin to see where we are going.

The march continues, grimly, slowly. We have not stopped yet, and it is two o'clock in the morning. We enter a ravine with steep wooded sides. Here we must go one by one, in Indian file, along an improvised path. What fatigue! We must ascend, descend; extricate ourselves from the underbrush; hurry, so as not to lose the file; we must push back the branches which lash our faces. The darkness is complete. Our eyes are tired after three nights without sleep, and with trying in vain to see. They perceive vague outlines and at once construct from them the most fantastic objects.

Every instant rockets shoot up, throwing suddenly a light like that of the moon, which vanishes as quickly, making the night blacker than ever. Without interruption the cannon boom from every point of the horizon.

Straight in front of us, at close range, numerous guns are firing. Some heavy enemy shells have just exploded at the mouth of the ravine. Are we protected by the abrupt slope, or is it only that the Boches are unskillful?

But a strange odor strikes our nostrils—one would say the odor of dead bodies. Where are we then? And what are those strange, indefinite patches which I see there at the edge of the path? I open my eyes wide; I make an effort to see; I approach. It seems to be a man stretched out there, his legs blown off, a corpse. A shiver of horror runs through my whole body. And that patch over there? Wait a minute; it moves! It is a wounded man lying on a litter, covered with a piece of canvas. And here is another, and there is still another, and over there lie still more. What are they doing here? Why is it that their presence does not frighten us, does not make our blood run cold? We do, indeed, suffer a little, but we put above all that the thought that we are here to defend France.

I continue on my way, but I have hardly ceased talking a few minutes with a friend when an explosion, even more terrific than those which have preceded, breaks loose. A sergeant comes running by, announcing that the Boches are advancing in columns of four. A Boche officer, no doubt to terrify us, cries out, 'Païonette au ganon!' Then, all of a sudden, we see advancing other columns, massive, long, without limit, the end of which is lost in the depth of the wood behind the crest.

It is frightful, terrifying. A dreadful shiver shakes me. What can one do against that? But immediately every one has fixed his bayonet, has risen, and begins to shoot. I still see the slender line which we form, and the fury of the Boches which seems bound to wipe us out in the twinkling of an eye. But no one hesitates; no one looks back. It

is wonderful. Erect, standing firmly on their legs, the men fire into the mass without aiming. The target is so close that it is not necessary to aim, it is only necessary to fire as quickly as possible. Every ball will find a mark.

The shooting is furious. With renewed vigor the machine-guns set to rattling, and the wood resounds again with their angry ticktack. The wave of our enthusiasm has reached the rear. Reinforcements, hastily demanded to replace our many killed and wounded, arrive, the men running, with backs bent, necks stretched forward, their bayonets threatening. All arrive with the same magnificent rush.

The combat drags on. Like a fine thread which looks frail but is made of an unbreakable metal, our line remains inviolate. Not a Boche reaches us. They were so proud when they burst forth, confident in their masses! But that assurance does not last long. Machine-guns in action make quick work of that sort of arrogance. Soon our 'seventy-fives' begin to take part. Then we see the monstrous beast waver and hesitate. Its scattered members draw together, pile up. At each deluge of fire they fall in rows; whole ranks tumble down, one after the other. At each volley of the 'seventy-fives' the column is pierced by a great hole. Little by little the mass crumbles; it seems to evaporate. The survivors scatter through the trees in different directions. Soon there remains nothing but the corpses and wounded which strew the ground.

The storm has passed. Life becomes normal again.

Toward half-past eleven, violent bombardment on our right. Not having been able to break through in front, the enemy is trying to outflank us. They fail. Again numerous dead Boches lie upon the ground.

Noon. The battle is going to take a

different turn. Up to now we have been fighting, buoyed up by enthusiasm, carried away by the fever of action. Henceforth we are going to be left to ourselves, victims of a blind and fatal fury, like targets for the elements.

In the morning the Boches thought they had before them demoralized troops, which a snappy attack would suffice to drive back. They were mistaken. They were then going to make use of the same tactics that had been so successful against the Russians, the Servians, and even against us in preceding combats: that is, clean the way before them by a deluge of steel, then occupy the ground thus cleared.

At midnight exactly, the shells, which up to now had visited us rather hesitatingly, suddenly multiplied their powerful roar. Little by little their rhythm increased, and the situation became terrible. The enemy artillery hammered the ground methodically. Soon we were in the midst of a furnace. At first, when the explosions were taking place five or six hundred metres away, we were rather indifferent. But as the thick of the shell-bursts drew nearer, the crash of the explosions shook us through and through. Each time it was a grievous strain on our nerves. When I heard, in the distance, the powerful roar of a shell which was then about to arrive, my whole body would contract to resist the vibration of the explosion, and with each shell the suffering seemed greater and greater. Under a strain like this the most solid nerves cannot resist long. The blood rises to the head; the blood burns the body; the nerves no longer have the power of reaction.

They are frightful moments, long as centuries, when, in this method of firing, you feel that the next blow may be for you. What unspeakable horror to hear in the distance a dull bellow, slow at first, and then suddenly to

recognize the special characteristics of a 'personal' shell; to know it is rapidly gaining speed; to hear the brutal *crescendo* of its shrieking whistle! You shrivel from head to foot, and you wait in agony for the final blow, the decisive crash. The shell explodes several feet away. The shock is terrible. There is an indescribable confusion, and too often, alas! the air is filled with clouds of dirt, pebbles, branches, arms and legs, pieces of flesh — a rain of blood. At the same moment a frightful concert arises. It is the cry of the wounded. You are overcome by an intense feeling of horror which possesses you for several seconds, and then quickly gives way to a blessed feeling of relief. The crisis is over. You can breathe for several moments. You can live again, — until the next shell.

This torture lasted without interruption from noon until two o'clock. It was especially intense at the end, because the bombardment had become extremely rapid, and in spite of our moral apathy we had a presentiment that we were approaching a crisis.

Sure enough, at two o'clock, sudden silence. Then, some minutes later, like a sheet rent in two, the firing breaks forth on our left. Their flank attacks are to be continued.

We were in doubt, however. For some time we had seen the Boches filing by, one by one, on the run, to mass themselves in a little hollow, sheltered from our bullets. We had organized a rifle contest, and had been shooting them on the wing.

The movement ceased. We were living through the anxious period of waiting which precedes a big blow. We did not have to wait long. All of a sudden a column, four deep, surged up from the hollow and advanced rapidly, at a threatening pace. But it did not last long. The column soon crumbled. It was over. To our great joy the sur-

vivors fled at full speed over the slope.

The attack had miscarried; it must be repeated. The bombardment began again more furiously than ever, and the agony lasted three long hours. We awaited the end, inert, tired out.

Five o'clock. Sudden calm. We hesitate, surprised a little, like the hare after the passage of the hunter. We raise our heads and inspect the horizon. Yes, it is really over. We crawl out of our holes and walk around a bit.

We climb down into the ravine at the bottom of which there runs a little stream, colored with blood. Never mind. We are thirsty. We drink of this water, and fill our canteens. We gather together our dead. Alas, there are many of them! The stretcher-bearers carry away the wounded. We deepen our shelters, and link them together in a sort of line of trenches. We must be ready to defy any other attack.

February 28. Night calm. From time to time lively shooting for a few moments, then quiet again.

Toward six o'clock I wake in a strange mood. My calm, my energy, my cool-bloodedness have disappeared. A vague and terrible apprehension seizes me. I see death before me. I fear the shells — *my* shell. Is this day going to be my last? Am I going to die to-day? I am in a frightful state of depression.

I pass some time a prey to this dejection. Then, mechanically, I nibble a cracker, and suddenly I find myself calm, serene, tranquil — almost indifferent.

The morning passes. There is a little firing — once in a while an isolated shot, but that is all. I do not have a chance to see any game and my rifle remains silent. Have the Boches renounced Verdun? Alas, we are going to experience a terrible example of German obstinacy!

At ten o'clock exactly, alert! The

air is astir. Quickly I jump into my hole. We must avoid surprises.

The shells are falling straight into the southern part of the ravine. At first they seem to be coming cautiously, hesitatingly, as though studying the ground. Then, all of a sudden, the artillerymen seem to have found the range they were looking for, and the tempest is let loose in all its violence. The great shells follow each other thick and fast. They explode simultaneously in every part of the ravine, and in the ravine of Thiaumont farm through which we came. The bombardment extends for a long way on our right, and we can see clearly the bombs falling on Douaumont, which that night is nothing but a heap of ruins.

In front of us the shells are tearing up the slope; they strike higher and higher; soon they reach us. The enemy is serving us with a varied assortment of shells: there are a few small 'seventy-sevens' which seem to be lost in the medley; there are 'one-hundred-and-fives,' 'one-hundred-and-fifties,' 'marmites' of two-hundred-and-ten; there is a wicked stew of 'three-hundred-and-fives,' 'three-hundred-and-eighties,' and 'four-hundred-and-twenties.' All these shake the earth to its very foundations, belching out enormous clouds of black smoke. After the bombardment I saw holes twenty-five metres wide made by a single shell. The great trench mortars throw into the air their deafening bombs which burst in round clouds. Then there come the 'trains' — three, four, or even ten shells arriving at the same time, exactly as if invisible railroad trains were passing above us.

The blows succeed each other at an extremely rapid pace. A squall infernal breaks loose. The explosions, amplified still more by the immense echo from the wood and the ravines, produce a monstrous and frightful racket.

We feel as if the earth were coming to an end.

Once again our nerves are put on the rack. More quickly than on the day before, we feel the paroxysm of fatigue. We wait in a sort of apathy, thinking that the murderous concert will never come to an end.

Moreover, a horrible idea seizes me: we have been abandoned. Above our heads we recognize the shrill, angry whistle of our 'seventy-fives.' But where is our heavy artillery? We do not hear its bellow. We need heavy artillery to muzzle the Boches. The 'seventy-fives' are going to be put out of commission very quickly, as on the preceding days.

And the aviators. Where are our aviators? The Boche aeroplanes are continually above our heads. They come and go; disappear and reappear. At first there are two of them, then four, then five. Soon there are twelve. Never a French aeroplane! What are they doing — our aviators?

And always the bombardment increases. As for me, I feel sure that we are lost. We were the last resource, and now they are sacrificing us. We have fought bravely; we have done our duty; but our sacrifice is going to be in vain. We are lost. We are all going to be killed here.

However, in spite of these reflections, which certainly every one of us is making, nobody moves. We will die here at our post. Strong as is our belief that we are the last resource of our country, our feeling is just as strong that each one of us must do his duty.

At three o'clock a welcome diversion. Sudden silence. At once rifle-firing bursts forth again. Taking advantage of the bombardment, the enemy advances, but fortunately our rifles and machine-guns force them to turn back in double-quick time.

Now the bombardment begins again,

and with it our torture, this time without interruption.

At five o'clock, sudden calm. The bombardment is over. Never had I, or any one else, seen anything like it.

We had suffered cruelly. Yet we had been almost at the edge of the bombarded zone. What, then, had been the situation of the poor unfortunates in back of us, in the ravine, in the middle of the furnace? I have a chance to go and see. Men are needed to help bring up provisions. I go there, and I shall never be able to describe my vision of horror. But I shall try, just the same.

The sight was terrifying: the ground made me think of the yawning craters one sees in photographs representing the surface of the moon. The underbrush had been ripped and chopped. There remained of it nothing but shreds. The trees had all been cut off, smashed; not one did I see standing. They had been shaved clean off at different distances from the ground. Of the wood there remained nothing but an indescribable confusion of trunks and branches, broken, crushed, splintered.

But all this is only a setting for an atrocious scene. The ground is strewn with corpses. Poor mutilated bodies! To what odious profanations they have been submitted! Here is one which had been sheltered by a tree; the tree has been cut, and in falling the trunk has crushed him to the earth. This other one has had his head flattened, without a wound, as if it had been made of cardboard. That one there has an empty skull. That one over there has had his chest staved in, and his arms and legs dismembered. Here are some bodies which have been hurled into the trees and are hanging there, pathetically, like old rags. Here and there are parts of human bodies—intestines clinging to the branches, from which

the blood runs in a horrible dribble. Right here is a human trunk without a head, or arms, or legs, which is glued to a tree-trunk, flattened out and split open. Everywhere is an atrocious mixture of flesh and blood, over which floats a fetid, sickening vapor.

Are not the stretcher-bearers at hand? Undoubtedly they are coming. A body bars the path, naked; the legs, cut off, are lying ten feet further on. Suddenly, from the depth of the wood rises this lamentable cry, 'Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!' The horror is intense. I would like to run to the aid of these poor unfortunates, but I must hasten, so as not to lose my line. With tightened heart I go away.

The march continues, slowly, and while fighting against a deep sleepiness which is overpowering and insurmountable, we keep knocking against the pack of the man in front of us; we stumble along, sometimes wading in mud and water. At last we come to a clearing. The companies which have preceded us are massed there, and already every one is asleep. I stretch myself out, and instantly I, too, am sleeping.

Four o'clock in the morning. I have hardly gone to sleep when some one wakes us up. I am frozen to the marrow. Risen to my feet, I listen to the commandant, who is telling my captain where we are to go. We move on. We pour into the ravine, which is to become, a few hours later, 'the ravine of death.' Here is the path, and now we stop a moment.

I take advantage of the halt to inspect the position. There in front of me lies the ridge of Haudromont farm, where we must take the trenches. It is a massive ridge, perfectly round; one of those hills which are the despair of the infantry soldier. He sees the crest ten paces in front of him, then he sees it grow farther and farther away as fast

as he approaches it. This ridge, moreover, is partly surrounded by deep ravines. The enemy can cut us down whenever he likes. Nevertheless, we must get there. . . .

I do not lose any time on these depressing thoughts, because there is no time to waste. I look. I have before me the unmistakable signs of a precipitate retreat—abandoned wagons, great mortars, gun-carriages, cases of ammunition; a dead horse, and another living one, pure white, which is wandering around looking mournful, hopeless; a few steps away some corpses; at a glance, in the half light, I can count at least thirty of them. There they lie, stretched out stiff and grinning, in all sorts of positions.

We have climbed the slope. The Germans are waiting for us. They have forced back the Eighty-Fifth, and the words of the Commandant come back to me: 'We are going to relieve the Eighty-Fifth, or the Boches—' In an instant I understand it all. There is no longer any one ahead of us.

We march, preceded by a patrolling company, the captain at its head. Suddenly he is stopped by the cry, 'Halte, rentez vous!' A bayonet stab. Forward, march! After that, nothing. To the right, to the left, the same thing happens. Our forces have come into contact; the battle is under way.

A bombardment breaks loose. We keep on climbing, and we begin to lose some men. After four stops we reach the line which we are to occupy, a little beyond the crest of the hill. We have been surprised by that rapid contact, but every one is ready at once. We attack the line. We enter the wood, firing as we go, and install ourselves definitely two hundred metres from its edge.

At once we set to work by twos—one man to dig and the second to observe and fire.

Two red rockets shoot up. The Germans are asking for reinforcements. While waiting for them they send us several shots from here and there, to which we reply copiously. On several occasions they even try to advance. At such times we hear a series of grunts, for all the world like animals, as they rush forth, mutually encouraging each other. We quickly calm their bellicose manifestations, and they hastily go back where they came from, dodging from tree to tree. More than one is struck down on the way. Their infantry is powerless. Their 'seventy-sevens' begin to take part, but the first shells fall on their own ranks. Immediately two white rockets shoot up. 'Lengthen the range!' This time the shells go too far. We are protected by a curve of the ground. The 'seventy-sevens' can do nothing against us.

About an hour goes by, interspersed with various episodes. At nine o'clock our attention is aroused. The bombardment breaks out again violently. It is like the crackling of hail. The machine-guns are in action and are firing at full speed. Above my head, on both sides of me, the bullets whistle, hum, rattle, and rebound. There is an infernal uproar, multiplied infinitely by the echoes of the wood and the ravines which reverberate in deafening waves. The enemy reinforcements have just arrived. It is a beautiful sight. We are all standing upright, officers and men, perfectly calm. Never have I felt calmer, nor so much the master of myself. I shoot into the heap with a rugged, keen joy. I am having my revenge. I want to kill them, and I feel that my bullets are entering their flesh. What glorious moments! What unspeakable delight! Ah, but it is good to live through moments such as these!

The bombardment continues. Only too soon do we learn that such a man has been killed, such a one wounded.

Each time it causes a sad tightening of the heart — but that lasts only a second. We do not have time to stop to think. Besides, to speak frankly, we are out of our senses, we are carried away by the fight.

But soon we see an undulation in the ranks of the Boches, then a disbanding, then, all of a sudden, nothing, except a heap of dead and wounded into which we fire to finish them off.

I walk about here and there. Our dead are still in their places, — and they are numerous. An unspeakable horror seizes me. What scenes must have taken place here during the bombardment! Nevertheless, these brave men have remained till the end at the post to which duty assigned them.

And over there in the ravine our colonel stood continually, without moving, without shelter, superb, giving to all of us an example of courage and of contempt for danger.

I feel surge up within me an intense and implacable anger toward those who, consciously, unchained all this atrocity, and with this frightful rage tearing at my heart I walk away from the dreadful scene.

February 29. Night calm. During the morning the Boches try once more to advance, but we are continually on the lookout and their attempt is in vain.

From now on it is finished. The enemy has been vanquished by our strength. The hole which the Boches had made has been filled in. The route to Verdun is barred. Halt there, you Boches, the Eighth Regiment has arrived!

During the day a rumor spreads. We are to be relieved this evening. We are really exhausted. For eight days, ever since we were brought up in automobiles, we have lived through an uninterrupted series of fatigues and privations. We have spent five consecutive nights without sleep; eight days without sufficient food — five of them practically fasting. We have undergone three bombardments and have delivered, during three days and four nights, desperate and ferocious attacks. What wonderful powers of resistance in the human body! There is not a sick man among us. But the fatigue is great. We have borne all sorts of hardships and privations in their most extreme forms. As we look at each other we see, under a thick layer of dirt, drawn features, sunken eyes, faces grown frightfully thin.

But we have one great consolation. The Eighth Regiment — *our* regiment — receives the personal congratulations of General Joffre. We have held on 'like moths,' to use the term of the colonel. We would have held on till death if it had been required.

At midnight a regiment comes to relieve us. It is the One-Hundred-and-Sixtieth — a crack regiment.

We go away satisfied, proud of having done our duty bravely. We regret nothing. Yet, as we descend the hill, our hearts tighten. We are all thinking of the comrades who lie sleeping there, close by, keeping their last watch, and it is with our hearts filled with tender memories of them that we melt away, without saying a word, into the bluish night of the ravine.

THE LABORATORY REACTS

[THE following extracts from letters of three representative English physiologists with whom it was my privilege to be associated in their laboratories four years ago reflect the war from an unusual and interesting angle. Of the writers, Professor Sherrington is a man of nearly sixty, Professor of Physiology at Oxford, whose researches on the central nervous system are so important that he is held by many to be the foremost physiologist in England. Keith-Lucas is the foremost of a younger group of physiologists in Cambridge — scarcely forty years old, but already well on his way to revolutionize current knowledge concerning the excitable tissues. A.V. Hill is a still younger man, a mathematician as well as a physiologist, who has made important contributions to the thermodynamics of muscle. Much of his time had been devoted to military training before the war began.

These letters were all written to me without any thought of a wider audience; but the extracts are now published with the writers' consent.

A. F.]

From C. S. Sherrington

December 8, 1915.

This war absorbs all energies and persons here. The unpreparedness of the country was a terribly costly mistake; thousands of splendid young lives have been sacrificed, and will be, by it; and so needlessly. The country seemed to have forgotten that it was part of Europe, and that the German menace could be really seriously meant, because we were in the twentieth century! And

a selfish false socialism was being inculcated by agitators, who lived by their agitation, among the 'workmen.' If any good has come from the war as yet to us, it is that these chimeras are gone. The change is enormous, as if, in a space of eighteen months, a generation's period had passed through. As a small instance, B. Shaw's plays, that claimed to be the intellectual novelties of their day, are dead; Bergson spoke of them in London the other day as no longer readable, as of '*une mode démodée, une affectation passée.*' Certainly they would bore every one now, and it is difficult to trace in what their interest ever lay, so tedious they are become. . . .

As for personal news, Keith-Lucas is in the aircraft corps; A. V. Hill, a captain of infantry; young Mating (1st class Hon. in Physiol. three years ago) has a Victoria Cross for repeatedly bringing in wounded under enfilading machine-gun fire. But five of our old lab. set have been killed. . . . M., a young Australian, of great promise, whom I think you met at a Physiol. Society's meeting at University College in London, was one of the first killed at Gallipoli, and Jenkinson, the experimental embryologist, almost on the same day.

Every town has now its military hospital, and I have for one purpose or another visited many of them. It is a strange sight to see men from Australia, and Canada, and New Zealand lying side by side with 'home' people from Liverpool, London, etc. Also many of the Belgian wounded are brought over here still.

As for me, I am feeling the remote-

ness of my work from the great practical effort now in hand. We have left in the Laboratory only three English students — unfit for service. But I have in my senior class five Americans, you will like to hear, and good fellows they are. One has just got a long scholarship. And the rest of the class are South Africans, and New Zealanders; and women. They and the 'Colonials' are pressing forward for medical qualifications — the former for civil, the latter for Royal Army Medical Corps work. After the laboratory work is done I give my time to 'helping' at the hospital. I should have liked to enter R.A.M.C., but consulted the University's wishes: these were that for the present I should stick to the Laboratory, which is of course frightfully short-handed, as the assistants have practically all gone into the army. In the summer the shortage of labor for 'munitions' led me to get taken on as a workman (unskilled, of course) in a munitions factory at —.

It was a motor-car works in time of peace, but now converted into a 3-inch shrapnel shell factory. I was there three months, and it was getting more workers and machine-plant every week. Its output was 24,000 shells a week when I first went, and at the end, when I left, had risen to over 50,000. What it may be now, I do not know. They were working day and night without stop. I was on day-shift; the day-shift hours were 7.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. every week-day and 8 to 5 on Sundays. We had one hour for dinner (in a canteen, sixpence a head, plenty of fair food, but such table-cloths! Their only pattern was spots of spilled victuals!), and one half-hour for tea-supper at 5.30 (fourpence). We work-people were an odd assembly: some middle-aged, experienced workmen, old hands, sprinkled among the new ones to teach and to do the skilled processes; then, many

hands from all sorts of steel trades but unskilled in this one; then many more, either very young or quite old, from various other than steel trades — brass-workers, wood-workers, even clerks, greengrocers, fish-sellers, haberdashers, hairdressers! given simple machining and gradually moving up to more skilled tools; then women, mostly strong young people, wives and sisters of men in the ranks serving somewhere. Many of these women had picked up the lathe-work quickly and managed the power-driven tools excellently.

Some of the women were Belgian and French refugees; then, a heavy sprinkling of men, Belgian refugees of all classes of social rank. Next me at a bench for some weeks was an elderly Brussels advocate, highly educated and splendid for perseverance at his new job — shell-gauging. He had a lame son at a lathe in the works. The boy had been shot through the thigh (although a lad and a civilian) before escaping. The father told me a manager of the works had taken them both into his house from the second day of their arrival and treated them as part of his family. Another Belgian I met — we 'dined' next each other several times — was an old count, a dignified, white-haired old fellow, dressed perforce very unsuitably for his greasy, oily labor there. He apologized at meals for the black dirt ingrained on his hands, poor old chap! His house had been looted, and his son and servants shot. He never complained of the work, but the life and the company must have been hard for him to bear.

With me were some colleagues from here, the Professor of Mineralogy for one. He was, however, a skilled hand with a lathe and had higher work than the rest of us. Our work was mainly gauging, and filling the shells and fitting on the fuse-sockets. Each shell

contained 144 bullets and required over eighty separate 'processes'! . . .

Our boy — now eighteen — is in the Third Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry. I hope he will not be sent to the front until he is nineteen. He was to have gone up to Cambridge this October, to my old college, Caius. But he felt it his duty to give that up and enter the service. He likes his comrades; many of them are University men. But the physical work and long hours of training, and exposure to weather are rather a strain at his age. However, he stands it well so far.

From Keith-Lucas

March 25, 1915.

I have most interesting work at the Royal Aircraft Factory designing and testing new devices. I get a lot of flying, usually two or three times a week, and I believe the work I have done has been of some use. It was a strange chance my going there. I had joined the Honorable Artillery Company all except the final swearing, when, on the very morning I was to be sworn in, the Superintendent of the Aircraft Factory ordered me to go there and carry out some research work for the improvement of certain instruments on aeroplanes. I applied to the Cambridge University War Board to ask which I was to do, and they said I was to go to the R.A.F. So there I am. . . .

It pleases me to hear you say that this is some of your fight too. I believe it is. If I did n't believe it was the fight of every one who cares for freedom I should n't be tootling about the sky in aeroplanes. It is my own conviction that in science as much as in politics this is a fight for freedom. The country in which V. smashed the apparatus put up by one of his underlings to test a question which V. had not suggested, or where F. could not write the results

of his researches on 'all or none' until he left the University of X, where Y was professor and held opposing views; the country where '*Es ist leicht zu sehen*' and '*Man muss annehmen*' take the place of observation, and the professors set up a hierarchy of science — that sort of place will be more and more a drag on the real progress of science, though it may believe, as many folk in other countries seem to believe too, that masses of papers at 40 marks per *Drückbogen* can take the place of observation and originality.

That is my view of the case. I fear German *scientismus* as much as German *militarismus*, and I believe the origin of both is the same.

Send me your paper. It is a relief to hear from a place where truth still ranks before gain.

From A. V. Hill

May 24, 1915.

Thank you very much for sending me the reprints, which I will store, to study at a more hopeful and happier day. There is n't much time or inclination to read about mammalian reflexes at present, as you may guess. . . .

I have just received proofs of my *Ergebnisse* (on 'Thermodynamik d. Muskels') article, which I never expected to see again. I sent it to Asher last July, and remember writing to him that apparently the greatest crime in history was just going to be perpetrated. That was just before war was declared, and I never heard from him, so thought the paper was lost. And here it is in German, nicely translated, one hundred and fifty pages of it, on my desk. It is queer reading one's own effusion in German at a time like this, and I'm blessed if I have the heart or the time to read the proofs of it. The great school of physiology at Cambridge is scattered, and one wonders if

it will ever be the same again. Gaskell and Mines are dead; Adrian and Peters at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Fletcher, Secretary of the Government Research Committee; Bancroft in France investigating chlorine poisoning; me attached to the General Staff of the East Anglian Division, to instruct 16,000 men in musketry; Langley, Hardy, and Shone left to carry on in the colossal new laboratory. All my nice apparatus standing idle until Kaiser Bill is done in — or I am. And why? History may tell us in fifty years, and perhaps you in America can tell us now. I wish that you would join in too, to overthrow this spectre of international lawlessness. You could n't make much difference now, but it would tend to brotherliness between us. If the war lasts another eight months you might make some difference by then.

I am sorry for the Germany I knew — the Germany of kindly, generous, exact, hard-working people. But apparently one has been misled. I always felt, as I watched and reflected on the savagery of student duels (maintained by a conscious brutality of outlook on life), that the peace of the world was n't safe. But one hoped that that savagery was dying.

Last year I had three alien enemies in Cambridge working with me. Weizsacker did some very pretty work on the thermopiles and muscles. Parnas did some really first-rate work on the heat of oxidation or removal of lactic acid in fatigued muscles, and found that the acid was not oxidized wholly because the heat was much too small. The experiments were absolutely fundamental, as they confirmed entirely all the views on muscles that we have put forward in Cambridge these last three years. And Wengraf, a poor one-legged fellow, a satellite of Parnas's, arrived in Cambridge a week before the war. They were both caught by the

war. Parnas (who weighs twenty-five stone) was interned with a lot of acrobats at Warwick, after he had continued his experiments for six weeks; Wengraf tried to dodge home again, and nobody has heard of him since, either in Strassburg or in England. He is lost: the Lord knows what happened to him. In the meantime I was marching up and down East Anglia, waiting for a raid. I returned to Cambridge to the *dépôt* of the regiment, and saw Parnas several times, and he asked me to dinner one day. Then, at midday, I got a hurried note saying, 'You had better not come to dinner, as I am in gaol'; where he remained two months, and was then allowed by the Home Office to go home. I wonder if he has turned his hand to making poisonous gases for our fellows yet? Apparently we are going to retaliate in kind. I was up at the War Office about it four days ago. It is horrible, but we can't leave these poor fellows who are dying for civilization and us in Flanders without any means of reply to this devilry.

I wonder if you believe all these stories of brutalities in America? There is no doubt of them. Do you believe about explosive bullets? I saw an officer of the General Staff on Saturday night who showed me one of five hundred explosive bullets that he had acquired from the Austrians, when he was attached to the Russian General Staff in Galicia. There is no doubt about it. They burst directly they get inside you, and pretty well blow your back off. He brought them home and has tried a few on sheep to see the result. They use them in their blasted machine-guns, and the 'excuse' they give, if they are captured with them, is that they are used in ranging, and in order to show you where they strike the ground. Incidentally they don't seem to mind hitting people with them, when they cause horrible mutilations.

I saw the section of one, held together by varnish — a nice little thing like this:



When the bullet hits, the lead weight jumps forward, hits the little striker, which detonates the explosive, and then the victim goes to bits. Nice bit of devilry, is n't it?

All this on behalf of *die Kultur!*

From A. V. Hill

December 15, 1915.

It is quite a physiological day for me. For the first time in twenty months I have seen Starling. He is an R.A.M.C. major. He has a research job in connection with gas-poisoning and was lecturing here to-day to two hundred young officers on the subject of 'gases' and 'gas attacks.' I heard of his coming and went to the lecture, donned a mask, and had a talk with him. I said to him, 'Whoever would have thought you would have come to this?' His reply was, 'Whoever would have thought *you* would have come to this?' with the accent on the *you*. Anyhow, here we are, six inches of mud, rain, rain, rain. No work can be done outdoors, and all because of W. Hohenzollern. Starling looks very well; has done no research since the war; has published two volumes of collected works. Tells me Bayliss — whose new book is most excellent — is pegging away, and Lovall Evans is getting qualified.

Last Sunday I was home. A Belgian called Liebrecht turned up to see me. A little fair man, with a German name, and hair standing on end. I said to myself, 'This fellow is either an escaped Hun or a Belgian who ought to be fighting,' and was correspondingly cool

to him. Anyhow, I found out soon that he was in a khaki uniform under his mackintosh; that he was an officer in the Belgian R.A.M.C., had been in the trenches fifteen months, and was a physiologist at Louvain before the war. He had three days' leave in England, so had paid a pilgrimage to the Mecca of Physiology (as once was), had called on Langley, and, being interested in calorimeters, had marched along on the chance of seeing the inventor of sundry such. So we had a long talk and he was a nice boy. The striking things were (1) his extraordinary detachment — coming straight from the trenches in muddy Flanders, he immediately returns to his first love, Physiology. (2) The complete absence of bitterness. If my university had been bust up, my home wrecked, friends killed, and country ruined and enslaved, I should feel so infuriated that if I got hold of a Hun I would disembowel him alive — or I feel I should. He merely said it was a great pity, because the Germans were very clever physiologists. We parted, saying *au revoir* at the Physiological Congress in Paris next summer! There won't be any Huns there I expect, if we have peace by then. . . .

Cambridge is now filled with a sad lot of cranks, who believe the war is a very sad thing and ought to be stopped. They talk a lot and make a devil of a fuss and won't do anything useful. The so-called Union of Democratic Control is run by some pure-mathematicians (and others of the same kidney) at Trinity, who fancy themselves cleverer than their fellows; and they held meetings in, and wrote letters addressed from, the college, until the Council came down and said they were to do it no more in college. Now they are whining about freedom of thought. But the pacifists in this country number about one thousand, all told, I should think,

and most of them are simply people who suffer from a constitutional inability to agree with their fellow-countrymen.

Yes, I am still at my job. I have invented an optical sight for the British service rifle, which seems fairly effective. The War Office has taken two hundred, and a good number are gone to the Dardanelles.

I am glad you and your friends sympathize with us. It gives one a greater sense of the justice of our cause; because one always feels one may be prejudiced one's self. Though how we could have avoided this with prudence and honor, I completely fail to see. Some day I hope we will shake hands about it again. In the meantime help us by investing *all* your spare cash in our loans, and if possible by selling American securities and buying British or French war loans with the proceeds. You really can help that way. And especially tell your friends to do it, too.

I don't think any one here thinks your people will join in this show, especially with your present administration, that is 'too proud (*sic*) to fight.' But dearly as I should love you to join in, it would n't help much for the next six to nine months, though I don't suppose it will be over for another eighteen, and during the last nine you could help. Yes, I reckon we are fighting your fight, too. Life would be a burden with the Prussian *Schützleute* to order one around, and your turn for *Blut* and *Eisen* and *Kultur* would soon arrive if we were done in. . . .

One can see no end in sight. And half the best fellows one knew getting blotted out! Still, we have to go on as if we liked it. I expect the Huns like it a lot less than we do by now. And we must win through in the end. Then what an orgy of Physiology and Physical Chemistry there will be! . . .

From A. V. Hill

March 14, 1916.

Thank you so much for your letter of sympathy for our good cause. I like Royce's speech very much and agree completely with the sentiments in it. There are a lot of d—d nincompoops in this country who are always braying about their rights, and never reflecting on their duties, and I personally hate them as much as I hate people who have 'conscientious objections' to doing their duty. I like the remarks about Cain. Have you heard of the German pastor who has been writing hymns lately and began a patriotic address to the Almighty with the words:—

Du, wer über Cherubinen,
Seraphinen, Zeppelinen . . .

I have n't much time to write now, so must wait for a better occasion. But if you will come here I will give you a job. . . .

P.S. The pin which catches these sheets together is a War-Office pin. Just like other pins, for a wonder! Most of their things are quite unlike other people's!

P.S. Your letter was opened by Censor. I don't know what he thought you could tell me that I was too young and innocent to read!

From A. V. Hill

June 18, 1916.

Very many thanks for your letter, which was 'opened by Censor' but not expurgated. I am here waiting for the clouds to go more than 2,000 feet up, and have been waiting these nine days. I want them, in fact, to go more than 16,000 feet up, as I have an important investigation on hand for the Director of Naval Ordnance; I am afraid I am sailing rather close to the wind already, so for fear of the Censor I will stop.

But they show no signs of going more than 2,000 feet up, as it is a steady north wind with sea-mists, so I look like being here for three months. It is also abominably cold.

Wish you could see this town now. As you know, it is on the border of hostilities. You will find white ensigns in abundance here. The Huns bombarded it once, but no serious harm was done. There is one fine ruin here, but that is the result of a fire three years ago, much to one's disappointment.

I am still attached to the Munitions Inventions Department. The Censor won't mind if I tell you one or two of the inventions we receive, for obvious reasons, unless he is as feeble-minded as the gentleman who expurgated the line from the 'Recessional,' 'the captains and the kings depart' by cutting out 'and the kings.' One very helpful one was from a lady who desired to exterminate Zeppelins. She argued: 'The clouds float in the air, and the clouds are made of water. Ice floats in water, so ice will float in air. Let us freeze the clouds, therefore, and *send up anti-aircraft guns in balloons to fire upon them.*' She admitted that she did not know exactly how to freeze the clouds, but she left that *to the experts.* They all leave practical details like that to the experts. A gentleman invented a circular gun which *shot round corners*, and not only provided working drawings of his invention, but also a beautiful water-color picture of the Huns being exterminated by its mediation. Another chap is blessed with 'perspective ideas' and thinks he can find ranges without a base by the aid of perspective. He wanders around with a certificate signed by an adjutant to the effect that he actually has found three ranges correctly. The number he has found incorrectly is not stated. I was warned against him months ago, and sure enough he turned

up. Then there are two Peruvians from your land who have a sort of kaleidoscope which they fixed at Jersey City and shot a few rooks with. This was paid for — I dare not tell you how much — and was sent here. Woolwich Arsenal reported on this device and their minute ran: 'If this is all that can be produced in the U.S.A. it is cheering to find that this country is already so far ahead of them.' I am afraid I shall be treading on the Censor's toes again soon, so had better shut up. *But* I may add that all our inventions are not like that, and I dare say we shall help to harry the Hun a bit.

It is my wedding day to-day, and I wanted to get home — a rare enough treat. . . . But I am much more fortunate than most of the poor devils by land and sea that are carrying on this blasted war. At any rate, there is no immediate prospect of being shot, which is gratifying to one's relations — perhaps not so gratifying to one's self.

I have some splendid people assisting me. A Fellow of Trinity, now a gunner officer, and a very able mathematician, who was in bed nine months after being wounded in Winston Churchill's picnic party to the Dardanelles. An ex-demonstrator in the Cambridge Engineering Laboratory, who has made a really valuable invention which is being adopted by us and the French army. For about one pound it accomplishes what has previously needed apparatus costing a hundred pounds. A boy who is the best mathematician of his year at Cambridge, very able and willing. An old mathematical Fellow of King's, who is gradually learning how to make himself useful; and another boy. Being a mathematician myself, I know how to deal with these chaps and to keep them in the paths of reason. When they are not

busy I find them calculating π on a slide rule using the series

$$\pi = \frac{2}{1} \times \frac{3}{2} \times \frac{4}{3} \times \frac{5}{4} \times \frac{6}{5} \times \frac{7}{6} \times \dots \text{to infinity.}$$

This series requires about a million terms to give π correct to the third place of decimals. It is a very good occupation while waiting for the clouds to go up a bit in this climate. They may succeed in proving that π is not $22/7$, as commonly assumed, which will be very valuable.

I am sure the Censor will not pass that, as no doubt the Huns assume that π is $22/7$, and giving them the tip that it is n't might help them greatly

in navigating. After their 'victory' in the North Sea (or German Ocean) they may desire to navigate farther afield, so may need a more accurate value of π to help them. So don't let it out.

I have just been working with a Lieutenant Commander Damant, R.N., who is a physiologist and a member of the Physiological Society. He is interested in *diving*, and therefore in air-pressures. Did you ever meet him? He remembers hearing me read papers on rats residing in thermos flasks, and on the heat-production of frogs' muscles, and on other pleasantries of my youth. . . .

BEHIND THE YSER

BY MAUD MORTIMER

THE EYE

CAN I ever forget that diamond eye! The owner of it was laughingly dubbed my best friend; and, truly, I think there was no day of his long weeks at the hospital when I was not uplifted by a sense of what lay behind that eye. It was really all that one could see of Mongodin, for the rest of his head and face, with the exception of a small hole left in the bandages round his mouth just big enough to pass his 'petit régime' through, was completely hidden from us.

It was in bed No. 20 of Salle I that he lay, or sat propped against his pillows, in a scarlet flannel bed-jacket—curious complement of the green eye through which alone he could establish relations with the world around him.

It could hardly be called a beautiful

eye. No customary tag or trimming could appropriately be applied to it. It was not even of a popular color,—blue, for instance, or violet or brown,—but just of medium size and uncompromisingly glittering green, with a small pupil and no lashes that I can remember, or lashes so scant and of so neutral a tint as to be insignificant.

He was in the hospital when I arrived; and having as yet not been promoted to sitting-up or to the distinction of the scarlet jacket, he was much too near the color of his bed, much too flat and lifeless, to attract general attention. At first his still fragile whiteness frightened me. I would sidle past him on tiptoe, fearing to add to his pain; but gradually, as it began to dawn upon me that the shining eye was responsive and could feel the comrade-

ship of a mere shy appreciative glance, I grew bolder, and, after a few more of its encouraging looks, became its slave.

Thus promoted, I would, when on my way past No. 20, pause for a moment and palely reflect the eye's brave smile, murmur my conviction that an eye of that quality could really see more than any other two, then turn brusquely away, that it should not know how moved I was to divine the measure of endurance buried in that small deep green pool with its glistening surface.

His wound was just above the left temple — a triangular-shaped hole almost an inch and a half long and yawning nearly an inch wide on its upper side. The projectile had passed behind the left eye, damaging it (whether finally we do not yet know), had opened a way down behind the nose and had lodged rather forward in the roof of the mouth. When I first knew him he could not speak; later, dark muffled nasal sounds came from him, darkened still further by the dialect of his province. No one but those constantly with him could make out the meaning of the struggling words, though they suggested a humorous and plucky philosophy, as native to my friend as the color of his eye.

The hour of his daily dressings was one for which I grew to time my visits to his ward. His nurse would then allow me to pass her what she needed and, while the ordeal lasted, to engage the eye in conversation. The ordeal consisted partly in the excruciating change of *mèches* and drains and in pouring through the gaping triangular temple wound streams of peroxide which would flow down behind the damaged left eye, behind the nose and be caught by Mongodin himself, sitting up against his bed-rest, in a little white enamel kidney-dish which he would hold, without so much as wincing or even giving vent to any of those strange animal-like

sounds, which for the time being stood him instead of speech.

Much later, the eye and these sounds together managed to make clear to me that at first the doctors had wanted to extract the cruel lump of lead — which, tied up in a piece of muslin dressing, was now fastened to the head of his bed — through a hole they proposed to make in his jaw just under his nose. 'But I, madame,' pointing to the spot, 'always felt the hard ridge in the roof of my mouth. And finally monsieur le majeur listened to me, et voilà.'

The first time he really spoke was to make some joking comment on the talk of his neighbors, which they repeated among themselves until his next gay sally. One day, two slightly wounded men near him were discussing decorations and saying how much, should their turn ever come, they would prefer the Military Medal to the Cross of Honor: for, 'does it not carry a hundred francs pension with it?'

Mongodin's dressing was going on at the time and the bandages loosened round his ears made him keenly alive to their conversation. Without removing his kidney-dish from his lips, he rolled out in his nasal drawl, between the streams of peroxide, 'I for one, mes vieux, much prefer the Cross of Honor.'

An eye is perhaps a small thing, and a green one at that. But when the general with his naked sword saluted Mongodin in the name of the Republic and pinned to the red flannel bed-jacket both the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire, we, the onlookers, had long guessed how the owner of two alert green eyes, look-outs of an unflinching spirit, had seen his chance and had sprung to take it.

THE BOOT

The sun rises at last on a glistening world. All night a furious cannonade

has broken the secretive silence of the falling snow. It has grown at times so violent that our shacks have creaked and rocked and our beds rumbled under us, as though sharply twitched and springing back with a vibratory movement, starting from the corner pointing toward the loudest noise.

High up, to the right, stodgily swings a *saucisse* keeping watch on the enemy lines, and aeroplanes, with their painted disks, red, white, and blue, buzz over us like great blow-flies. More and more of them speckle the distance, while little balls of smoke, now black, now white, materialize around them for a moment, then are unwound and dragged in long feathery wakes by the light breeze, until finally engulfed in the insatiable blue of the cloudless day.

Uninterruptedly the routine of the hospital runs on to the accompaniment of the continuous roar along the front. Up and down the wooden pathways the stretcher-bearers carry the wounded from their wards to the operating rooms and back again to their beds, the scarlet stretcher blankets showing up against the snow. There is plenty of time to-day to attend to them all. Between two mouthfuls of smoke a wounded soldier quietly remarks, 'On tape là-bas.'

In the afternoon our dapper general, in immaculate red trousers, dustless black coat, and braided cap, his hand on the shining scabbard at his side, pauses for a moment to listen. Then, looking along the suffering beds, he says exultantly, 'C'est moi qui tire!' All day long, bang and rattle, rattle and bang, a series of apparently disconnected explosions, or the continuous jarring sound of machine-guns, like long heavy chains dragged clanking through iron hawse-holes, the whole forming in my mind a rhythmic sequence to which a graphic form — linked loops and dots, domed curves and sharply pointed an-

gles, jerked from the point of some monster telegraphic needle — might perhaps be given.

For twenty-four hours no newcomers. The obsession of the thundering guns lifts from our spirits as we remember the general's words and begin to hope the damage done is all on the other side.

It is nearly dinner-time. Suddenly three whistles announcing the arrival of *blessés* sound shrilly. Off I speed, trying to keep my balance on the narrow paths now slippery in the evening frost. Standing at the door of the *salle d'attente* are two ambulances, the drivers with grave faces holding lanterns, while stretcher-bearers gently lift or help the wounded out of the cars. Two, four, six, seven — they are all in now.

I follow them into the long room round which, from lanterns, dim black-framed slices of light move unsteadily. Three men, variously bandaged, stand facing me, smiling 'Good-evening.' On stretchers on the floor are four shapeless heaps.

A second — to check a wave of sick apprehension at sight of them.

Whose need is the most pressing? We unwrap blankets, lift them one by one on to beds. But here is one who cannot be moved. He seems unconscious. The left trouser has been split open to the top leaving bare a leg, the knee a little raised, mottled blue by gunpowder. It lies queerly zigzag on the stretcher, in an un-leg-like way. The right leg is bandaged, as also the whole right arm and hand, of which the bandages are soaked with recent bleeding. The upper part of the left arm is bandaged too, and as for the head — tiny rivulets of blood from scalp, forehead, and nose have trickled down it like some ghastly wig combed over the face, leaving nothing familiarly human visible, and have spread to neck and chest as far as we can see through the partly open shirt.

Is this thing, lying there so still, alive? 'Hot-water bottles quickly!' I take the right boot off the frozen foot and am just beginning to cut the laces of the other heavy boot which still hangs on the end of the limp bare blue leg, when a clear firm voice says, 'Don't give yourself the trouble, madame, to remove that. When they cut off my leg the boot can come off with it.'

I look up and catch the glance of two steady bright young eyes peering at me through that lamentable mask.

THE NAME

'Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials.'

That is all, written on a card over your bed and indelibly also written in my memory. Why do I so remember you, Eugène Sureau?

You came in the night when I was not even on duty. It did not fall to me to cut off the torn blood-soaked clothes to give you the first cheer, the first warmth after the wet, cold, unthinkable trenches and the torturing journey over rough roads in a poorly hung ambulance where, in the dark, you must have lain silently shrinking under each fresh jolt.

It snowed the night you came in and all the day following — a fine hard snow that sparkled on the little wooden ways that spanned the mud between our shacks. It sparkled, too, on the high-sitting old wind-mill which through so many sunsets I have seen turning, like Verhaeren's mill, on a sky *couleur de lie*. Even the color of the lees of wine was not in the sky on that evening when you found your place in my memory, Eugène Sureau. I did not see your wounds. Sometimes that gaping indecent horror photographs itself on the mind. They told me you had come in full of shrapnel wounds; but that was true of so many others.

Once or twice during the day, as I

passed your bed, I had smiled you a 'Comment allez-vous, mon ami?' and heard your patient 'Ça ne va pas très bien, ma sœur.' When at nightfall of that same white day I turned into Salle IV, you were not in my mind, Eugène Sureau. I had forgotten the big stretcher-bearer who lay so uncomplainingly in bed 6. The ward was darkened, and the day orderlies had gone off duty. Only the orderly whose watch held him there until midnight was noiselessly moving from bed to bed, preparing the men for their night of pain. But round bed 6 the screens were drawn, and, hearing me open the door, a nurse beckoned to me from a space between them.

'He has just died. I am alone. Will you help me to lay him out?'

There you were, the play of that patient smile still across your lips. The doctors had done what they could for you, but your wounds were too many and a terrible hemorrhage had left you too weak to bear more. Both your legs were bandaged from hip to heel.

'Take the forceps out of that wound and put on layers of wool and more bandages,' the nurse whispered.

And as I obey and add to the deforming bandages wool and yet more wool, you seem so little dead, so warm, that with a shame-faced sense of intrusion I expect to see your eyes turn on me or a look of pain tighten your lips. No muscle moves. We can do as we will with you. We cannot hurt you. You are warm, yet far away; you are warm, yet life, which your athlete's body and strong sweet face had perhaps made dear to you, has gone as capriciously, as mysteriously, as she came. Are you satisfied not to be, I vaguely wonder. Or is that quiet smile merely the tribute of the parting guest to his host, a well-bred acknowledgment of favors received, of discomforts too short-lived to be remembered?

We have wrapped you in your shroud, fastened the corner with its purple satin cross over your head. The nurse has stolen away through the hushed and now sleeping ward to call the stretcher-bearers. I stand beside you, becoming compassionately more and more aware of the fine strong lines of your body. Then suddenly I glance up and see the card over your bed: 'Eugène Sureau, 79th Territorials.' What are you to me but a name, a fine line, a thrill at one more turn of the screw among so many others heroically borne?

Yet from that moment you live for me. On some sunny countryside in France are your mother, your wife, your 'gosses' playing at soldiers, perhaps, and talking of your home-coming. All unconscious are they that you lie here shrapnel-torn in this darkened sleeping ward, still warm but dead, while I, stooping down, give you in their place the kiss of peace the living give the dead.

You have been dead since the beginning of the world, yet you are still warm, Eugène Sureau. Why does your name so echo in my memory? What were you, Eugène Sureau?

LE GROUX

When I arrived he was already one of the pets of the hospital and the pride of the doctors — not because of any show of health he made, poor lamb, but because he was still alive after all they had been allowed to do to him, and out of gratitude to him for all they thought they had learned to do against another time.

As a little boy he had been an acrobat, and his delicate grown-up boniness still gave one some idea of what that reedy childhood must have been. Then, weary of that hard life or kicked out of the company for some slip, he became

a waiter in a café. Never very communicative, he was as silent on that score as on others. We can only infer that something learned there or before led him to commit *le crime* — ever so little a one perhaps, such as many we know may have committed. Only, you see, he was so thin in body and environment, there was nothing with which to cover it up; while others less exposed, well padded with fortune and with place, sail virtuously on their ways all unsuspected. This crime then — he, as I have said, having nothing with which to hide it — lay not only naturally bare, but was dragged into a glittering artificial light by those whose interest it may have been to blacken and defame him and so gain another soldier for the not too popular African Light Infantry.

He was condemned, of course, and 'poured' (as they so forcibly say) into the *Bataillon d'Afrique* to be a *Zéphir* or *Joyeux* then and until his death. Brave boys, many of these *Joyeux* are. Their crimes forgotten when the war bugles blow, they are sent to the hottest corners; for, having nothing to lose but a trifling something of physical enjoyment and, perhaps, of physical comfort, they fight with a daring and a foolhardiness born of their adventurous, irresponsible lives. Their zealous lightheartedness wins for them their name; and, if good fighters, they are no less heroes under suffering as I, for one, happen to know.

There is always, of course, a chance of rehabilitation dangled before the eyes of any one of them who, more desperate than the rest, shall win a military laurel by some signal deed of daring.¹ Once the cross or medal is pinned on his breast he can, if still whole, be 'poured' into a regiment of better social repute, whitewash his blackened name, and salve the old family sore that his backsliding may have caused. But, as one boy explained to me, the

grapes so gathered too often turn sour in the eating. It is sufficient for a theft or some unfathered act of insubordination to be committed in his new surroundings: presto, it is the *Joyeux* who is guilty.

Why go any further? We have all heard of the dog and his name. The *Joyeux*, even with his Cross of Honor, bought at a so much higher price than other people's crosses, generally prefers to remain in his own battalion, where there is honor even among thieves.

Our Le Groux then, Joyous One or Light Breeze, a bullet through the spleen and kidney, half-flayed, with stomach, liver, and part of his intestines laid impudically bare, drains in the abdominal cavity and in his back, was one of the pets of the hospital and of the medical staff. If the doctors cherished him and cherished themselves in him, he no less cherished the doctors — one especially, a fine figure of a man, all that Le Groux was not, who to real skill added the 'happy hand' so dear to those suffering men, and who in return was adored by them. 'Monsieur le majeur est un chic type,' Le Groux would say; and a happy look of confidence would flit across the emaciated face, lighting into significance the bright brown eyes, high hectic cheek-bones, and somewhat oblique thin nose.

Every one spoke of Le Groux and asked, after each dressing, how he was; glanced many times a day at the chart over his bed and speculated what he would be fit for when, rehabilitated by a decoration of which even a whisper would send his temperature speeding up to the danger-point, his wounds finally drained and cleaned, he should be handed on by us to a base hospital and thence mingle once more in his country's civil life. The gray hospital ambulance, with its prominent red cross,

never whirled one of us into the nearest town, there to buy provisions and other household necessities, without bringing back some dainty for Le Groux, — oysters, fish, *petits gâteaux*, or fruit, — in the hope of tempting his capricious appetite and winning for ourselves his thanks.

Yes, certainly he was one of the pets of the hospital. And not only did he adore his doctor, but he also adored his faithful friend the nurse, his nurse, to whom alone, by virtue of her skill and devotion, was entrusted the ceremony of his terrible dressings, and whose care came nearer to a true mother's than anything this boy had ever known. And yet his mother lived. How we found it out I do not know. That was one of the things that always set us thinking. At rare intervals, he would mention a sister, but never, never had any one of us heard him speak of his mother. Did he know her shamed and broken-hearted by that slip, that blot, that crime, by reason of which he was 'poured' into the *Bataillon d'Afrique*? We shall never know.

Here, then, you have his life with us, the slow dragging days colored only by his changing moods, mixture alike of fineness and coarseness, at moments pulling one up short with a sense of one's own inferiority, then again flashing too crude a light on that past of which we guessed so much and knew so little.

At the end of four months — by one of those brusque changes common, I am told, in all military hospitals (due, some say, to intrigue, others to a legitimate desire on the part of a paternal General Staff to give to all medical aspirants an equal chance of experience and practice at the front) — the general signed the papers and our medical staff was changed, the *chic type* among the number. 'Promotion' the authorities called it, though he thought other-

wise; and there was much heartburning and putting of heads together in our camp.

When Le Groux heard that his doctor was to go to another hospital he said brightly, '*Eh bien*, you will wrap me up well and take me with you.'

'Alas, no, *mon vieux*, you must wait until that bronchitis is better. Then I will come myself and fetch you. *Au revoir et sois sage*. You will, I hope, soon be well. The new doctor will be good to you.'

Le Groux lay still all that day and all the next. In the evening of the second day I stood looking down at his wan pinched face, with the tightening skin round nose and lips. He slowly opened his eyes. 'Is there nothing I can get for you? No? Not even prunes?' They were his favorite sweet. 'Things stick in my throat these days,' he whispered, 'but if you will cook them, to please you I will try to eat them.' A moment later he stretched out his hands to his nurse who folded him in her arms, her big hot tears falling on his white face.

Twenty minutes later the general, followed by the new *médecin-chef*, turned the handle of Salle I. The general held a Croix de Guerre and a Médaille Militaire in his hand.

'Where is Le Groux, *ma sœur*?'

'He is dead.'

'Dead!'

'Yes, he lived only on his courage. When they removed his doctor he lost hope and died.'

Without a word, his head bent, the general turned and left the ward, two little unopened boxes in his hand, his sheathed sword hanging impotently at his side.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

Out of the endless muddy plains of western Belgium choose some three hundred yards, rather more muddy

than the rest, and round them draw with a loose-jointed compass, so that the curve may wobble here and there and try more than once to escape at a tangent, a thick black line. Press on your point until it sinks into the soft mud and your outline becomes a ditch. Then, out of the sticky fertile inner rim of your ditch, draw up a hawthorn hedge, eight feet or so in height, and you have the site of our field hospital.

On one side of this sticky field is a space given up to cars and ambulances and known as the yard. It is bounded on its northeast side by low ramshackle wooden shacks, one, open in front, the car-shed, the others closed and serving severally as cabins for the chauffeurs, store-house, coal-bin, and mortuary chapel. Between the mortuary chapel and the next shack, there is a space roofed over with planks to form a covered way which, in turn, opens upon a margin of our field and, through a low wooden door in the hedge, out on to the deeply rutted village road.

The little chapel is hung all round and curtained in with unbleached calico haunted by a taint of gangrene. A plain wooden cross hangs on the east side, and in the centre are trestles on which the bodies awaiting burial are laid, first in their shrouds, later in their plain deal coffins. These coffins, the carpenter once boastingly told me, he could knock together in twenty minutes each—the lowest terms to which this, the last need of man, has been reduced. *

On a gray day in early January as I passed along one end of the yard, I saw a group of *poilus*, their helmets on, their faded, mottled, horizon-blue overcoats looped back, their guns at rest with bayonets fixed. The supply-wagon that served us as a hearse stood under the covered way in front of them, while at one side, leisurely putting a stole on

over his uniform and preparing to officiate at a funeral, was one of our mobilized priests.

My favorite nurse, in her dark blue cloak, the small red cross on her white head-dress, stood a little apart from the rest, waiting.

'Laloux is to be buried,' she whispered, 'won't you stay with me?'

I have but lately come to the hospital and the edge of emotion is still cutting. Quietly we stand together, while the stretcher-bearers go behind the curtains and presently reappear, carrying the coffin, which they slide into the supply-wagon. On each of our coffins, for all decoration, is nailed a metal cross, and tenderly enough — allowing for the wear and tear of daily repetition — is laid a small wreath of yellow immortelles and a bunch of artificial, rain-proof Parma violets. Silently we fall into place: first, an orderly carrying a long thin plain deal cross; then, the soldier-priest in his stole, a half-open breviary in his hand, a finger in the burial service; then, three soldiers abreast, with guns and bayonets fixed; behind these, the improvised hearse drawn by two shabby horses, with three more soldiers, on each side, in single file, three abreast immediately following. Twelve soldiers in all, twelve guns, twelve bayonets fixed. Behind the soldiers the stretcher-bearers, followed by a solitary mourner who has come a twenty-four hours' journey to arrive too late, but not too late for death. After her walk the nurses, a few officials, orderlies, any one who likes, out of curiosity or piety, to join our straggling procession.

The gray desolate day seems grayer and more desolate as we pick our way across puddles and ruts, trying to catch a rhythm in twelve heavy marching feet and oscillating iron-bound wheels on rough-worn cobble-stones. On, past the diminutive wayside chapel outside

our farthest gate, round a bend in the road where a dilapidated wind mill stands, raised on its high platform against the sky, and drags ragged sails in monotonously repeated, jerky circles — on and on into the little village of one street, over the bridge that spans the canal, with its half-inundated banks turning broken gray mirrors up to a glowering gray sky. This canal is famous now, and will be famous as long as the history of Belgium is told, for the heroic resistance put up behind the scant refuge of its inhospitable banks to the untiring attacks of merciless hordes.

Most of our men, many of them old territorials ordered there to beat time, as they themselves would say, and because in that 'hot corner the less precious lives might best be thrown away,' were wounded within a few hundred yards of the bridge across which, to the heavy rhythm of tramping boots, we carry them dead.

On and on we go, meeting weary convoys who, as they trudge in an opposite direction, conscious their turn may be the next, pay tribute by their expressionless faces and the dire simplicity of their salute, to the elemental dignity of death.

We reach the little market at last, turn sharply to our left, and pass into the village church. There we pause for a part of our burial service — for the swung censer and the holy water sprinkled alike on living and on dead. Out and on through the north door to the farthest edge of the little churchyard, where, circling a third of the space, row on row, four abreast, rough black wooden crosses, high as a man, tell their tale.

On the back of each cross, the name, rank, and regiment are written. Over the upright stay of each hangs our little wreath of yellow immortelles. At the crossing of the arms the bunch of arti-

ficial violets which, if not fragrant as other violets are, give forth the faint perfume of man's sympathy, man's intention, struggling for expression. Row on row, four abreast, — and now we add another to the number, — with orange sand thinly sprinkled and tidily raked round each, lie our dead, each familiar name a high-water mark of human endurance, while around and above, behind, beyond and before, floats the immensity of flat gray desolation.

AU TÉLÉPHONE

He was a telephonist in the trenches and, they told me, the son of a country doctor. Twenty years old or so, with a thick crop of black hair worn rather long, and dark languid eyes. A beautiful boy and an only son — to the last so delicately careful of his person that the life of the rank and file could have been little less than a crucifixion to him.

He came in with typhoid fever and appendicitis. They operated. Days passed and he grew worse. Those who looked on called to his father, to his uncle, way-worn men to whom he was all the world. They came. Then a fistula developed and he lay there suffering, irritable, exacting and alien, while

those two forlorn men hung with anxious faces over his bed, — No. 9 it was, — on which the fight with death was fought by doctors, nurses, and by those two, to whom he was all the world. Another and more terrible operation relieved the strain for a time and gave him back to them, gentle, thoughtful, and full of tales through which flashed the heroism, humor, and patience of the trenches.

For six lagging weeks the sympathy and science of the hospital clung to the chance of saving him, of saving those three lives. But death held on hungrily to him. In his delirium he was back in the trenches again, the receiver in his hand, feverishly active as message after message reached him and had to be sent on.

Suddenly his excitement grew. He was in the fury of bursting shells. 'The Germans are coming! They come! They come! *Sauvez vous, camarades! Les Boches sont là . . . Allô. No. 129?* Yes, I'm still here. What was that? What! . . .' The pause was strained with the agony of attention. Then the muscles relaxed into a creeping smile and the lips moved again: '*Ah, ça y est, maintenant. Le bon Dieu est à l'appareil.*'

The boy was dead.

FROM SALONICA

BY ALBERT KINROSS

June 2, 1916.

I HAVE been here seven months now and am beginning to feel like an old inhabitant. We reached here early in November, and now it is June. One's main impression of this country, if one is a native of northern Europe, is sunshine and ever sunshine blazing over the slender whiteness of minarets. I speak now of the town and not of the moors beyond. Macedonia, like Caledonia, is 'stern and wild,' though I doubt much whether its inhabitants are 'romantic children.'

We came here in November and had to begin at the beginning. Luckily there was the harbor and three good quays. On them we poured our men, our stores and ammunition, to say nothing of our mules and horses, guns, ovens, and pontoons. How we sorted ourselves all out is still a mystery. Men slept literally anywhere, in the mud, in the cold, in passable hotels. I, as an old campaigner, had little to complain about. I slept in a bed (and quite a good bed too), after seeing to it that my men were under cover. They took it all good-humoredly, and so went the first night. The next day I had time to skirmish and constituted myself the unit's billeting officer. I found rooms for all my friends, and the mosquitoes took stock of us. They were on the wane, however, a dying race, and only Captain F——, a succulent morsel, was pretty properly attacked. Perhaps some of my own immunity was bought at the cost of a night's rest.

I was given a 'dump' of canned meat

and biscuit, a string of motor-lorries, a herd of native labor, and told to feed the division, more or less. My men and I and the native labor checked and filled up the lorries. We worked by some kind of artificial light fed by benzine. The native laborers were Greek refugees from Thrace and Asia Minor, and we shoved them along by signs and plentiful cursing. We were five Europeans to eighty of these enigmas. We half expected them to cut our throats in the dark and make off with the meat and biscuit. Why they did not do so, I have never discovered. However, about one o'clock in the morning the heavens began to open and the stormy winds to blow. Out went our flimsy lights, down came the rain. A lorry driver, returned from up country, reported a bridge carried away and all the rest of the lorries stuck. It seemed about time to close the shop. The piece of waste land which was the scene of this first act had now become a swamp, the darkness was illuminated only by flashes of lightning, we were all wet to the skin; so I gave the signal to retire, which was obeyed with alacrity. Home I floundered to bed, leaving the division to 'the unconsumed portion of its emergency ration.' Nor did the division take much hurt. I can see it bivouacked, huddled together, wet and muddled, snoring blissfully, too tired to 'grouse.'

So much for Chaos. To-day the swamp where I worked on that first night is drained and firm; good roads lead to it, good roads run away inland

and climb the hills; the flimsy bridges of yesterday are replaced by work unknown in Macedonia since the days of the Roman legionaries; and the legionaries of the Allies now repose in cities of wood and canvas, pitched in the shadow of prehistoric tumuli or covering hillsides more ancient still. Down in the dusty plain, too, are our legions, and even in the sun-baked marshland to the east — Serb, French, and British, and at one point scores of Canadians.

Mud and dust seem to be the leading products of this side of Macedonia. The soil is a friable, crumbling substance — limestone I fancy — which when dry is a powder, when wet a paste. On a dry, windy day your eyes are filled with the stuff; on a rainy day you flounder or your car skids and wallows. But mostly we have the sun, and now at noon a stillness. The heat pours down, your energy departs from you, and toward evening you revive. Such is June here. The winter was different — days of an English April, varied by sudden icy spells when the wind came down the Vardar valley. Inland among the mountains the cold was fierce. Our poor fellows had the worst of it just before and during the retreat.

The retreat and the four air raids are the only things that have happened since we came here, except for our troubles with the Greek government, which while I write (June 3) seem to be exceptionally flourishing. Outside this quiet room, Allied troops and marines are moving to positions before the Prefecture and Post Office, and I dare say that, by the time this letter is read, the administration of Greek Macedonia will be in the capable hands of General Sarrail.

But to return to events that have happened. The retreat of the Allies from Serbia made most of us sit up. It was a very breathless business, of which

the full story will be told in time. The men that came down were pretty well spent — spent to the world, in fact, and rather relieved to find themselves alive.

Of the four air raids I have a somewhat closer knowledge. The first was just a pretty picture seen against a cloudless sky. The Taubes — we always call them Taubes — looked like wicked moths playing amid white puffs of shrapnel. They did little damage and soon retired. The first Zeppelin was a sterner foe. It came when we were all innocently asleep; and at two o'clock in the morning, waking or sleeping, a man's courage is not at its proudest.

I was billeted at that time in a little smelly house of three floors and six apartments. The house was packed with the original tenants, Jew and Greek, together with such lodgers as myself. In our flat of four rooms and a kitchen were the landlord and his lady, four sons and two daughters. The sons slept on the sitting-room floor, and if you came home in the dark you were likely to tread on them. Two French officers shared the best bedroom, while I slept alone in the second best. *Bang-bang-bang* went the bombs from the Zeppelin; the French officers cried, '*En bas!*' and the boys banged at my door yelling, '*Embros!*' which is Greek for 'Forwards!' As it did n't seem to matter much where one went, the whole thing, failing dugouts, being purely a question of luck, I stayed in bed and touched wood. The crashes of the big bombs were terrifying. The house shook with each explosion; but as all things — good or bad — must come to an end, so too, after a while, ended this business. A wonderful orange-colored blaze lit up the world outside, and so I got out of bed and watched it, deciding at last to dress and see things at close quarters.

Three hundred yards from the house, in the middle of a road, was the first big hole. I turned on my electric torch and found a sergeant of my late unit, apparently looking for something he had lost.

'What is it, Cryer?' I asked. 'Money?'

'I'm after a souvenir,' he answered. And I left him groping for a relic to send home.

Most of the stragglers I met were looking out for fragments of the German bombs; and yet, a hundred yards farther on blazed one of the biggest and most lovely fires a man could wish to see.

At home I found all the tenants of the house assembled in a room on the ground floor, Jews and Gentiles, ladies and gentlemen, young and middle-aged and old. The invaded tenant made coffee, cigarettes were lit, and everybody discussed the visitor. Most of us were in a fine state of *déshabille*. This was my first appearance in Salonica society. They stayed up, so they told me afterwards, till daylight.

I was three months in this billet with the Jewish family and the French officers before I went under canvas. It was in rather a low quarter of the town, but handy for my work. The Florentins were poor but proud Jews; they had good blood, and had been better off. But Florentin Senior had lost his job shortly after the Greeks came in and ruined Salonica commercially, and ever since they had been living by expedients. The sons helped a little, but the two French officers and I were the best expedients of the lot. The war was really a stroke of luck for the Florentins. The old man is now the overseer of a gang of navvies who are employed on one of the new roads we have made and are continuing to make.

The children, of whom there were four little ones, were likable, and

fiercely intelligent, as is often the way with Jews. Niña, the fourteen-year-old girl, — her mother had married at fifteen, — used to say, 'I am not pretty — I am too thin.' She had no illusions about this world or the next. 'We believe in God,' she would chaff me, 'while you believe in Jesus Christ.' To believe in Jesus Christ was with her rather a piece of amiable folly than an act of faith. 'I'm not so sure that I believe in God after all,' she sometimes admitted. They all, however, believed whole-heartedly in a mythical person called 'Rothschild.'

'Rothschild,' so I learned, dwelt in London and spent millions on his lightest whim. He had a horse that cost a million, he had pleasures and palaces; in short, he was It. If I had told them that the present Lord Rothschild is a bearded giant with a passion for natural history and of a retiring and quiet habit, they would never have believed me. Out here he is a symbol rather than a human being. Even Eli, the third boy, who believed in nothing else, believed in Rothschild. Eli was a pro-German because he was a pro-Turk. As we grew more friendly he admitted it.

'When the Turks were here,' he used to say, 'everything was cheap. The Greeks have made everything dear.' He wished me no ill, but he would have been made entirely happy had the whole lot of us, and especially the Greeks, been driven headlong into the Ægean Sea. The Turks would come back then, so he fancied, and Turk and Jew have always been able to live together.

There was one exception to this rule. In Israel Zangwill's book, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, you will find the story of Sabbatei Zevi. He was a Jew who wanted to convert the Turk to Judaism. This was going a bit too far. So Sabbatei — who incidentally was a

pseudo-Messiah with a large following — was given the choice between Islam and death. He chose Islam, and being a skillful theologian, naturally discovered most excellent reasons. These he revealed to his followers, and several thousands went over with him. They are called Deunmehs, meaning, 'the converted,' and are a feature of Salonica to-day. I should have said that Sabbatei's strange adventure happened three hundred years ago.

These Deunmehs are perhaps the strangest of the many strange people who inhabit Salonica. The men wear the fez, the women the veil, but not too strictly. Though publicly they profess the Mohammedan religion and their chief mosque is the richest in the town, in secret they are said to cling to Judaism, and in fact they marry only one wife, who is chosen from their own community, and they are an active, commercially prosperous people widely separate from the true Mohammedan. Once, by an accident, I had quite a conversation with two Deunmeh ladies. It was conducted in French, and was mainly about French literature and especially Pierre Loti. Their chaperon arrived, a yellow-skinned female with black eyes and a nose like a beak. Needless to say, she broke up the meeting and made the girls lower their veils. I had time to divine a busy fancy, a keen and entirely bookish speculation on life as it is lived in Europe.

A curious feature of Salonica is that everybody says 'Europe' when speaking of the countries outside the Balkans. Here, apparently, we are not in Europe, and there is some sense in the notion. Move away from the modern city which sprawls all white and stucco along the bay, and go inland to where the old town climbs the hill. Swiftly you enter another world.

Old Salonica is beautiful, new Salonica is tawdry, cheap, and garish. Up-

hill there are no sidewalks, no gas, no electric light, and water is drawn from wells or fountains.

Uphill, past the Roman road that runs from Durazzo to Constantinople, you find the quiet mosques and the secret, hidden houses. There are narrow, winding ways whose blank walls every now and again are pierced by the doors through which the veiled women of the Turkish quarter descend into the modern city. The life beyond those walls is hidden from the infidel. In a romantic mood you may conceive it as passionate and seductive; my own view is that it is tedious, depressing, and airless. The Turk in Europe is a played-out monster, hard up, shabby, with no one to squeeze or pillage — for he was ever a brigand or a parasite. Here he survives in greasy eating-houses, or as barber, porter, cobbler; and only in a few cases is he a merchant of any consequence. Yet though his day be spent, and his cemeteries — those acres of cemeteries! — are places of desolation that will soon be one with the moor and waste outside the walls, in his mosques and their courtyards he is memorable and even lovable. There alone in all Salonica may you find quiet, peace, and contemplation. You enter, and the Greeks, whose flag flies on the citadel, seem like a lot of chattering, noisy sparrows. A puny race, nervous, unstable, they seem in this quarter. I am told that the Greeks of the islands and the hills are more manly. The Cretan police who have been imported here in some number certainly testify to another strain: they are handsome fellows and carry themselves proudly.

Salonica, however, whether Greek, Turk, or Macedonian, is primarily a Jewish city: the bulk of its population and most of its enterprise are governed by that faith. On Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, the town keeps holiday. Exiled from Spain in the days of

the Inquisition, the Jews of Salonica still speak a language which, though written in Hebrew characters, is akin to pure Castilian. This Judæo-Espagnol, as it is called, is admixed with Italian and Turkish; and though it possesses no literature, it is eloquent in half-a-dozen periodicals, the chief of which no Spaniard would recognize, although the Hebrew letters when spelt out announce them as *El Liberal* and *El Avenir*.

The French language, thanks to several excellent schools and charitable foundations, is gradually replacing the dialect brought from Spain; and with it, too, will go the distinctive Jewish dress and headdress worn by the women, a hideous affair of greens, yellows, purple, scarlet, and seed-pearls. Already the younger generation looks to Paris, and if France, in addition to nice clothes and a congenial civilization, could only promise the material prosperity which went with the Sultans and the Turk, all Salonica Jewry would gladly embrace the tricolor.

Having read so far, you will perhaps recall my attention to the fact that we are at war, and that my business is to deal with this rather than with the larger fauna of Macedonia. Most of the year, however, the war has shifted from this quarter; and apart from the gunners, whose thunders punctuate the writing of these notes and sketches, we are all busy with routine-work which, save for a higher pressure, is very like the work of peace. Incidentally I may say that since I began this paper, I have shifted toward the Serbian frontier, a line of lake and hills, and am now encamped in a paradise of pied meadows, ever-changing butterflies, and plentiful tortoises. I sit out of doors, in the never-failing sunshine, and continue. *Bang* go the guns, and miles away in the Bulgar lines you see the smoke that follows the bursting of

the heavy shells. Our business all winter was to make this possible.

To me now, looking back, it was chiefly a matter of lost sleep, of lorries going endlessly up country, night and day, and of brother officers, here and there, getting very ragged about the nerves. Much of that time I was on 'night duty,' and an agreeable feature of my work was that it brought me into close contact with the Navy.

Our Senior Service, unlike our Army, was ready for war; was, indeed, seemingly ready for anything and everybody. Here no improvisation was needed: a sailor is a sailor, whether he belong to the Grand Fleet or be only the humble master of a trawler. Gunnery is but an added virtue; the discipline and craftsmanship are there already. The fleet out here — and by fleet I mean every conceivable kind of vessel — had mainly been switched on from Gallipoli, and from lighter to battleship was full of stories and escapes that now are history. The transports interested me more than the fighting units; they came and went so pluckily, with but the slightest means of defense. Hardly one that had not its tale of a submarine, and often of several. Here and there one met the submarined now serving on another vessel. Out again they would go, making strange courses, running through the darkest nights without a light. Coming here, I had ten days of similar expectancy, enough to last me a lifetime. These seamen take such journeyings as the normal, with loads of responsibility and possible Boards of Enquiry that may cost them their career as an added burden.

Before I leave these seamen and their quiet heroisms, splendid efficiency, and freedom from red tape, I would like to thank them for the many glimpses they gave me of Salonica by night. Seated or lounging on their decks, or even strenuously employed, I was forever

aware of the old city sprawling uphill and pricked out with its little clusters and constellations of oil-lamps. These were always beautiful, and patterned like another sky of stars; a smaller sky, enclosed like a garden by the battle-mented walls of the historic town, and falling into all kinds of designs that varied with the hour as the oil ran down and lamp after lamp expired. Below on the sea-front were gas and electricity, particularly emphatic on the faces of the cin ma theatres and other halls and palaces of extremely sophisticated delight, while to and fro ran well-lit electric trams; yet somehow my eyes would always go uphill to the oil-lamps and the curious twists and curvings of the Turkish streets whose lines they followed and explored. Here, under the velvet Eastern sky, was the true *nocturne*; the gas-lamps and the electric bulbs belonged to Europe.

More seriously interesting than these personal fancies is the active quality of the Entente which one discovers in Salonica. In France the two armies were separated; here they mingle. On the Western front, the Belgians held their section of the line, then came the British, and below them was the great French section; one hardly met a Belgian or a French soldier except by accident. Here in Macedonia we mingle freely, in fact are arriving at friendships that must survive the war; and the ridiculous thing out here is the way we go discovering one another. From a hundred British mouths I have heard what a wonderful army is that of our Ally, and that if *we* were one tenth part as efficient, and so forth, and so forth; and again, from my French friends I hear how wonderfully organized is the army of Great Britain, and if *theirs* were one tenth part as well equipped and found, and so forth, and so forth. Both parties are quite sincere; in some points each army takes the lead, and

it is on a few such points that we fasten. Nor must it be forgotten that the art of war is essentially a French art, and that in the mathematical side of war, as exemplified, let us say, by gunnery and fortification, the world has never known their betters. This scientific intensity of the good French soldier has rather surprised us of the New Armies, as it must surprise any other body of amateurs, be they British, Chinese, or American. In aviation, too, the Frenchmen win our unstinted admiration, partly because they have taken over the whole of that side of our common effort, and partly on account of the splendid human material which they employ in this heroic arm. It interested me vastly to discover that many of the French ‘observers’ were young painters in normal times, and really far more preoccupied with art than with aerial duels. Young Boutet de Monvel, for instance, is such an one: he has accounted for two Taubes, and will, I hope, account for more. ‘If you don’t get the other fellow, the odds are he gets you’; yet when we dined together the other night the conversation was mostly about — CUBISM!

This was shortly after the naval gunners had brought down the Zeppelin. I assisted at that strange spectacle, and have since lost all faith in such engines of terror. It is rather tempting Providence to say so, for while I write, the anti-aircraft guns on the other side of the hill are popping away at *Herr Taube*, who may take a fancy to the half mile of infantry going by on the road in column of four, bands playing, and totally indifferent to the hovering pursuer. The Zeppelin, however, is a different proposition. The first time it came we all stood by helpless and gasped. The second time we were ready; and then all we had to do was to blind it with a sun of searchlights that stabbed it straight in the

eye — the rest was easy marksmanship and a great blaze.

A few such exciting moments have varied the monotony of our lives during these seven months. The only other diversion — and I speak for most of our officers who are entrusted with the Army's rationing and equipment — has been the thieving propensity of the ordinary Greek. At first we were angry with them, especially when most of our motor-lorry drivers, who live and sleep in their old 'buses, had their kits stolen in an unguarded moment. We were then surrounded by a badly clad and half-fed Greek soldiery who later were ordered out of our lines. By night these brigands were a positive danger. In the wild country outside the town, one would scale the tailboard of a lorry, throw a fifty-pound case of jam overboard to his comrades, and follow after it himself; or it might be corned beef, or a bale of compressed forage. Several subalterns have told me how, returning to camp late at night by this simple method, they were startled by voices, and their electric torch showed them the swarthy face of a Greek Evzone peering over the tailboard. A good punch with the fist or the butt of a revolver sent the thief back into the darkness, whence a rifle-shot or two would follow the lorry as it jogged on to its supply depot or ordnance store. Such incidents led to armed guards and less eventful journeys.

I have said that at first we were angry, but gradually we came to recognize that thieving is a form of sport in this country, and that if found out the player will take his beating like a man. He simply shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say, 'The luck was against me this time; I must try again.' He gets no sympathy from the spectators. These regard his misfortune as an excellent joke and chuckle over the summary punishment inflicted. It was

once my luck to detect a robber of a higher type — indeed, an acquaintance whose house stood in our lines and whose knowledge of French made conversation easy. He was a very particular little man, and had first come to me with a complaint about the filthy habits of our Greek laborers. After that we chatted often and I did what I could for him. Nominally he had a brick-and-tile business, and parcels of these goods seemed to leave his house each day. However, at a time when I was on night duty and had (1) arrested a Greek corporal for stabbing one of our workmen who had declined to steal; (2) gone through said corporal's guard and guard-room and relieved these gentry of a barrow-load of our property; (3) got most fanatically savage with the whole Hellenic population — I noticed a light or two burning in the home of my friend the brick-and-tile merchant. 'Now what is he up to at 1 A.M.?' I asked myself; and determined to go inside and see.

I banged at his door and stood on his doorstep. Presently his bald head looked out of a first-floor window. 'Ouvrez!' I commanded. As he hesitated and wished to argue, I sent for our guard, five good men with gleaming bayonets — then down he came. The door opened, and I set eyes on thirteen cases, each of fifty tins, of raspberry jam, to begin with. There were three men, two women, and some children in the house. I had a good acetylene lamp and could see everything. In the business part of the house I discovered enough of our property to fill a large van — provisions, shirts, breeches, and even barbed wire. Going upstairs into the living rooms, it occurred to me that the three men might lose their heads and knife me. I had seen such things done in panic before. However, they were merciful; indeed, the respectable little man's nerve was so far gone

that instead of answering me in French, he began jabbering away in Greek. It was all too ludicrous. Every corner and cupboard of those living-rooms was stuffed with British rations. The ladies slept on beds raised from the floor on a neat layer of packing-cases stamped 'Wheatmeal Biscuit, 50 lbs.' They had Heinz's pickles and Black Cat cigarettes, Clarifying Powder and Oxo Cubes. There was no end to the stuff, and when I had made my host unlock the last cupboard, I simply sat down on a packing-case and shook with laughter; and to make matters worse he was explaining everything away in a series of lies that would not have deceived a cinema audience. I left him and his associates under a guard, and neither of the two ladies seemed to appreciate having these honest British rustics in the house at such an hour of the morning. Except the men doing patrol work on the frontier, and those directly affected by air-raids, very few of my acquaintances have had a more engrossing night than the one I have attempted to describe.

To tell the truth, this Salonica campaign, always barring the retreat, is child's play to what most of us underwent in France. What we actually have done, and that in itself is a notable feat, has been to turn a wilderness into a country fit for settlement and permanent occupation. Each day now I ride out on new-made roads, planned by the Allied engineers and made by the Allied infantry. The villages I pass are tragic with ruined houses and the

desolation wrought by Turk and Comitadjis. There are villages made dead by massacre and fire, and others half-standing and half-destroyed. In some new houses have been built since the Greeks took over, and in almost all, at this season, you see that great bird, the stork, sitting on her huge nest. Really, once the mountains overpassed, it is a beautiful country, fine in climate, rich in soil, with splendid pasturages, and now so full of good roads, new light railways, and other connections as to be within easy access of the town and sea.

The sun is setting as I end these random notes. I am, as usual, outdoors, sitting on one biscuit box and writing on two others. I have found an elm tree that is shady and is moreover full of bluebirds — jays. Over the great plain I look out to Kilindir, which is being bombarded, and the three lakes. Of Lake Doiran I have only a glimpse through the broken hills. Behind the lake is an inaccessible wall of mountain which looks like the end of the world. It is the boundary of New Serbia, and there the Bulgars are perched. Sausage-shaped observation balloons go up and we pound away at one another, trying to locate and destroy gun-positions for the most part. Every other day a few deserters dribble in from the other side, looking very cheerful and full of *vin ordinaire* and information — the French very wisely induce the one by the other. Such is the war as we are seeing it just now. By the time this reaches you the kaleidoscope may have taken another turn.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LIER IN BED

If I had to get on with but one article of furniture, I think I would choose a bed. One could if necessary sit, eat, read, and write in the bed. In past time it has been a social centre: the hostess received in it, the guests sat on benches, and the most distinguished visitor sat on the foot of the bed. It combines the uses of all the other articles in the '\$198 de luxe special 4-room outfit' that I have seen advertised for the benefit of any newly married couple with \$20 of their own for the first payment. Very few houses, if any, nowadays are without furniture that nobody uses, chairs that nobody ever sits on, books that nobody ever reads, ornaments that nobody ever wants, pictures that nobody ever looks at; an accumulation of unessential objects that does credit chiefly to the activity of manufacturers and merchants catering to our modern lust for unnecessary expenditure. Not so many centuries ago one or two books made quite a respectable library, dining-room tables were real banqueting boards laid on trestles and taken away after the banquet, one bench served several sitters, and a chair of his own was the baron's privilege. To-day the \$198 de luxe special 4-room outfit would feel naked and ashamed without its '1 Pedestal' and '1 Piece of Statuary.' Yet what on earth does a happy couple, bravely starting life with \$20, want of a pedestal and a piece of statuary? And I notice also that the outfit — 'a complete home,' says the description — makes no provision for a kitchen: but perhaps they are no longer de luxe.

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It is impossible, at this time, to recover with complete certainty the antiquity of the bed. Presumably the Neanderthal man had a wife (as wives were then understood) and maintained a kind of housekeeping which may have gone no further than pawing some leaves together to sleep on; but this probably was a late development. Earlier we may imagine the wind blowing the autumn leaves together and a Neanderthal man lying down by chance on the pile. He found it pleasant, and, for a few thousand years, went out of his way to find piles of leaves to lie down on, until one day he hit upon the bright idea of piling the leaves together himself. Then for the first time a man had a bed. His sleep was localized; his pile of leaves, brought together by his own sedulous hands, became property. Monogamy was encouraged, and the idea of home came into being. Personally I have no doubt whatever that the man who made the first bed was so charmed with it that the practice of lying in bed in the morning began immediately; and it is probably a conservative statement that the later Pliocene era saw the custom well developed.

One wonders what the Neanderthal man would have thought of a de luxe 4-room outfit, or complete home, for \$198.

Even to-day, however, there are many fortunate persons who are never awakened by an alarm-clock — that watchman's rattle, as it were, of Policeman Day. The invention is comparatively recent. Without trying to uncover the identity of the inventor, and thus adding one more to the Who's Who of Pernicious Persons, we may as-

sume that it belongs naturally to the age of small and cheap clocks that dawned only in the nineteenth century. Some desire for it existed earlier. The learned Mrs. Carter, said Dr. Johnson, 'at a time when she was eager in study, did not awake as early as she wished, and she therefore had a contrivance that, at a certain hour, her chamber light should burn a string to which a heavy weight was suspended, which then fell with a sudden strong noise: this roused her from her sleep, and then she had no difficulty in getting up.'

This device, we judge, was peculiar to Mrs. Carter, than whom a less eager student would have congratulated herself that the sudden strong noise was over, and gone sweetly to sleep again. The venerable Bishop Ken, who believed that a man 'should take no more sleep than he can take at once,' had no need of it. He got up, we are told, at one or two o'clock in the morning 'and sometimes earlier,' and played the lute before putting on his clothes.

To me the interesting thing about these historic figures is that they got up with such elastic promptness, the one to study and the other to play the lute. The Bishop seems a shade the more eager; but there are details that Mrs. Carter would naturally have refrained from mentioning to Dr. Johnson, even at the brimming moment when he had just accepted her contribution to the *Rambler*. For most of us — or alarm-clocks would not be made to ring continuously until the harassed bed-warmer gets up and stops the racket — this getting out of bed is no such easy matter; and perhaps it will be the same when Gabriel's trumpet is the alarm-clock. We are more like Boswell, honest sleeper, and have 'thought of a pulley to raise me gradually'; and then have thought again and realized that even a pulley 'would give me pain, as it would counteract my internal dis-

position.' Let the world go hang, our internal disposition is to stay in bed: we cling tenaciously to non-existence — or rather, to that third state of consciousness when we are in the world but not of it.

There are those, no doubt, who will say that they have something better to do than waste their time wondering why they like to stay in bed, which they don't. They are persons who have never been bored by the monotony of dressing or have tried to vary it, sometimes beginning at one end, sometimes at the other, but always defeated by the hard fact that a man cannot button his collar until he has put on his shirt. If they condescend so far, they will say, with some truth, that it is a question of weather, and any fool knows that it is not pleasant to get out of a warm bed into a cold bedroom. The matter has been considered from that angle. 'I have been warm all night,' wrote Leigh Hunt, 'and find myself in a state perfectly suited to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold — from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies" — fellows who come to call them.' But no man, say I, — or woman either, — ever lay in bed and devised logical reasons for staying there — unless for the purposes of an essay, in which case the recumbent essayist, snuggle as he may, is mentally up and dressed. He is really awake. He has tied his necktie. He is a busy bee — and I can no more imagine a busy bee lying in bed than I can imagine lying in bed with one. He is no longer in the nice balance between

sense and oblivion that is too serenely and irresponsibly comfortable to be consciously analyzed; and in which, so long as he can stay there without getting wider awake, nothing else matters.

Lying in bed being a half-way house between sleeping and waking, and the mind then equally indifferent to logic and exact realism, the liar in bed can and does create his own dreams. If his bent is that way he becomes Big Man Me: Fortunatus's purse jingles in his pocket; the slave jumps when he rubs the lamp; he excels in all manly sports. If you ask with what authority I can thus postulate the home-made dreams of any liar in bed but myself, the answer is easy. It is common knowledge that the half-awake minds of men thus employ themselves, and the fashion of their employment may be reasonably deduced from observation of individuals. The ego even of a modest man will be somewhat rampant; the ego of a conceited one would, barring its capability for infinite expansion, swell up and bust. But this riot of egoism has as little relation to the Fine Art of Lying in Bed as a movie play has to the fine art of the drama. The true artist may take fair advantage of his nice state of unreason to defy time and space, but he will respect essential verities. He will treat his ego like the child it is; and, taking example from a careful mother, tie a rope to it when he lets it out to play. Thus he will capture a kind of immortality; and his lying in bed, a transitory state itself, will contradict the transitory character of life outside of it. Companions he has known and loved will come from whatever remote places to share these moments, for the Fine Art of Lying in Bed consists largely in cultivating that inward eye with which Wordsworth saw the daffodils.

Whether this can be done on the wooden pillow of the Japanese I have no way of knowing, but I suspect there

were some admirable liars in bed among the Roman patricians who were grossly accused of effeminacy because they slept on feathers. The north of China, where bedding is laid in winter on raised platforms gently heated by little furnaces underneath, must have produced some highly cultivated liars in bed. The proverbial shortness of the German bed (which perhaps explains *Kultur*) may have tended to discourage the art and at the same time unconsciously stimulated a hatred of England, where the beds are proverbially generous. One can at least hope, however, that all beds are alike in this matter, provided the occupant is a proper liar, who can say fairly, —

My bed has legs
To run away
From Here and Now
And Everyday.
It trots me off
From slumber deep
To the Dear Land
Of Half-Asleep.

CHURCH WORK

'MISS MARY, does you want to punch my cyard?' Mammie, having made her usual noiseless entrance, stood beside me with hands extended; a very grimy card with a number of stars printed on it in one hand, and in the other a large pin.

'You does like dis. Punch a hole in de middle of one of dese stars; so! Den gimme fi' cents for my church. De baby done punch fo' times dis mornin', an' dat meck you owe me twenty cents.'

I handed over the quarter. 'This is for the baby and myself, Mammie. But please don't let him play with pins.'

Mammie tossed her head indignant-ly. 'When is I ever let no baby play wid pins? My goodness, Miss Mary, I ain't gwine let him ever *tech* no common pin. Dis here is a church pin, wid a deep black mournin' haid; an' I ain't

gwine trus' Billy wid it no mo', 'kase he might lose it likely as not.'

The old woman looked very much offended; and fearing that I had hurt her feelings, I encouraged her to talk of her church, knowing from past experience that it was a most soothing topic. 'Are you raising money for any special purpose, Mammie?'

'Money, Miss Mary,' she replied sententiously, 'is what everybody's 'bleege to have. An' folks done talk so much 'bout hard times, de niggers feel like dey ain't got nothin'. Now our Pasture he ain't never had all dat de deacons promuss him dis year; but what wid poundin'¹ him an' envitin' of him out to meals, an' 'cludin' what his white folks what he used to work for 'fore he tuk ter preachin' give him, he is got on right well. But now he says he jus' pintedly got ter go ter some contention er 'nother wid a whole passel of other preachers; so we members is boun' ter do all kinds of things ter git some cash money, 'kase everybody knows you can't git no credit on a railroad ticket. You got ter teck yo' money wid you, an' spend it 'fore you starts, when you travels on de train. Us old folks what goes out in service 'mongst de white people, we got cyards; an' de gals an' boys dey got de church all festooned wid tissue paper, an' is aholdin' of a fair. You ought ter see how dey done fix it up wid a big table front of de pulpit all laid out wid what dey calls numbered prizes. An' at one end is a pile of sharp sticks, an' a wash-tub of bluein' water wid all kinds of numbers in it. You got ter pay fi' cents to poke fer a number. I poked several times, but I did n't teck none of de prizes 'kase most of dem come frum de tea sto', an' I had give a heap of dat li'l trash to

de fair myself 'kase I did n't have no use for it.'

'Weremany people there, Mammie?'

'Yes, *mam*, dat dey *was*! You know John?'

I shook my head. 'Do you mean Mary's son? The one whose husband's funeral you went to the other day?'

'Naw *indeed*, Honey. Dis dat big black John wid a knot on his haid. His mother's a ol' maid. Her name's Frances. She used to do washin' fo' yo' ma. She is a mighty good religious woman; an' it worried her 'kase John did n't waste no time in church work. But las' night, when he see all dem niggers crowdin' roun', he come in de church to look at de fun. Den he see de tub, an' he study a li'l. Den he come up, an say — Let *him* fix a number. He gwine show um sumpin'. So he meck a mighty fixin' of a number in de tub. Den he reach down in his pocket, an' teck out a dollar bill, an' laid it on de table wid a number. Den he stan' back, an say, "Step up, ladies an' gent'men, an' poke fo' de dollar."'

Mammie waved her hands enthusiastically. 'He did n't need to say dat word! My King! Every nigger was mos' fightin' ter poke! John had ter teck off his coat an' his collar. He was sweatin' same as a horse; wid such a crowdin' an' scufflin' an' excitement as you never see. It ain't been a half an hour 'fore he took in mo' den fo' dollars. De niggers push an' shove till he was wore out aholdin' of um back. But dey was suttinly nice behavior, for I ain't seen nair lick struck, though in all the hullabaloo of stirrin' an' pokin' mos' all de water got sloshed outen de tub. John, he got a mighty bad cold in de excitement; but Frances say she don't mind dat, she feel so proud 'kase he done teck some intrus' in church work at las'.' Mammie was turning away — 'What dat you say? Who done git de money? Lord, Honey, you

¹ Each member of a colored congregation will bring to the pastor at different times a pound of some supply, such as sugar, coffee, salt, etc. This custom is called 'pounding.'

ain't think John gwine let dem niggers git *his* money, is you? He done *tack* dat number in de bottom of de tub.'

LITERATURE AND THE SKY-SIGN

A FRIEND of mine produces literature under the inspiration of nightly electric-light advertisements on Broadway, which emblazon, in letters twenty-feet high, his name and accomplishments. How he can possibly get those signs out of his mind, when he sits down to write, is more than I can understand. I am sure that I could never write up to that sign. Yet his case is not so very different from that of the common run of magazine and book writers of the present day, whose names, qualities, and portraits are proclaimed over the whole land in the announcement leaves of the magazines; and that has to be, of course, under present circumstances. The public wants to know just who is writing for it, and why — and how. The strong light of public curiosity beats even on the garret in Grub Street. If you do not like it, you must not write books or stories that are in the smallest danger of becoming popular. It is still possible to get along without doing that; but if you *will* write, you must write in the glare. To be advertised, it is not even necessary to exist. Certainly biographies, and, I believe, portraits, of Fiona Macleod had to be published, though there wa'n't no sich a person.

It was not always so. We find it difficult to imagine Thoreau taking secret satisfaction in reading the words, 'DO YOU KNOW THAT HENRY DAVID THOREAU WRITES FOR THE BLAZER?' on an electric sign twenty feet high on Broadway, or deriving a subtle pleasure from seeing his distressingly plain features pictured gloriously on the advertising leaves of a magazine. He was not working, in his day, to put

Concord on the map. When Thoreau was contemplating the lecture platform he wrote in his journal, 'How I have thriven on solitude and poverty! I cannot overstate this advantage. I do not see how I could have enjoyed it if the public had been expecting as much of me as there is danger now that they will.'

Happy Thoreau! he failed as a lecturer, and his obscurity was not broken into. He would have withered away into silence under that artificially aroused expectation of something perennially smart — that bellows-blown curiosity which is never allowed to die down, which is the ordinary accompaniment of literary production nowadays.

However, not all authors yearn for solitude and poverty and neglect as Thoreau did. Some of them, if I remember right, have shown a certain kindliness of mind and feeling toward the limelight. I could mention the name of at least one who subscribes to all the clippings bureaus, and whose face, when the packages of press extracts referring to him come in and are opened, resembles, in its expression of refined satisfaction, the face of Narcissus as he contemplates his image in the fountain. I have heard of one author who spends almost as much time in getting his name into print, in one way and another, outside of his signed productions, as he spends in literary composition.

Literary vanity is nothing new, either. Dr. Johnson's was insufferable. Byron had a pleasant habit of carving or scribbling his name in conspicuous places; he carved it in Tasso's cell, and it is there yet, seeming to say, 'When you think of Tasso, do not forget the well-known English poet called Byron.' Carlyle dingdonged his manly vanity all over Britain.

If an author is obscure, does he not always resent it? I do not think, really,

that the sky-sign would irk the usual author so deeply as public neglect. Under the glittering pressure of the twenty-foot letters, most of us would probably be heard murmuring to ourselves, with Emerson, 'Don't be so troublesome modest, you vain fellow!'

After all, one's repugnance to publicity, if one has it at all, must be to this positive kind of advertising, not to the negative sort. I mean to say that if one does not wish to see one's name on a sky-sign, or one's portrait emblazoned day after day at the head of a newspaper column, one nevertheless does very much prefer that one's honest merit shall be recognized. Spare us the laudatory blare of the trump of fame, but vouchsafe, O Pierides! a decent attention to the immortal offspring of our brains. It is not notoriety for ourselves that we want, it is merely a proper meed of praise for the clever things we say and do!

SOME REASONS FOR BEING REJECTED

I SOMETIMES wonder by what wire-less communication editors attain their unanimity of attitude and phrase. Presumably seated in many several offices, how do they so often contrive to say the same thing at the same time? A year or two ago illustrated magazines exhibited a brief but conspicuous identity in cover designs, all showing infancy in bedtime costume. For a while children in nighties and pajamas capered in droves over the counters of all stationers. Now, how did every artist know that every other artist was going to the night nursery for models?

Looking back over a dozen years of Grub Street, I find that the fashions for editors are just as contagious as those for illustrators. By seeing the date alone of a rejection, I can give the editorial reasons without further investi-

gation as to what editor or what magazine. I write as one who has attained the doubtful dignity of the personal letter of refusal. I find that ten years ago editors very generally rejected me because my manuscripts did not 'quite compel acceptance.' Now this is an over-civil statement of the over-civility of my gentle little sketches and tales. The truth is they grew up in New England and were never trained in cowboy manners. 'Compelling acceptance' always suggests to my mind a mustachio'd ranchman presenting a pistol and a check to some lone bank clerk and demanding gold in exchange. This money-or-your-life method of 'compelling acceptance' is as impossible to my stories as it would be to the ladies, fragrant with boxwood and lemon verbena, about whom I like to write.

A few years later the phrase polite for 'no admittance' changed. The buffet became more robust and ringing. Editors at this period asked for 'a little more ginger.' Six or seven years ago all editors were crying for 'ginger.' I could not give it to them, but so many other people could and did, that presently they had enough ginger and were passing on to demand stronger condiment: they no longer wanted ginger, but 'a little more pep, please.' Editors at this stage were becoming less gentle in language as well as in desires. At first I merely could not 'quite compel acceptance,' but later rebuff was administered in figurative speech that became constantly more arresting. 'Ginger' and 'pep' were mild and gastronomic in suggestion, but from the 'pep' period on, editorial imagery has been becoming more and more vigorous.

For a long time 'punch' dominated the vocabulary and intentions of all periodicals. It made no difference what other accomplishments a manuscript might possess: if it could not 'punch,' it might as well stay at home. A writer

had no choice but to drop contemplation, remove his coat, hand his spectacles to his wife, adopt the language of the prize-ring and 'punch' his reader — an audacious enterprise and productive of more unanimity in rejection than any other course I have pursued.

My literary career under enforced editorial guidance has steadily advanced from suavity to violence. At first I tried merely to 'compel attention'; next I obediently served 'ginger' and 'pep'; after that, weakly and mildly, have I endeavored to 'punch'; but there are progressive ordeals yet before me. To 'punch' in the prize-fight there is allowed a degree of decorum; there are still rules for the game in 'punching,' but I discover that even 'punch' is obsolescent. This morning an editor returns my offerings with the comment, 'Excellent of their kind, but I prefer stories with more "*kick*"!' Can I, must I, 'kick'?

According to the cumulative demand of editors for ferocity, after 'kick,' what? Next week shall I be requested to 'stab'? To make a stiletto of the innocent pen whose first efforts were taught manners by Sir Roger de Coverley? I wonder how Addison and Irving would have responded if they had been asked to 'kick.' My pained imagination looks forward into the years of bread-winning still before me, to read in fancy the reasons for future rejection, as editors become more frenzied and more figurative. Will it be: —

'We are under orders to accept no freight at this dépôt except high explosives'; or, 'No magazine can keep on the market to-day that is not prepared to blow the reader's brains out.'

Two things I am pondering. Does the reader never long to be approached by methods of peace and propriety? Even if he is that ogre of the artist, the Tired Business Man, is drubbing my sole manner of meeting him? If it is

not, it is high time you said so, reader, to ears having authority. If you do not speak out, the treatment in store for you is no exaggeration on my part. I am behind the scenes, and I know. I have it straight from Cæsar that I must 'kick' you, so impervious are you to ways of pleasantness.

The other thing I am pondering is, what will be the editorial reason for rejecting this essay.

A WORD TO THE NEW WOMAN

SHE will not heed it. She is too busy. The little tablet on her desk is scribbled full of tasks for to-morrow. If she can hold herself to that strenuous schedule, she will rise at seven, follow up her shower-bath with corrective dancing to the victrola, thereby effectively arousing the rest of the household, devote the forenoon to culture (not with a K), the afternoon to Red Cross benevolence (with a bee), speak at a suffrage meeting in the evening, and read the *Boston Transcript* before she goes to bed. There is a lack of romance in this programme, but the New Woman is not dependent on romance. 'Be not idle, and you shall not be long-ing.' There is, however, a 'memo. pad' on record, with the entry by date and hour, set in the midst of other sundries: 'Marry Mr. R.'

For sometimes the New Woman marries and proceeds to modernize Arcadia. Here she has her special trials, and her Corydon has his. But the New Woman I address is the unwedded woman who, whether young by the calendar or not, feels herself young and will bear herself as young till the ambushed years leap out upon her with bayonets of rheumatism and other mortal ills. The younger she actually is, the less is the likelihood that she will heed my warning. She never does. There was the small schoolgirl, for in-

stance, with yellow braids in defiant crinkles down her back, who remained unmoved by my remonstrance against her summary abandonment of the study of arithmetic. 'What's the use? All the rest of the book is about interest and per cent and banking and insurance. If I have a husband, he'll do all those things for me, and if I don't, they won't have to be done at all.'

There was the brand-new college graduate, an orphan, whose guardian, a laconic banker on the other side of the Continent, had just turned over to her the inheritance on which he had already drawn with a free hand for her expensive run of boarding-schools and summer trips abroad.

'He has always sent me whatever I have asked for,' she said, 'but now that my money is in my own hands, I intend to make it fly. I'm just twenty and I'm going to Rome to study art, and by the time I'm thirty I don't mean to have a dollar left.'

'And what is to become of you then?'

'I suppose I'll be married. Girls are. And if I'm not, I'll be an old maid, and it does n't matter the least bit in the world what becomes of an old maid.'

The remarkable thing about this young prodigal was that she literally carried out her preposterous scheme of life. A few years later, I met her by chance in a foreign city and found her the most innocent and thoroughgoing of spendthrifts. The day we met, she had just given a thousand dollars to a fellow art-student to ease some domestic stringency. Her studio was open house for all Bohemia. My protests might as well have been whistled to the idle wind. She was penniless at twenty-nine and has been fighting the wolf ever since; but unlike Timon of Athens, on whom her youthful career seemed to be modeled, she has retained her happy buoyancy of temper and keeps up the fight, not only with uncomplaining

pluck, but with ingenuity and resource. When her pictures proved 'too good for the public,' she fell back on dainty handicrafts, and sturdily maintains that poverty is the best fun yet. Hers is not a tragedy — so far.

There are tragedies, many and many, as the young New Woman grows old. Let an instance or two suffice.

One dark December afternoon a friend of my girlhood, so changed that she might have been a ghost, blew in out of a blizzard, drenched and gasping, her gray hair straggling in wild wisps about a face into whose sunken cheeks not even the fierce wind had whipped a trace of the bright color I remembered. She came in grim anger, in bitter mirth of desperation, to state, without appeal, that she was down and out. I knew her life. She had worked hard and well for forty years. Here and there her achievement had been notable. She had been lavish of her strength, at once self-sufficient and self-sacrificing. Hers had been the pioneer courage of enterprise and experiment. She had poured effective energy into the initiation of movements that are potent in the community to-day. But she had come in mid-career to a crucial choice — a choice between a generous risk for the sake of others and a prudent self-protection. She had thrown up a promising position and already liberal salary to bring all her savings, all her faculties, all the help that was in her to an intimate and sacred need. Her efforts, not altogether unavailing, steadfastly sustained through a decade, have brought her hostility instead of gratitude. She has worn her nerves to tatters in the long, dark struggle. Her task is done so far as she can do it. Bodily infirmities are on her. With all her gifts and powers, she can no longer summon the force for expert work in her own field. In other attempted employments, pitifully

simple, which demand only dexterity of hand, quick hearing, and charm of address, she cannot hold her own against the push of young competitors. She has no money, no home, no plans. 'It's up to God,' she said, with her new, twisted smile. 'I have always tried to do my duty. If He wants me to keep on living, He knows I must have something to eat and wear and a place to sleep. But He may attend to all that, if He cares about it. I don't. I've done all I can. I'm tired out.'

The more violent agonies to whose tumultuous outpourings I listen, unable to help, ashamed to hear, are not due to lack of funds. In many a woman, when the mating season is past, springs a sudden, maddening longing for love, for children, for somebody all her own, somebody to whom she is essential, supreme, the very all of all. One of the most richly endowed women I have ever honored, — for to know her is to honor, — magnetic, tingling with human genius, is suffering that convulsion of the heart. A quarter of a century ago, she was beset by the importunities of ardent lovers. I have never forgotten the gaze I surprised once in a lad's black eyes yearning upon her, adoring, imploring, all in vain. Nor does memory, which makes such freakish selections, let go the blundering eloquence of another of her suitors, in mature manhood and something of a personage, but stumbling over his words like a schoolboy as he strove to enlist my intercession. 'Tell her if only I could *do* something — to show her — *anything* — to prove to her — if only I could — if I could *run for her!*' He had been a famous sprinter in his college days. Absurd he was and pathetic in his New York elegance of trim, the honest sweat beading out on his forehead in his mighty wrestle with the unutterable. There were others, more or less picturesque, all impassioned, all

vowing eternal constancy, a lifelong waiting — all married long ago. Not one of them was her peer. Glowing with the joyous adventure of life, she did not want them then. Now, in the grip of an almost frantic craving, the void in her heart cries out for what the devotion of one or another of these would so eagerly have given. But — cruel discovery of experience! — it is not need that calls forth love. 'What others claim from us is not our thirst and our hunger, but our bread and our gourd.'

These are individual problems. There is no offhand solution. But if only the New Woman, vigorous, capable being that she is, would drop a grain of foresight into her decisions! It is not easy for the divine recklessness of youth to have respect to the plain, prosaic virtue of thrift; but life is not all youth.

'I always keep a thousand dollars on hand in the bank,' said an open-handed giver the other day, 'for my operation.'

'You! An operation!'

'Oh, I am quite well, but I observe that many women in middle life have operations, and so, often as I want to use it for this or that, I keep my thousand dollars in the bank.'

Are there any banks for the heart? Few without their risks, but life itself is a risk. Whatever may be thought of marriage as an investment for protection, affection, family, there are winsome waifs in countless orphanages starving for mother-love.

It is Nature herself that urges upon us, in every sunset, in every autumn, the far outlook, provision for the waning time, that simple wisdom of the wayfarer best voiced by ancient Egypt: 'When thou journeyest into the shadows, take not sweetmeats with thee, but a seed of corn and a bottle of tears and wine, that thou mayest have a garden in that land whither thou goest.'